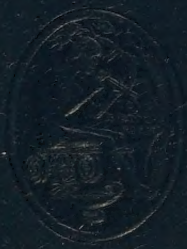
FROM COLLEGE GATES



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A Wellesley College Gate

FROM COLLEGE GATES

BY

CAROLINE HAZARD, M.A., LITT.D., LL.D.

PRESIDENT OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE

1899–1910

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

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TO THE
TWO THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-ONE
GRADUATES OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE
FROM 1900 TO 1911
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

PREFACE

THE movement for the higher education of women received a definite impulse in the year 1875, when Newnham College in Cambridge, England, Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts, and Wellesley College, also in Massachusetts, opened their doors to the few young girls who were prepared to enter. It is now, therefore, a period of fifty years which the historian will have to pass in review. For a portion of this time I had the high privilege of the Presidency of Wellesley College, and was intimately associated with leaders and students both within and without the College Gates.

As a contribution to the history of these years, in the larger aspect of the development of the whole movement, the addresses 'Outside the Gates,' delivered on various occasions and in various places from Kansas City in the West to Washington in the South, have been gathered together.

The second section, 'Through the Gates,' records the influence of that bright spirit who shed her luster upon Wellesley College, whose memory is now enshrined in the Hall of Fame.

The specific growth and development of Wellesley during the years of my administration is indicated by the papers of the third section, 'Within the Gates,' which are given as presented, a record of happy years.

CAROLINE HAZARD

PEACE DALE, RHODE ISLAND
March, 1925

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FROM COLLEGE GATES

* * *

PART I

OUTSIDE THE GATES

FROM COLLEGE GATES

* * *

HISTORY AND CHARACTER

ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS, OCTOBER 11, 1901

How dearly we all love a story! From the time a child can listen at all, he rejoices in some simple tale. Over and over the same thing is demanded, with no variation allowed to the narrator; it must be just the same day after day, or something is lacking to the childish mind. And what is history but the tale of the world? The story of our race, 'Geschichte' the Germans call it frankly, the story, the tale which includes all tales. It is strange that the word 'story' has a double significance. It may be a true or a false story. Something has grown into the word of the diverse personalities of the tellers of tales. The story is told in part only by each narrator; one may contradict the other; one may present a false picture, a distorted report, and another the unvarnished truth. It is no wonder that many writers of history fell into disrepute, that fables and stories were supposed to constitute the whole of history. The tale depends so much upon the teller. Is he fair? Is he clear in his perceptions? Is he unbiased in his judgments, having no theory to maintain, simply zealous for the truth? These are moral questions we ask, these are the ques-

tions which are more important to the value of historical work than any learning. 'It was well noted by that worthy gentleman Sir Philip Sydney,' says Raleigh, 'that historians do borrow of poets, not only much of their ornament but somewhat of their substance.' [1] And Lord Bacon defined the office of the historian; 'It is,' he says, 'to represent the events themselves together with the counsels, and to leave the observations and conclusions thereupon to the liberty and faculty of every man's judgment.' [2] Bacon thus throws the moral responsibility directly upon the readers, not the writers, of history.

But the old reproach, that historians wrote entirely from their own point of view, is rapidly passing away. One may be recommended to read Macaulay more for the style than for the history. But the method pursued in Guizot's 'History of Civilization' has obtained a larger and larger following, and the modern historian, basing his work on actual documents and certified records, while he makes perhaps less brilliant reading, certainly gives a more unbiased version of facts. More and more the science of history is developing, as people go to sources and foundations rather than rely on traditions and picturesque statements. Great movements are coming to be looked for, more than isolated facts. History is no longer a list of names and an array of dates, but a series of living principles, a moral tendency running through events which are strung upon one main string like the beads

[1] Raleigh: *The History of the World.*
[2] Bacon: *Advancement of Learning.*

on a rosary. More and more our historians are becoming profound moralists. This, indeed, is almost inevitable, for any deeper search into the facts of history is an inquiry into the meaning of things. The facts spring from the inner necessity of the time of their being, and the philosophical inquirer must look deeper than the surface appearance.

We have lately lost a very distinguished example of the teacher, not only of history, but of morals, and of the vital connection existing between the two. Eminent as were Mr. John Fiske's qualifications as an historian — painstaking and accurate in his research, brilliant and lucid in his presentation — it was his profound moral convictions which illuminated his work and gave it its great value. What a splendid monument he has left — beginning with the 'Discovery of America,' tracing the influence of 'Old Virginia and her Neighbors,' and the 'Beginnings of New England,' through the 'American Revolution' and the 'Critical Period of American History,' taking in as a side-light the 'Dutch Contribution to the Development of America,' and finally ending with the 'Growth of the Mississippi' — what a great and continuous work he has left! The very enumeration of the titles of his books shows the grasp that he had on the subject. But greater even than these are some of the books he wrote showing his profound appreciation of the destiny of man. It was this 'Destiny of Man, Viewed in the Light of his Origin,' which enabled him to set forth these great world movements. It was his profound conviction of the worth of man's life

which gave the work of man's life its supreme value in his eyes. 'Through Nature to God' was his constant theme. His important philosophical books are brief, and the bulk of his philosophical writings not so great as his historical work, but its influence upon his day and generation has been most profound.

I was in England at the time of his death, and was much interested to see the English comments. The great dailies, of course, had some adequate idea of his work, at least as far as the enumeration of the titles of his books. But one of the most appreciative of the notices was in a nonconformist weekly of large and influential circulation in Great Britain. This spoke of his 'Destiny of Man' and of his work as a devout Darwinist with the greatest respect, dwelling upon him as a profound philosopher, and ending with some such sentence as this: 'He is said to have written historical books, but we have not seen them.' It made one smile to think what fame is in another country, because to us certainly the bulk of John Fiske's work is historical rather than philosophical.

But the point I want to make is that the true historian must be a philosopher, and if a philosopher, then an inquirer into moral tendencies, into the great drift and trend of national life. This principle must run through all the work of any genuine historian. We are a little in danger in this country of exalting our own history, which is after all local, of forgetting that we are part of the whole. Of course it is necessary to teach our young people American history, and the great events which have led to our being what we are.

But we are only one link in the chain of events. We have only advanced freedom and liberty to its highest degree along the line which was prepared for us as early as the Reformation. To teach a child anything like the proper place of America in the history of the world seems to me one of the great tasks which our schools should try to fulfill. Of course this cannot be done quickly. The idea of continuity, however, is an idea which can be given at the very beginning of any historical study. We are too apt to take up the study of history in mosaic fashion, here a bit and there a bit, quite carefully worked over and prepared, but without any idea of how it fits together. The study of Roman history has become one of the requirements, lately, for entrance examinations, and it seems to me a most valuable addition to college entrance requirements. Roman law, after all, is the foundation of all our jurisprudence, and though the real historian may say that in choosing Rome as a starting-point we are making an arbitrary choice, and that we should go back into the Far East and into the dim recesses of time, yet, after all, the Roman civilization is the first civilization of which we can have much definite knowledge, and, therefore, is a convenient and a safe starting-point for all subsequent historical work.

This is not the time to consider the relations of national character to national history. The history of a nation has grown out of the development of character, and character conversely has been moulded by its history. We think of Switzerland as a synonym for freedom, and the Swiss have been nurtured on the

recital of the deeds of their forefathers. The Scottish people, too, with their devotion and loyalty, their keenness and shrewdness learned in many a border warfare and many a fight for a losing cause, are an example of what the history of their nation has made them. Who that hears 'Bonnie Charlie' sung, as it can be sung in Scotland, but is touched by that longing for the unattainable which is the blessing and the despair of the idealist?

'Will you no' come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no' come back again?'

The whole episode is summed up in a few verses of a song, perhaps the most potent result of that ill-starred attempt. For in this all the highest emotions of a patriot find play. It was the literal Prince Charlie to whom the people looked as their best good; it is now devotion and loyalty to all good things that speaks in the touching refrain of a song universally beloved.

But the special theme for this evening is the 'Relation of the Study of History to the Formation of Character,' and it seems to me, in a country such as our own, with a population made up of diverse elements, where the force of tradition is of necessity limited—where, indeed, in many parts of the country we are making traditions, so far as civilization is concerned — that the study of history as a contribution to the formation of a sound and useful character is of the utmost importance. We are in danger of exalting the new unduly. There are countries

bound by custom, where 'as it was, is now, and ever shall be,' is the height of man's ambition. Of Infinite Perfection alone can this be said, and, in our haste for improvement, we rush to the other extreme, often thinking that because a thing is new it must be better than what went before. Here historical study comes in as a corrective. Often we find the thing that we thought new only an old project under a slightly different aspect. As an instance of what I mean, I mention a paper of 1780, which in its own neighborhood had some effect in the agitation for the establishment of the gold standard in 1893 and 1894. All through the closing years of the eighteenth century Rhode Island was plunged in financial difficulties by the successive issues of paper money which it had no means of redeeming. The declaration to which I refer records on oath that a certain Colonel Segar made a tender of $2100 to Mr. William Knowles, of South Kingstown, to discharge two bonds and a note, but that 'Knowles refused to take the same, saying that he would not take such trash as that was, but if said Samuel Segar would pay him in the same sort of money the said Segar had of said Knowles, he would take it.' The paper money tendered in payment was found with this declaration, the whole making an impressive lesson in the evils of an inflated currency. One is apt to exclaim with Solomon that there is no new thing under the sun, in spite of our eager quest, and to believe that the past, if duly searched, could always furnish analogies and precedents for the present. We must know the past as a guide to the

future, for not only does the study of history give a firm foundation for growth, but it furnishes actual instances, full of helpful suggestion.

There is no virtue we need to cultivate more than that of patriotism. America is a fair new world, and she welcomes many sons. What does she do with them? We are learning to our bitter grief that it is not enough to receive them, to give them free air to breathe; they must be trained. The seeds of oppression and wrong sown in Poland and Russia must bear their bitter fruit fostered by our genial sun. The whole nation has been stirred to its very heart to see that this is possible. Given light and air, we had fondly supposed that anarchy and revenge would hide their heads and quickly die. And they will; the forces of good are sure to win in the end; and the costly sacrifices which have been laid on the altar of freedom will hasten that end. But have we no responsibility? Should not the schools redouble their efforts? Should not the teachers of history especially draw lessons from the lives of patriots and leaders of the people which shall inspire a love of country, a pride in our native land, and a cheerful acquiescence in her laws? We are led by example rather than precept; and hero-worship is a safe channel for the youthful imagination. Cannot our best men be made to live again before the minds of school children to stimulate and incite them to the practice of their virtues?

You remember Browning's account of the chairs and tables his father piled together for the siege of Troy, set him atop for Priam,

'. . . called our cat
Helen, enticed away from home (he said)
By wicked Paris, who crouched somewhere close
Under the footstool, being cowardly,
But whom — since she was worth the pains, poor puss —
Towzer and Tray — our dogs, the Atreidai — sought,
By taking Troy to get possession of.
. . . . . .
This taught me who was who, and what was what:
So far I rightly understood the case
At five years old: a huge delight it proved
And still proves — thanks to that instructor sage
My Father, who knew better than turn straight
Learning's full flare on weak-eyed ignorance.' [1]

This, indeed, is the ideal method, to capture the young imagination, to give it noble and fine pictures to dwell upon, to lead the child's mind to the perception of truth and beauty. With the whole story of the world to choose from there can hardly be any lack of material. A wise teacher must select and present to his scholars what arouses his own enthusiasm. One fine spirit can literally inspire many others.

And if patriotism can be inculcated by a study of history, no less so can personal honor. Who can say how great an effect the romances of Sir Walter Scott have had in holding up pure and true characters to admiration, and in exposing the futility as well as the evils of a career of duplicity and deceit? The modern historical novel, with its quicker movement and more terse style, fulfills its object in presenting a living picture of the time no better than the more leisurely tales of the great northern writer. Our own American

[1] Robert Browning: 'Development,' from *Asolando and Other Poems.*

historians have told their stories without the adventitious aids of romance, and yet have given us fascinating books, full of the deepest interest. The pages of Parkman need no embellishment of fiction to hold the closest attention. Scholarship and beauty of style are both exemplified by Motley, and John Fiske presents us one leader after another in clearly defined and exquisite portraiture. Surely from these storehouses our young people have treasures the value of which they have not fully appreciated; examples of right living and high thinking which should become part of the mental furniture of each scholar.

But to come to a more particular consideration of the effect of historical study upon character, I should say in the first place that it demands absolute accuracy. Even if historical study is pursued in the old dry-as-dust fashion, this mental habit must be fostered. There are still some people who regard long lists of the kings of England and a string of dates as being the sum of historical study. Partial as this view is, it has an element of truth, for the dates are pegs to hang our hats on — are very necessary for all subsequent and wider study. And learning them is good mental discipline. This accuracy lies at the foundation of character. Truth, exact truth, in so far as it can be learned, becomes the aim of the scholar. The accuracy which historical study teaches is of especial value in such a community as ours, where the ordinary forms of speech run to humorous exaggeration. Who has not seen a child puzzled by some fanciful speech of an older person, not knowing whether to

take it seriously or not? Such surprising things are true, one cannot wonder that the youthful imagination will accept the wildest statements. We are as a people careless in our ordinary conversation, loving hyperbole and suggestion. This gives piquancy and flavor to our intercourse with each other, and is delightful as a play of fancy, giving a shining and a pleasant surface to society, but there must be a depth of current underneath these sparkling waves of thought, or the shallows become painfully apparent. A sound and accurate basis of fact is the first and foremost contribution which historical study makes to the cultivated man.

To the accuracy which such study teaches, perseverance must be added. All study, no matter how delightful, has its drudgery. We must pursue for the sake of the end in view very often, not for the pleasure of the immediate moment. This is hard to make a child realize. He must simply do the work assigned him obediently, leaving the end to be gained out of sight; an end which his parents and teachers can appreciate, but which he cannot yet see. Accuracy and perseverance must enter into all study, but without them historical study is impossible. These two are certainly moral qualities most desirable to foster, most essential to the growth of a strong character. And with these two comes the use of the imagination. In childhood the imagination is particularly strong. A little child often has no idea of what we call truth. The external world has not yet become real. Its own thoughts, its own fancies are quite as real to it. The

distinction between 'I did' and 'I thought' does not yet exist. The external world takes hold slowly. This power of imagination which a child has can be trained and developed, and there are few better ways to do it than by historical reading. Here a basis is given for the play of the imagination. The child is not allowed to dissipate his fancies; there is some solid foundation; his thought, like a falcon, is held in leash and sent after its quarry.

These qualities of accuracy, perseverance, and proper control of the imagination all come into play at a little later period of historical work from that of which I have just been speaking, when a student is able to take up a problem for himself. It seems to me a most valuable thing to have a young student see for himself the sources of history. This can be done in most of our New England towns by an actual visit to the town record office. Dry and musty papers which are so dear to the heart of an historian may seem very prosaic and trivial to the young student; but give him a problem to work out, and let him find the real uses of the papers, and they quickly acquire a charm, and open the recesses of the past to him with an enchanter's wand. In one school I know distinct problems have been set in local history — as to the existence of slavery, for instance, in that particular township. An inquiry as to the methods of apprenticeship, or the export of certain crops, could be made, of which records can be obtained in the office of the town clerk. The records that I am most familiar with are in the keeping of a town clerk elected to that office for many

years, so that he has a personal pride and delight in the work. Nothing is more interesting to the young student than to be allowed to take down a volume of records of the eighteenth century kept in the fine clerical hand of the period, and under the legal phraseology and cumbersome repetition of names to discover the truth for which he is seeking. In this particular record office [1] there are deeds of gift from Samuel Sewall to the town, and I never shall forget the delight with which the discovery was finally made of the actual site and the actual conditions under which the meeting-house lot was presented.

In all such study the qualities which I have spoken of, unfailing accuracy never passing beyond the bounds of truth, steady perseverance to pursue the end sought, and then a trained imagination enabling the student from bare facts to reconstruct the past, to form some rational theory as to why the man who made the deed did so, what his motives must have been, and how the final act was accepted by his neighbors — all this involves and implies high capacity, and moral as well as intellectual power.

The traveler in foreign countries notices this pride of locality. What Scotsman will not tell you the story of a border warfare or some midnight raid? How the Rhine teems with legends and tales of barons and knights! How replete is the storied land of Italy with interest, and tales that appeal to the imagination! Our own history, so far as it concerns the occupation of American by the Caucasian race, is brief, but it has

[1] South Kingstown, Rhode Island.

its heroic episodes, and one of the great missions of the history teacher is to gather from this story. Unfortunately, where there is short continuity of family life, tradition, and legend, the penumbra of historic fact is sadly interrupted. It is this which gives poetry and charm to the life of a people. We, in New England, are far richer in this respect than any of our neighbors, with the possible exception of the Virginians. Here the bond to the old country is strongest; here the very names of our towns recall the counties of England; Gloucester and Plymouth, and the west country names appear on our barren east shore. By no great stretch of the imagination we find our places in our English homes as well as in our homes of New England, and I would caution our teachers of local history to try to make this connection. Without this we are in danger of regarding ourselves too much from an isolated point of view; we become excrescences on the growth of the world, rather than an integral part of it; an island set in the world's current, rather than a contributing stream.

In magnifying our own local history, let us not forget the general history of our country. While the Revolution was being fought on the eastern coast, a peaceful revolution was going on in the west, on the slopes of the Pacific, where the olive and the orange and the vine were being planted by pious hands, and a peaceful and mighty revolution in the old order of nature was taking place. When the Pilgrim fathers were landed in the east, already Spanish missionaries had penetrated beyond our present southern border,

and were scattering the seeds of Spanish civilization in what was to be our great western country. A little later the French came down from the north, meeting the civilization creeping up the great river, the artery of the new world, so that from many and diverse sources our present civilization has grown. New England was an important factor in this, but it becomes us New-Englanders to be modest and recognize the origin of the other streams which have poured their life-blood into our present commonwealth.

In addition to the mental training to which the study of history should contribute, there are other great moral lessons which it should teach. The study of history must inculcate the rule of law. Any wise study of history cannot fail to bring out in bold relief the necessity and wisdom of submitting to law, and the inexorability of the law itself. Consequences follow unerringly upon the breaking of any of the great laws. Marie Antoinette was beheaded. This in itself is an isolated fact without special significance to the young student's mind. Let him inquire into the causes of this event; let him understand something of the condition of the French people before the Revolution — of their rights trampled upon, of the arrogant assumption of power by the nobles — and he will see that some such fact as this was the logical outcome of the conditions; that the great law of the sovereignty of the people must assert itself; that it could not be kept under. There have been triumphs of injustice, there have been times of terrible misrule, but the reign of law has been vindicated, the results of anarchy have been overthrown.

And in a country like ours, reverence is another virtue which history teaches us, and which we are in especial need of learning. We are apt to see the humorous side of things too clearly. The typical American hides his feelings under some light and flippant exclamation. We are hardly old enough yet to dare to be as reverent as we truly are. It takes poise and security in one's own position to be absolutely simple, for simplicity, far from being the simple thing it seems, often comes to us through complexity. It is history and historical study which should teach us reverence. For is not reverence at the foundation of all respect? To respect the rights of others, which lies at the foundation of all true democracy, one must have a reverent spirit, a spirit which can see and revere all that is good and right, though presented in very varying conditions, and with no adventitious aids of outward circumstance. 'A man's a man for a' that' lies at the root of free institutions. In respect for the life of man, in reverence for the aims of the spirit of man, history is best qualified to instruct us. It is the life of the great men who have gone before us which is our greatest inspiration. Their life and their character still live in the world. We who have come after can only accept what is good in them with devout thankfulness, and try to imitate their virtues.

And the highest and best of all the teachings of history should be reverence for truth. Truth is so many-sided; she veils her face behind so many veils. But what can be more inspiring than the search for truth? As we see a little farther, as we redouble our

efforts to find her, do we not receive the highest reward and the highest incentive to our study? The whole of life is so closely woven together that what seems an isolated event is of vital importance and connection with what goes before and what comes after. To see a little farther, to trace some unknown connection, what greater reward can any study offer, what higher satisfaction? As the painter before his landscape sees more and more of beauty, when to his trained eye the shadows become full of living color, and his subject glows with more than the light of day, as exquisite relations and unseen beauties reveal themselves, so with the historical student. The period of his study becomes vital with living interest. Facts group themselves about the central events, side-lights are thrown by contemporary documents, truth becomes more lovely and more alluring as the ultimate foundations recede before the eager search, and hide themselves in the mysterious recesses of the human will. But to gain one little point, to establish one small link in the great chain of the growth of the world, what delight can be keener, what quest more honorable? For 'what has been ever shall be,' better, larger, more inclusive. Good in bygone days may not be just our good, but its quality cannot change, though we spell it differently. We must be saved because we cling

> 'To the same, same self, same love,
> Same God; ay, what was shall be.'

It is the passion for truth which is the scholar's

passion, and the promise of truth which is the scholar's highest reward. If we look for truth in times that have gone by; if we look for it in the history of our own place and our own local habitation, shall we not reverence it more and more in our own lives? Shall we not appreciate that we, too, are making history, and that we must make it on the side of righteousness?

Is this too much to expect of the study of history? It should give a background for the whole of life, it should furnish a working theory of the advance of the world. It is not a fixed science; constant contributions are made to it by research and by philosophy. New schools are constantly arising among its votaries, but its basis is on fact, and its growth is the growth of the life of man. It teaches us great lessons, lessons at the foundation of right thinking and of right living, the immutability of law, reverence, and the love of truth. These are lessons worth the learning, lessons which carry their reward with them in the promise of future growth and achievement. These are lessons woven into the very texture of freedom, without which there can be no stability. 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'

MARY LYON AND THE INTELLECTUAL TRAINING OF WOMEN

FIFTIETH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT, WESTERN COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, OXFORD, OHIO, JUNE 6, 1905

It is always hard to put ourselves back, to see with the mind's eye an entirely different social order. Our material progress has annihilated time and space. What one part of the country thinks and does to-day is known to-morrow wherever there is an interested observer. The great modern forces of steam and electricity unite the world as never before in its history.

In thinking of the life which Mary Lyon lived, we must put all this aside. Each small community was a complete autonomy; each was self-centered and largely self-supporting. The seaport towns of New Bedford and Newport had the foreign trade and were rich in curious objects brought from the isles of spice and the Indies. A glamour hung about the seafaring men who brought home the tales which the Desdemonas of that day 'to hear did seriously incline.' Those girls on the coast had a wider outlook on life than the sheltered hill villages could afford, in spite of lovely mountain heights and broad views of meadowland. Then came the Revolution with its seething tumult of new ideas. Women also had their part in those heroic days, women showed their helpfulness and courage in sending son and father to de-

fend the common cause, their cause, too, as well as the men's. As early as February, 1776, two Friends of Rhode Island make report to the meeting that they have visited the towns near Boston distributing to necessitous families and single persons, 141 in all, 'and the amount distributed (at this time) £229. 4s. as per account.' [1] These Friends presented a memorial to Washington at Cambridge. 'As visiting the fatherless and the widows,' it reads, 'and relieving the distressed by feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, is the subject of this address, we cannot doubt of thy attention to our representation and request on their behalf.' [2] The two Friends who make the report of distribution are Moses Brown and Thomas Hazard, son of Robert. They are mentioned, because a few years later in 1780 they were again associated on a committee to report upon the need of capable teachers to carry out the views of the Society respecting the education of youth. This matter was taken into serious consideration, and on the eighth of eleventh month, 1784,[3] while the country was still in political ferment, a school was opened in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, and continued for four years. Isaac Lawton was the principal, and the term 'youth' in Friends' language meant that it was for both sexes. It was distinctly stated, in the language of George Fox, that girls and young maidens were to be taught 'whatsoever things were civil and useful in the creation.' [4] After another four years' interval, in

[1] Rhode Island Yearly Meeting Records. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.*
[4] Memorial from the Meeting for Sufferings for New England, 1782.

which the funds for the yearly meeting school were being collected, the committee reported upon it, but not till 1819 did it really open again in Providence. The list of scholars from first month, first, 1819, to first month, third, 1820, gives one hundred and seventy-five names, of which ninety-nine are evidently girls' names, and if Comfort be computed on the women's side, just one hundred girls were in attendance.[1] This school has become famous throughout New England as the Friends' School, now called the Moses Brown School. This bit of history is recalled because it is one of the very earliest, if not the earliest, attempts to give training to girls in this country. It is also a proof of what has often been observed, that out of times of tumult and distraction from a seething mass of commotion new ideas generate. The fact that material hardships are forced upon the people seems to make them take refuge in eternal realities, and the spirit rises triumphant above the hampering conditions.

Was it, perhaps, that the inland towns felt the pressure of the new life less than the seaboard, that it was not until 1792 that girls were admitted to Northampton schools? In 1788 the town voted not to be at any expense for schooling girls, but four years later the cause was won.[2] The old plan was to have two months of schooling at the expense of the towns for boys in winter, and two months for girls in summer. The

[1] Catalogue of the Friends' School, MS.

[2] *Centennial Hampshire Gazette*, quoted by Miss G. E. Webb. (Thesis in Mount Holyoke College Library.)

girls were taught little except to read and sew; many a capable woman could only write her name, and the records to which I have referred are interesting in this connection. Anna Perry, the clerk of the South Kingstown Woman's Meeting in 1744, always wrote an '*a Pissel*' and recorded that the meetings were called '*a Pon*,' and a little later the meeting records its sense of loss at not having a clerk 'abillitated to attend its business.' [1] But the whole spirit of Friends was one of equality. A fine minute of 1771 rebukes another meeting which desired that the certificate of visiting women Friends might be signed by the clerk of the men's meeting. The protestants were informed that 'We have neither precedent nor Discipline for such a practice, neither do we think it Convnant So far to Degrade our women's meeting, But to Let them have the Use and Exercise of our Discipline as occasion may call for it, in Conducting the affairs of their meeting, not Desiring the Preheminence where Truth admits of none, But believing that both male and female are all one in Christ Jesus.' [2] The preaching of women Friends must have helped this belief. There were English women from the time of Mary Dyer who came to the American Society to witness to the truth; and our own early preachers carried it with them to distant places and even to the mother country. A woman like Patience Brayton, who had traveled as far south as Georgia preaching against slavery, and who spent four years in England from 1783 to 1787 on the same high errand, must have helped the whole

[1] *The Narragansett Friends' Meeting.* [2] *Ibid.*

cause of the education of women. Patience Brayton brings us into touch with one of the greatest educational forces of the time when she records that she went to 'our kind friend Lindley Murray to lodge' in York. 'His conversation was reviving to my spirits,' she writes.[1]

It is wise to dwell at some length on this portion of our history because no movement which proves itself successful is sporadic. It must have its roots deep in the soil. Minerva does not spring fully armed from the head of Jove, in these days at least. A great and successful movement may easily be personified, indeed, must have the personal leader; but that leader could not have come to lead had not the time been ripe. The idea which is now first presented with eagerness and enthusiasm must have been latent in many minds, some incipient bud must have been ready to burst into full flower.

And the person who of all others in America brought the idea of intellectual equality, of equality of opportunity for study for both young men and women, the pioneer in a new movement, the leading spirit who ushered in a new day, was Mary Lyon.

The story of her birth and childhood days is familiar. On the twenty-eighth of February, 1797, she saw the light in the little hill town of Buckland, Massachusetts. She herself has given us a delightful sketch of that mountain home, presided over by the genius of her mother. The garden, to which a good neighbor brought a rare plant, because it could never

[1] *Life and Religious Labors of Patience Brayton*, 1802.

die if once planted there; the wild romantic farm, which yielded 'more to feast the soul than to feed the body,' the apples and sugar maples, adding to the winter's store, and the wide view from the top of the hill. 'There might be seen,' says Miss Lyon, 'the far-off mountains in all their grandeur and the deep valleys and widely extended plains, and more than all that village below, containing only a very few white houses, but more than some young eyes had previously seen.' Thus early is a conspicuous trait of Mary Lyon's character revealed. She climbed the hill not only to gaze upon the wonders of nature, but to see the houses of her fellow beings, to know more of their lives. As a child it is recorded of her that she left a task her mother had imposed and was found intently regarding an hourglass. When her mother inquired what she was doing, she replied that she had been studying the glass and believed she had thought of a way to make more time! She was a merry child, too, as well as a teachable and studious child. But very early the serious side of her character developed. Even at the school in Ashfield she began to tell her friends of the way of salvation as she had heard it preached, and as she had been taught by her devout parents, though she herself did not at that time believe she had begun to walk in it. It was not until 1822, when she was twenty-five years old, that she united with the Congregational Church in Buckland.[1]

From the time she was thirteen years old until she was fifteen, she kept her brother's house and earned

[1] *Memoir of Mary Lyon*, p. 23.

a dollar a week for her services. In 1812 this brother married, and for the next five years little is known of Mary Lyon. She attended school and began to teach in Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts, and in 1817 entered Sanderson Academy at Ashfield. It is at that time it was said of her, 'She is all intellect; she does not know she has a body to care for.' She studied penmanship and was happy enough to learn the principles of natural science from Dr. Edward Hitchcock, afterward President of Amherst College, and to have instruction in drawing and painting from Mrs. Hitchcock. She had one term at Amherst Academy. But in 1821 she came under the influence of a man who was destined to have a great effect upon her life, the Reverend Joseph Emerson, of Byfield, Massachusetts.

Mr. Emerson was of the same family as his great kinsman, and traced his descent from both Peter Buckly and Samuel Moody, of York. He was grandson of Daniel Emerson, minister of Holles, New Hampshire, a famous preacher in his day and chaplain of the army at Crown Point in 1755. After his graduation at Harvard and successful ministry, uniting the teaching of pupils, as was often the case, with his ministerial duties, he set himself in 1818 to open a school, with the avowed intention of 'reforming and elevating the system of female education.' His specific object was 'to render their education more solid and much more extensive.' He had many obstacles to overcome. Many persons considered the female mind, to use the phrase of the day, not 'suscep-

tive of the highest acquisitions of knowledge, or that it would be benefited by that knowledge if gained.' Mr. Emerson's object was not only to have a good seminary, but 'also to benefit other teachers and to raise up a multitude more of the right stamp and ultimately to fill the land with such seminaries and schools.' [1]

Only a year later than this, in 1819, the Friends' School in Providence was opened, and in 1822, Miss Catherine Beecher's famous school in Hartford; six years later came Mr. Kingsbury's School for Girls in Providence, in which Latin and mathematics were taught. The same idea seemed to germinate in different soils, an idea not confined to any one section of the country. The gates of sound learning were slowly opening to the daughters of the land.

Mr. Emerson formed a 'society for Instruction' whose members united in an 'Agreement':

> We engage (as far as may be consistent with the claims of other duties) to exert ourselves to gain and communicate as much information as possible relating to the best means and methods of learning and teaching the most useful branches of literature and science, especially reading, writing, arithmetic, composition, and religion, and we particularly engage to use our endeavors by conversation, correspondence etc. to assist encourage and animate each other in promoting the great object of this society.[2]
>
> *Byfield, Nov.* 24, 1818.

It was to the school of this man of advanced ideas and sound learning that Mary Lyon went, when she

[1] *Life of Reverend Joseph Emerson*, p. 248. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 249.

was already a woman grown, over twenty years old. It is hard to put ourselves back to the time when women were considered so distinctly inferior in powers of mind as not to be worth any serious consideration. Miss Lyon records, after Mr. Emerson's death, some of the chief causes of his influence. She declares that in 'his views of female character and his treatment of females' there was a rare combination of excellence. His regard for woman was unusually high; 'he appeared to believe that she had a mind capable of weighing an argument and seeing an objection. . . . In conversation with him ladies generally had a feeling of being regarded like equals as well as friends. There was no needless gallantry, no apparent consciousness of stooping or of condescension. His sincere and unfeigned regard for the sex was told far less by words than by his cordial, familiar, and unaffected manner.' He also believed, Miss Lyon declares — and her sentence is quoted because it was the text of many of her own discourses — 'that the mind of a female in its native characteristics differs somewhat from that of a male, that in some things which are not so necessary to enable her to fulfill her varied and extensive duties her strength of intellect is not equal to that of the other sex; but that in other things, no less noble and equally important to the good of the world, she even excels.' This 'difference in their intellectual powers' he regarded 'as dictated by infinite wisdom and goodness, not for the elevation of the one, or the depression of the other, but for the promotion of the greatest good of the whole. . . . If according to his opinion

females are called to sustain a greater variety of cares, if they have occasion in their ordinary pursuits to excel in a greater number of objects; if they need to understand, not only one profession, but as it were several professions; and if in kindness they have been fitted for these cares by the native flexibility of their souls, made more flexible by their subordinate and dependent condition, would they not become more fitted under his cultivating hand?' [1] The letters of the summer of 1821 are full of enthusiasm. Mr. Emerson 'renders every recitation attractive,' Mary Lyon writes to her mother. 'Never have I attended one from which I might not gain valuable information, either scientific, moral, or religious.' [2] She is perfectly satisfied with her school, she says, and has nothing to complain of but herself.

Another student in this school says that here she was taught that knowledge was desirable principally as a means of usefulness to others, and that literary selfishness was as sinful as any other selfishness.

One can imagine with what diligence the eager and enthusiastic mind of Mary Lyon seized upon such instruction. The new attitude of mind toward women was beginning to be felt in the writing of the time. Mr. Emerson's famous kinsman was already meditating the great thoughts which should bring freedom to the world, as when he writes in 'Nature': 'Man and woman and their social life; poverty, labor, sleep, fear, fortune, are known to you. Learn that none of

[1] *Life of Reverend Joseph Emerson*, Appendix, p. 423.
[2] *Memoir of Mary Lyon.*

these things is superficial, but that each phenomenon has its roots in the faculties and affections of the mind. Whilst the abstract question occupies your intellect, nature brings it in the concrete to be solved by your hands.' [1]

About the same time, Rowland G. Hazard, in an essay called 'Language' was contending that the progress of mankind has been most effectually checked by destroying the influence of women upon society. 'Restore the soul of women, and the Mahometans would soon have a better and a brighter revelation. Suffer the feet of Chinese women to grow, and the men could not long retain their grovelling slavish dispositions nor the government its narrow exclusive policy.' [2]

Such was the time in which Mary Lyon lived, and such her training for her great work. The eager schoolgirl who had been given a Latin grammar to content her, and mastered it in three days, had given place to the mature woman, who had learned by teaching and taught as she learned — quite after the approved modern method, only hers were not called practice schools — till she came to her one absorbing purpose. Her ardent soul found its mission in a complete consecration of all her powers to her Lord, and in hearing and obeying her Lord's voice to minister to others. She saw the need of teachers. Every woman, she believed, should become a 'skillful teacher for her own children, and for others who may

[1] Ralph Waldo Emerson: *Nature*, p. 75.
[2] R. G. Hazard: *Language* (1834), p. 62.

be gathered into the sabbath school or Bible class,' and her conception of the teacher was a very high one. It was the mothers, she held, 'who must sustain the principal responsibility of instructing their daughters on many important topics,' [1] and it was to train young women to fulfill these important tasks that she dedicated all her powers.

Ten years elapsed between her leaving Byfield and the inspiring instruction of Joseph Emerson, and the first step toward founding a seminary for girls. These years were spent in teaching in Buckland or Ashfield, and assisting Miss Grant at Derry or at Ipswich. From Londonderry in 1826, where there was a school of about eighty scholars, Miss Lyon writes an interesting letter detailing her methods. 'At present I am deeply absorbed in both grammar and arithmetic. We are conducting both these exercises on the monitorial plan.' This plan she proceeds to explain as a division of the class of sixty or more into sections of from five to twelve, according to the capacity of the monitors and the students. At the time of review, Miss Lyon met the whole class, which she questioned for half an hour, and then visited it in its smaller divisions. 'This exercise is very pleasant,' she writes. 'It is highly animating to observe seventy pupils with the attention of all fixed on the same point, at the same moment.' [2]

'Whelpley's History' was studied in the same way. Miss Lyon had a 'most delightful time' in teaching it,

[1] *Life of Reverend Joseph Emerson*, Appendix, p. 424.
[2] *Memoir of Mary Lyon*, p. 51.

she says, though she confesses to some anxiety about taking it up with so large a class.

At Ashfield, where she went in 1827, she writes she had no difficulty in introducing the monitorial system. 'Pupils, parents, patrons, and trustees are all pleased with it.' She shortened the recitation periods, having in some cases two a day instead of one long one. When this occurred she herself taught one period, which she says was devoted principally to general questions and remarks, and then the monitors took the sections. 'I have no difficulty in obtaining skillful and suitable monitors,' she writes; 'there are so many pupils of judgment and discretion, who have either taught school or are prepared to teach to good advantage.' [1] There was an increasing interest in education; Miss Lyon records an 'enlivened if not a new spirit, extending itself respecting schools.' The demand from the common schools she felt to be urgent, and so she stayed in Ashfield, though tempted elsewhere.

An ardent friendship for Miss Grant marks this period in Mary Lyon's life. Her enthusiastic nature had to have an outlet, and all through her life she had friends to whom she was especially devoted. 'When you supplicate the throne of Mercy in my behalf,' she writes to this beloved friend, 'pray that I may love my dearest friends according to the spirit and precepts of the gospel; that I may so regard and improve my most precious blessings that it shall not be necessary to take them from me.' [2]

[1] *Memoir of Mary Lyon*, p. 53. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 56.

In 1831 Miss Lyon was established at Ipswich, where she began to carry out more and more her own ideas. Early in the school year, an October day, the Reverend Joseph Emerson visited her and addressed the school. One can imagine the delight of his pupil not only in his lecture, which she records, but in the inspiring conversations they must have had. Here for the first time Miss Lyon taught philosophy; 'Watts on the Mind' was her textbook. 'I consider it a privilege to teach this book. I rejoice more and more that I have undertaken it,' she writes. She introduced vocal music in the seminary and had an 'increasing sense of its practical importance. By our influence, and the influence of our pupils on this subject, probably hundreds may be benefited for a succession of generations.' [1]

It was from Ipswich also that Miss Lyon wrote: 'I wish some way could be contrived to have the English language studied with as much intensity as Latin is. I have a few floating ideas upon this subject.' [2] 'What a pity that in our late primary schoolbooks there is not more of elevated simplicity!' she exclaims in another place.

With all the cares at Ipswich, where the ideas which later developed were thronging upon her, she found time not only for the individual conversations on spiritual matters, which she so devoutly believed to be a part of her duty, but for individual instruction. A woman who works in the kitchen, she writes, is one for whom she feels great solicitude. 'She is about

[1] *Memoir of Mary Lyon*, p. 81. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 82.

forty years old and cannot read. . . . I taught her in my chamber alone!' [1]

In September, 1834, the first meeting was held at Ipswich to consider plans for a seminary in which some of Mary Lyon's ideas could be more perfectly embodied. February 10, 1836, the seminary was incorporated, and October 3d of the same year the cornerstone of the building was laid. 'The stones and brick speak a language which vibrates through my soul,' writes the devoted foundress. 'How much thought and how much feeling have I had on this general subject in years that are past! And have I indeed lived to see the time when a body of gentlemen have ventured to lay the cornerstone of an edifice for the education of females! Surely the Lord hath remembered our low estate!' [2]

In September, 1835, Miss Lyon had sent out a printed letter setting forth the objects and aims of the institution. 'Let what is done be done thoroughly' might be taken as the keynote of this address. 'There is no acknowledged standard of female education,' she declares, 'by which an institution can be measured.' 'A slow, thorough, and patient manner of study' was to be adopted, with a 'systematic and extensive course of solid branches.' Arithmetic, both written and mental, English grammar, the first book of Euclid's geometry, modern and ancient geography, the government of the United States, modern and ancient history, botany, and 'Watts on the Mind' made the course of primary studies. Chemistry, as-

[1] *Life of Mary Lyon*, p. 115. [2] *Memorials of Mary Lyon*, p. 38.

tronomy, intellectual philosophy, and rhetoric were added the second year, called the junior year; and the senior year had in its course algebra, ecclesiastical history, natural theology, the evidences of Christianity, philosophy of natural history, the analogy of natural and revealed religion, and the constitution and laws of nature. 'If we begin we must go on,' Mary Lyon wrote of her seminary. 'The more we do the more we must do';[1] and only a few years later in 1840, 'It is recommended to all who wish to be received one year from this autumn to devote as much of the intervening time as possible to the study of Latin. In this branch as well as every other, a little done thoroughly is better than much done superficially.'[2] Again and again this note is sounded; thorough honesty of work, sincerity of intention, is over and over again insisted upon.

Mary Lyon records of herself that she was not naturally systematic. She is said in her early days to have been careless in her dress, and oblivious of the minor details of life. Even as the successful foundress of the seminary, she needed help in the externals of personal adornment. But these tendencies were largely overcome by the power of her mind. She must have had a strong emotional nature, and the story is told of her that she once inquired of her hostess of a day when supper would be ready. Upon learning that it would be soon, she expressed disappointment, and

[1] Address to Friends.

[2] Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. Preparations for admission, September, 1840 (leaflet).

was told it could easily be postponed. 'Oh, no,' she replied, 'I only wanted to have a good cry.' Later in life she overcame even these regulated outbursts of emotion, and regarded all such giving way as self-indulgence. She learned to turn her attention to all the practical details of the daily living. A student who attended the seminary in the early forties writes that when as a senior she came under Miss Lyon's instruction in Butler's 'Analogy,' which was the only subject she taught at that time, she was greatly surprised by her keenness and thoroughness, having supposed from the multitude of the minor details to which she attended that she would have no time for inspiring class instruction. Most of her instruction at this time was given to the whole body of pupils in the Seminary Hall lectures and talks, and in her Bible instruction. Her keen logical reasoning powers are spoken of by this student, and she was a pioneer in bringing the study of natural science to girls. She herself had worked with Dr. Hitchcock, afterward President of Amherst College, and she brought lecturers to the seminary to awaken her students to the wonders of the world in which they live. Mount Holyoke has kept the impetus given in those early days, and has always stood for sound training in the natural sciences.

Some records have been kept in the notebooks of students of those seminary talks, which, indeed, were times of seed-sowing. 'It is a divine requirement to take fast hold of instruction,' she says, 'and you must seek for knowledge; for be assured the heavenly

messenger will not force herself into your possession.' [1] 'Acquire knowledge that you may do good,' she repeats over and over again in different ways. 'The intellectual miser is an object of contempt.' Thoroughness was at the foundation of all her principles. 'The cultivation of the ornamental branches without a thorough education is like trying to polish cork or sponge; but with that it is the burnishing of the finest gold.' The little things received her attention. 'Take care of your spelling, writing, reading and singing,' she admonishes her pupils. 'Treasure up hints, they really prove the seeds of principles.' 'There is a deficiency of grasp of mind if you do not think. Why are some persons in a hurry? Simply on account of slothfulness.' [2]

With such addresses every day throughout the school year, her pupils had the opportunity of learning wisdom, as well as gaining knowledge. Miss Lyon's 'afternoon exercises,' as they were called, dealt with the scholastic side of her work. In them she appealed to the sense of the ridiculous and excited her students to merriment, as well as placing high ideals before them. Her address on Study, as given by Fidelia Fisk, shows what she meant by good work.

'We should know by experience what hard study is. It would be well for all to have one severe study like Latin or Mathematics through the year. All should have thorough discipline in these studies before taking the English branches. Let the roots grow before we

[1] Fidelia Fisk: *Recollections of Mary Lyon*, p. 329.
[2] Fidelia Fisk: *op. cit.*

gather the fruit. There is no reason why ladies should not faithfully pursue such studies as well as gentlemen. Our course of study embraces much, but probably fifty years hence it will appear quite limited. We should not study to be pleased any more than we live to eat; and as it is an important part of discipline not to be fastidious about our food if we would be prepared for usefulness in any sphere, so we should study and not expect for a long while to find pleasure; but when we do reap the fruit it will be very sweet.' [1] 'It is as easy to improve five talents as one,' she says in another place. To those who are preparing to teach she says, 'Aim to make every lesson interesting. Study every lesson before you give it to be learned'; and anticipating the very most modern methods of correction, she advises, 'do not forbid play as a punishment, but rather forbid study.'

But the two sides of her life were so interwoven that it is difficult to separate them. She studied to serve, and ever in that service she sought to increase her knowledge. 'The mind should not sit down and wash the body's feet,' she says, 'the master should have the Master's place.' But this master of the body itself owes allegiance. 'A sense of eternal things constantly upon the mind is calculated to make one uniformly cheerful and happy.'

Mary Lyon had a splendor of religious enthusiasm, a fervor of holy zeal, which was the consuming fire of a rarely endowed and great personality, great in intellect as well as great of heart. We have had re-

[1] Fidelia Fisk: *Recollections of Mary Lyon*, p. 235.

ligious enthusiasts; we have had intellectual leaders; but very rarely have the two characters been united in so indissoluble a fashion. A pioneer in a great cause, burning with ardor for the regeneration of the world, and seeing that the world was losing the work of a large part of its children, she put her powers of mind to solve the problem, to train and educate not only women but public opinion, so that the women she trained might be able to do the work she was endeavoring to fit them for. Many of the axioms of today were the discoveries of Mary Lyon. Serious study for women, with the few notable instances to the contrary, had been unknown. She led the new movement which awaited a pioneer. She was herself the embodiment of that 'enlivened spirit' which she hails with joy.

Mount Holyoke College is her monument. Wellesley College grew from her ideals; all over the country the schools and colleges of the land have felt her influence. Her doctrine was in no wise subversive. She did not wish her women to become masculine. She recognized their limitations. But she would have emphasized the splendid verse in Genesis which describes the creation — 'God created man in His own image. In the image of God created He him, male and female created He them.' It was the image of God stamped upon every woman no less than every man that Mary Lyon sought for, with absolute confidence that it existed and could be brought out and made to shine as the sun in glory.

IDEALS IN THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB, BOSTON
FEBRUARY 17, 1900

It is a striking fact that from the earliest times, when men found a deity for every emotion and experience, so many of the virtues should have been personified by goddesses. The old mythology gives us not only a Venus, but a Diana — not only dancing dryads and naiads for every grove and stream, but the higher conception of Pallas Athena, the divine wisdom which led inspired men. This personification was at a time when women were not held in special honor, when the modest woman was unlearned; and yet men clothed what was their highest and purest conception in a female form. The instinct to reduce an abstraction to a concrete embodiment seems to be strong upon the race. 'These be your Gods, O Israel,' is the natural cry of primitive man, when appalled by the terror of the unseen. We lay hold with a feeling of security upon some tangible object, and, in the groping of the mind for truth, the serene smile of the noble Pallas Athena comforted and consoled the hearts of men.

With the coming of Christianity the personification took a new form. It was no longer Juno with her peacocks, or Ceres with her fruitful horn of plenty, or even Proserpine most spiritual of all creations of the antique world; but the virtues themselves which became feminine. Humility, Chastity, Mercy readily

took their place in the art and life of the Middle Age, bodied forth as holy women by the painters who painted for the sanctification of the soul rather than for the satisfaction of the eye. But more than these, the sterner virtues, even-handed Justice with her bandaged eyes, Law, and Fortitude strong to endure, became splendid feminine figures.

In that wonderful series of frescoes in the Spanish Chapel of Santa Maria Novella in Florence, there they all are — Faith, Hope, and Charity, Temperance Prudence, Justice, and Fortitude — while lower down is the strait gate through which Grammar, the art of language, is leading two boys and a girl. Some scoffers have intimated that this was the proper proportion of students, but we may comfort ourselves that the old Florentine painter, be he Simone Memmi or Taddeo Gaddi, believed that some girls, at least, should enter on that arduous way. Following Language comes Rhetoric; Logic, the art of right thinking, treads close upon the power of Expression; then Music, Astronomy, the uplifting science, Geometry and Arithmetic come in turn. To each of these the girl and boys are to be led; each a beautiful woman's figure with her appropriate symbol. Why are they not men to the painter's imagination? Under each figure is painted the imaginary portrait of a man who has accomplished much in the science — Aristotle represented under Logic, Cicero under Rhetoric. But the ideal of all excellence, the perfection which still draws men on, is embodied in that mystical female figure, robed and crowned, or search-

ing heaven with upturned gaze. The seven theological virtues are also depicted, completing what was to the painter a survey of human life, on its spiritual as well as its natural side. Thus the most exquisite of all created forms is endowed by the artist's imagination with all perfections of character. As a lover clothes his mistress with all possible attributes of loveliness and virtue, so these women stand before us — wise, learned, holy, and beautiful — types of the ideal which men from time immemorial have sought in womanhood.

The persistence of the ideal, how wonderful it is! It dominates the minds of men as if it had life in itself. From one generation to another it renews itself, varying in expression, assuming new forms, but ever with the ceaseless longing of the soul groping after an ultimate good, if haply it may find it! It is this which has established the worship of the Virgin Mary so firmly in the hearts of mankind. The divinity of motherhood in her finds its embodiment, and so long as men love their mothers so long will she remain the type of all that is most lovely and noble in a woman.

I have said ideals change. The days of the 'elegant female,' of Pamela and Evelina, are happily gone by. Raven tresses and tears and frequent faintings are no longer in fashion. Poor things, they had to give such heed to their 'shapes,' it is no wonder they fainted on the least provocation, owing to the pressure on the vital organs. Even Elizabeth Bennet, with all her good sense and spicy wit, would find herself a little out of place in a company of modern girls. 'Without

a governess you must have been neglected,' Lady Catherine says to her with much frankness. 'Such of us as wished to learn never wanted the means,' Elizabeth replies. 'We were always encouraged to read, and had all the masters that were necessary. Those who chose to be idle certainly might.' And Dorothea Brooke, one of the most perfect women of fiction, of history, one is inclined to say — for it seems as if George Eliot must have looked into her own heart when she described her so faithfully — even she, who will live as long as English literature endures — she would have had a different training at the end of the century.

Our modern young woman, with her good physique, corresponds much more closely to the old Greek conception of Plato, who in the ideal republic wished to have both his young men and women trained in athletic exercises. Even in that day Plato had to face the possibility of ridicule in having men and women do the same thing. 'We must not fear,' he says, 'the jests of wits which will be directed against this sort of innovation, how they will talk of women's attainments in music, as well as in gymnastic, and above all about their wearing armor and riding upon horseback.' So that the possibility of a woman's accomplishment in any unusual walk of life was even then considered something to be marveled at. For Plato goes on, 'Ought not men and women to have different tasks imposed upon them such as are agreeable to their different natures?' And he replies — 'Certainly they ought.' But then he proceeds to define a 'different

nature' in such a way as to prove that men's and women's natures are not different, 'and we shall therefore continue to maintain that our guardians and their wives ought to have the same pursuits.' [1] 'Many women are in many things superior to many men,' he continues. 'In the administration of a state neither a woman as woman, nor a man as man has any special function, but the gifts of Nature are equally diffused in both sexes.' The argument then proceeds to the point where it is admitted that the 'same education which makes a man a good guardian will make a woman a good guardian.' [2] Plato was not afraid to carry this to its logical conclusion, and to have the women of his ideal state take part in war — 'whether,' he says, 'in the same ranks or in the rear, either as a terror to the enemy, or as auxiliaries in case of need.' But they were to have a share in war, a right which in the Red Cross movement has been abundantly vindicated within the past few years in our own experience. The modern training of the physical powers of a woman certainly has made a vast difference in her endurance and in her development. It is a matter of common observation that the stature of our young women has increased of late years. Certainly the sound mind is lodged in a much sounder body than was the case some generations ago. Better modes of dress have much to do with this, for our poor ancestresses, with their cramped waists and the triple veils when they went to take the air, had certainly a very small portion of life-giving oxygen to

[1] *The Republic*, Book v. [2] *The Republic*, Book v.

breathe. With this better physical training, the question of mental training is somewhat simplified. Education means literally a 'drawing-out,' but, as we most often use it, it is as a course of study tending toward some end. The end is the great point to hold in view. One asks what training is best fitted for women? That must depend very largely on what kind of women we want. What do the women of this country and of this time of the world stand for? What is their normal place? Inquiry into some of these fundamental questions will help us very much in determining what sort of training one really would desire as the ideal thing.

There are three ways in which women are pre-eminent. They are the binders together of society, they are the beautifiers of life, and they are the preservers of morals. That is, women must stand for conservation, for grace, for purity; and in these three directions they must have special training.

First, as the binders together of society. That means that they are the great conservative force in society. Not only are traditions handed down by them, but they have to hold the more headlong processes of thought and of action in check. Naturally a woman falls back on experience. A wise woman can be the greatest help in this way, and in many cases direct conduct and govern events, in a manner which the more impetuous and stronger masculine element could not accomplish. A woman must be trained in a very liberal school not to have conservatism degenerate into obstinacy. The uncultivated woman,

who is set in her ways, is a stumbling-block to all progress. This character is familiar to us in all literature, standing immovable, not to be touched by any argument or anything short of brute force. Such a one was the beautiful Rosamond Vincy, whom her husband called his 'basil plant,' absorbing all the good about her, and giving out absolutely nothing. A wise conservatism must be grounded in law, and law must teach obedience. Hence, the first lesson, the lesson of greatest importance which our ideal woman must learn, is the lesson of obedience. The child is apt to think everything can be as he wills it. It takes experiment to find out that fire will burn, and that a stone wall is immovable. Those early processes of learning the laws of the physical universe are generally painful. It is a subtler and a finer thing to learn intellectual and spiritual laws. But any progress is impossible until the lesson of obedience is learned. It is a terrible injustice to a child to allow him to be disobedient. The unstable, wayward will must have something firm to rest upon. The father's 'no' becomes a fact as apparent as those of the physical universe. The mind of the child can stay itself upon the stronger, maturer mind behind it. Milton's famous line 'He for God only, she for God in him,' would be the greatest comfort to women if one could only shift the responsibility in that way. But a child ought not to have responsibility thrust upon him too early. The parents must stand between him and the outside world. They must direct, they must mould; it is for the child to yield himself to their shaping hand in

trustful obedience. We often hear of 'blind obedience,' and there are those who decry it. But blind obedience is better than no obedience. As the child grows older, a wise parent secures his intelligent consent, but the habit of springing at the word of command is a very precious one to acquire in early youth. No blessing of early training is to be more thankfully acknowledged by those who have received it. One has to submit sooner or later. 'The mills of the gods grind,' and one must take one's turn, even if one's heart is between the stones. It may be small comfort to see how it came there, but a woman who has learned to obey will not be crushed.

When a woman recognizes the inevitability of consequence following upon action, the moral certainty of law; when she will put herself voluntarily under the reign of law and learn the true lesson of obedience — then she is in condition to profit by any and every experience of life.

The pretty rebel is a favorite character in works of imagination, and, as long as she is pretty, people admire her. Her career is seldom followed out after the age of prettiness has ceased, and what can be more terrible than the fate of the rebellious woman — the woman who will not accept what comes to her in life — the woman who is unlessoned by experience?

And so, for our ideal young woman, obedience is the first and great lesson to learn. What studies she shall pursue to inculcate this obedience must be left to the individual to determine. Mathematics, of course, instantly springs to mind. Fixed law, absolute

certainty, the beautiful sequence of progression — these, and other forms of ideal truth, are inculcated by this one science. But many people have no special aptitude for mathematics, and, though I should be far from saying that anything can take its place, yet training in other branches can be pursued with such exactness as to arrive at very much the same effects. Training in English can certainly be carried on with such accuracy as to produce very excellent results. What can be better than accurate training in translation? The young mind has the idea, the form, and the expression all given it in a strange tongue. The task is to reproduce all three in as beautiful and perfect a way in the mother tongue of the student. Training in metre and in various styles of English prose can be carried on with this idea of obedience and fidelity, in such a way as to be of the very greatest service. Obedience implies absolute unselfishness. One gives up one's own will, one gives up one's own desire of expression, one puts all one's powers at the command of another. There is a very fine sense of freedom which comes from such obedience, and, when it is fully and perfectly carried out, very beautiful results in work and in character are attained. So that, as the foundation of all progress in the ideal young woman we are considering, I would place these lessons in obedience. Obedience and conservatism may at first sight seem somewhat unallied, but until one knows the rule of law, how can one properly regulate conduct? And conservatism is simply the body of unwritten law which one generation hands

down to another, and of which women are the natural inheritors. Blind conservatism is a stupid and useless force. Wise conservatism, which has been trained, and which has come under this law of obedience, is one of the most helpful powers in the world.

The second consideration is, that women are the beautifiers of life. To be an interpreter of beauty, one must certainly have a knowledge of what is beautiful, and to this end a long and serious training of the perceptive faculties will be needed. I was once very much shocked to have a girl of sixteen, who had lived all her life in the country, seriously assure me that she had never seen a violet; when in every meadow, every springtime of her life, there had surely been many different kinds in bloom. So blindly can one go through the world, and in the old time, when women were shut closely in the house, very little opportunity was given for the out-of-door training which now is thrown open to them. All the sciences call her — the study of the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth — all invite with alluring opportunities and possibilities of discovery of wonderful and beautiful creations. This wide field of science, with its unending possibilities, not only trains the eye, but trains the mind, in much the same way we have been considering, in accuracy, and in the perception of beautiful form. The nature of absolute beauty has been the subject of grave discussion and illuminating exposition. Since the time of Socrates, abstract beauty has been a theme which has inspired poets and kindled the enthusiasm of philosophers. So

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wide a subject it is hardly our province to enter upon here, but there are certain properties of beauty which our ideal young woman must learn to recognize. Form, and proportion, and grace, certainly are three things which even a child can be taught to appreciate. The untutored eye finds its affinity in simple and natural lines, and dwells with pleasure upon an object or a building in good proportion, without knowing anything of the rules of the schools. Proportion is, after all, one of the great things of life. Emphasis is its allied quality in speech. The thing that we really mean, the thing we wish to accent, is the thing which must stand out in due proportion, dominating all other portions of the work, whether it be in material things, or in more evanescent spiritual qualities. The ultimate design must also have its due share in any scheme of beauty. For what object is the whole thing made or presented? Is it simply for ornament, to give pleasure to the eye, or is it for use, or is it a combination of these two — the highest and best combination of all? For the useful, if it is made with real simplicity, must be beautiful. A right end, working itself out through a mind which is truly possessed with the one desire of expressing that end in legitimate form, takes to itself fine and graceful proportions, if the technique of the art has been mastered. Here is a very important step. A person may see a beautiful object, and, in endeavoring to reproduce it in drawing on paper, fail absolutely for want of proper training. Another may be greatly impressed with the power of some harmony, and be entirely unable to reproduce

degree to the art of speech. How few of us study to put things persuasively, to reach a proper climax, to retire gracefully from a subject! It is a common saying that the art of conversation has disappeared among us, and yet it is an art held in honor by all men. Telegraphic speech has taken the place of the more careful and elaborate forms of conference. But it is an art which should be presented to all young people, and which they should study with seriousness and attention.

Beyond these forms of art there must still be the training of the mind. Nothing really inspires, nothing really creates enthusiasm, but the perception of an ultimate ideal, whether it be in art or music or in any other of the realms of spiritual thought. This ideal of beauty has to come to the aid of every form of expression, lifting and raising it into its own kingdom. The student who has even begun on such a course of training, who can see beauty in everything in the created world and in the realm of thought, has certainly begun to be beautiful in himself. For beauty most truly passes into the person who studies the beautiful. No one can give out what he does not have to give. He must first absorb beauty at the great natural reservoirs and fountains of the beautiful before he himself can become truly beautiful in life and character, and so able to transmit beauty to all around him. This is the secret of good manners, of which we hear so much. No external code of manners, no fashion of rising up and sitting down, no doffing of the hat, constitute good manners. All these things may be done, and yet exist

with rudeness and incivility. The seat of good manners must be far deeper. It must be in the graceful and gentle heart, which cannot do a thing that is discourteous or uncivil, but must express itself in ways of grace and gentleness. Some external code of similarity it is, of course, wise to adopt, and each individual with very slight observation will see what is the custom of the best people about him. But the person who is really gracious, whose presence is truly welcomed in all circles, is the one who has this graceful and kind disposition. What a charming word grace is! Its primary meaning is an open and gentle countenance. A person of this sort is unable to do the harsh or disobliging thing, and following the law of his own being must be gracious and courteous.

All these studies should tend toward simplicity — the simplicity which is so much more than any complexity which the mind of man can devise. There is one ultimate goal, one ultimate idea of beauty running through the whole of the universe —

> 'What love can do in the leaf or stone,
> So that to master this alone,
> This done in the stone or leaf for me,
> I must go on learning endlessly.'

It is all one idea of one Creator which we see in the manifold forms of his universe. And having caught glimpses of this beauty, having intimations of it, we can realize and be glad in it, and exclaim,

> 'O world as God has made it, all is beauty,
> And knowing this is love, and love is duty.
> What further may be sought for or declared?'

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> 'O world as God has made it, all is beauty,
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And there we come to the heart of the matter,

'all is beauty
And knowing this is love, and love is duty.'

Our training in obedience and in perception will have revealed something of beauty to us, and, if it is a true revelation, beauty and love will flash upon the spirit as one and the same. And both must pass into action, into duty, or the revelation is a mocking vision. Then comes the supreme task of all education — the training of the soul. How shall this perception of beauty be expressed? How shall duty govern conduct? What fruit of personality shall be the product of all our training? It is women who must answer many of these questions, for women are the guardians of morals, women ought to be the spiritual leaders of the world.

It was only with the advancement of women that family life became possible and the patronymic took the place of the mother's name. In the instinct of mother love, Henry Drummond finds the beginning of all altruism. Love for another, even though because that other is its own, is the beginning of self-sacrifice and devotion — a devotion which can grow, and which has grown, in noble instances, to include the race, so that the word 'Mother' has come to mean all that is noblest, most unselfish, most beautiful in affection in the world.

'Suffer this mother's kiss, best thing that earthly is,
To touch thy brow,'

the Virgin Mary says to the child Jesus. Not to all women does this blessedness come, but all women

have this capacity, and any training which leaves out of account this strongest element of woman's nature is but a partial training.

This leads us to our third course of study; the training in religion — not training in creeds or dogmas, except so far as the history of the institutions of religion requires it, but training in that

'Stoop of the spirit which in bending upraises it too,'

which is at the foundation of religious life.

Humility should be one of the first lessons of religion. The open, receptive mind — the mind which welcomes truth, which is conscious that it knows but in part, and longs for fuller knowledge — these are some of Humility's gifts. And Reverence, her sister, with her swelling flood of devotion and rapture of holy awe, comes in her train. A woman who looks into the mysteries of her own being cannot be irreverent. Linked as she is to the moon and the tides, with changing emotions and accessions of spiritual insight, a thinking woman can only stand in devout wonder before the mysteries of her own nature. '*Varium et mutabile semper femina.*' When will women take the ancient saying, not as a reproach, but as a simple statement of a physiological fact, and learn to work within the limitations of law, not forcing Nature out of her normal orbit? A universal law must be wise, or it would cease to be universal. We kick against the pricks, we twist and distort, till what was meant to be beneficent becomes malign. These tides of emotion, of tenderness to impressions of all

sorts, this flux and flow of a woman's life, should become elements of strength, rather than weakness. Each woman must learn for herself how to discount her own judgments, the patience to wait for the second thought, the time to trust instinctive perception, and the time to cry with King David of old, 'Lord, this is mine infirmity.' The entire race needs this training.

The interplay of the spiritual and the physical taxes the highest powers of the mind to trace even in some remote degree. One school places the entire study of the subject on a physical basis; it is all material; all thought sensation can be traced to nerve sensation. The Transcendentalists and the Berkeleyans, on the other hand, give entire dominion to the spirit, and deny the existence of anything outside of the mind. The modern psychologist strives to unite the two theories. What that mysterious breath of life is, which was breathed into man when he became a living soul, who shall dare to say? There is the physical life, and there is the life of the spirit. Which shall rule is the great question. And with the ancient philosophers and heroes, with saints of all ages, we answer, the spirit; and the name which is given to the training of the spirit is religion.

Our duty toward God, which includes our duty toward man, should be directed and controlled by the spirit. Hence, the spirit must rule in our bodily members, learn to make use of them, and double their efficiency by using them at right times and in right ways. As Socrates wished his women to exercise in

public, though they might be laughed at, so the spirit must exert its authority at all times, though its rule is misunderstood, directing and controlling action.

This life of the spirit must have its appropriate food. Time was when every child was given 'Sunday reading,' — Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' and sermons by eminent divines. Friends had Barclay's 'Apology,' with its wonderful chapter on 'Justification,' 'The Soul's Progress in the New Birth,' and other books. As a matter of course every one knew the Bible, and in the psalms of David or the prophecies of Isaiah the spirit found its true food. Such reading is far too much neglected now. How many modern readers know Browning's 'Saul' far better than the original from which Browning drew his inspiration! Browning is full of exquisite paraphrases and allusions to the Scripture, which smile a radiant greeting to those familiar with them. How beautiful his

> 'Moses, Aaron, Nadab and Abihu
> Climbed and saw the very God, the Highest,
> Stand upon the paved work of a sapphire.
> Like the bodied heaven in his clearness
> Shone the stone, the sapphire of that paved work,
> When they ate and drank and saw God also!'

And yet they are almost the identical words used in the twenty-fourth chapter of Exodus. Browning went to fountain heads for his draughts of life-giving water, and to us, going to him, he gives the pure wine of the spirit. But in this day we are too content with paraphrases and selections. We want our work done for us, not giving ourselves a chance to choose the

food best suited to our need. So I would say, read deeply rather than widely. Some one book which contains true spiritual nourishment, duly assimilated, is of far more value to the growth of the spirit than a dozen volumes of interesting biography glanced through.

For every end sought by education, some direct means is used. If one would speak French, one studies it; if one would understand mathematics, problems are to be solved. But the life of the spirit is left in too many instances entirely uncared for. There is the church, can be replied. That is true, and the church can and does give this training. But it has to be worked for like any other end. Occasional attendance at church to hear a famous preacher will not foster it. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth,' and 'so is every one that is born of the Spirit,' cover too many cases of neglect. For though absolute training may not be given, the mind can be put into an attitude, the spirit into an environment, of devotion and holy thought. It is one of the most exquisite provisions of nature that a seed has wings. The tiny embryo plant is not left to fall to the ground and be smothered in the shade of its parent leaves. Upon the unconscious currents of the air the feathery thistledown is wafted into new fields and placed in new possibilities of growth. So it must be with the spirit; but with this difference, that the freedom which is our high heritage gives us the responsibility of choice — we must seek out our own fields. We may consciously place ourselves under holy influence; we may voluntarily make

that submission of our own soul which climbs to the feet of the Highest. This is worship, and this is the realm in which the spirit of man moves freely, and breathes its native air.

Training in obedience, in perception, in worship; in the consent of the mind to the reign of law, in the appreciation of difference in value, and in reverence and love — these three fundamentals lie at the root of all progress, of all education. It is impossible to say, This is for men, or, This is for women, for though there is the ideal masculine and feminine type, yet qualities overlap, and a feminine soul sometimes is lodged in a masculine body, or the contrary is the case. 'A man and woman, when they both have the soul of a physician, may be said to have the same nature,' [1] Plato declares. 'One woman is a philosopher, and another is an enemy of philosophy; one has spirit, and another is without spirit,' he continues. 'Would you say that all men are equal in excellence, or is one man better than another?' he inquires, and is answered — 'The latter.' And the same is true of women, for the gifts of Nature are distributed equally to men and women.

These are, indeed, large questions. The eternal feminine has always drawn us upward. If it is, as I firmly believe, that ultimate good, the unending capacity of love which the noblest men and women have, it is the ruling power of the world. It gives tenderness to the strongest man, it gives strength to the weakest woman. It is that quality in God Him-

[1] *The Republic*, Book v, 334.

self, which the psalmist so beautifully describes, 'As one whom his mother comforteth,' and, 'As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' It is the eternal thing in us all, which cannot die, because it is life itself.

We have considered briefly some of the fundamentals demanding the highest powers of the mind, which must lie at the source of endeavor and become springs of action. Other things there are to be examined and pondered; these are only glimpses of truth. After any effort of statement one falls back appalled by the vastness of the vistas opened up. With each lightning flash of truth we perceive a new and undiscovered country, unknown before. We can only bow the head in awe, as we think of the possibilities of growth, and take one step in the direction in which we perceive truth to lie.

SMITH COLLEGE

QUARTER-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, 1900

I HAVE come to-day to bring greetings and congratulations from a sister college — I might almost say a twin sister college, since Wellesley and Smith have the same year of birth. Each of the two colleges has long since developed an individuality of its own, so that they are not liable to the confusion of identity which twins sometimes suffer from. But the tie of age remains. Smith and Wellesley were together in their birth, and they stand together now. In a recent visit to the West, I was delighted to find graduates of both colleges working side by side. Wherever I found Wellesley women, there also were their sisters from Smith. Indeed, in many of the Western cities the College Club, including graduates of Vassar and all colleges admitting women, has taken the place of the special College Club.

It is surely an event of no small significance, when so many distinguished persons are gathered together to celebrate this anniversary. Twenty-five years is nearly the lifetime of a generation. For twenty-five years Smith has been doing its work to equip women better, as we hope, for the life of the world. College training for women can show results, and our schools all over the country are profiting by these results. Women must of necessity be teachers, if not in academic work, or technically, yet in the home and

family life. What great man has not owed his success in large degree to his mother? If it is true, as we are told, that the impressions received by an unconscious infant from his mother's hand go far toward moulding the character that is to be the real personality of the man, how wise, how tender should that touch be!

It is true that what is called the higher education pursued by great bodies of young women is a new thing. Long ago we were told that 'the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' This is a new kingdom of heaven for women. They have striven for it — it has sometimes suffered violence at their hands. But there is no longer even the apparent need for aggression. It is happily conceded on all sides that women can master the same studies as their brothers, and often carry off more than their share of the prizes. We need no longer clamor at closed doors. The doors are open. It is for us to make use of the opportunities before us.

In nature the same soil, the same benign influences of air and rain and sun contribute to the perfect development of all fruits after their kind. The russet apple may not say to its rosy neighbor, 'Give me your fairness.' It is the perfection of the one to be fair, of the other to be brown and sound. Ideally, the same ought to be true of human development. The same sustaining strength of religious principle, the same open airs of intellectual freedom ought to combine for the best development of both men and women. But the fruit is borne by the tree after its nature. We self-conscious creatures too often pervert our own nature,

and take it to be quite other than what it is. Here, where the great apostle of the doctrine of necessity is known and honored, it might be pleaded that the fruit of personality is a fixed and unalterable thing. But the larger doctrine, and, as it seems to me, the truer, is that the freedom with which we are endowed makes choice necessary. We must determine our effort for ourselves. We must put limits within which to train the growing mind, that it may expand more completely at maturity.

We women must will strongly; we must act gently. Gentleness and strength must go together to form the ideal character which is the end of all education. A woman without gentleness is a monster; a woman without strength is a parasite. All the training of the mind and the heart and the hand is needed, for judgment must always be tempered with mercy and love, and be kept strong by active labor to secure the high result we aim for.

These, Mr. President, I know to be your ideals. Smith has been fortunate in having one hand at the helm for its first quarter of a century. This which we see about us is not the result of a former generation. It is your labor, it is the harvest from seed of your sowing. Here hundreds of young women have come who regard you with a filial affection, and to-day they greet you as the inspiring and controlling genius of their beloved college. And I share their enthusiasm. I give you joy, Mr. President, on this your achievement, and I wish you many years of happy and prosperous work for Smith College.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE

INSTALLATION OF DEAN EMERY, OCTOBER 24, 1900

It is a very grateful task that is assigned to me to-day to welcome the first woman Dean of Pembroke to Brown University and to Rhode Island. The best interests of the State have been so closely identified with this ancient institution that a welcome to one must mean also a welcome to the other. I extend a most cordial welcome, and feel (if I may be allowed to say so) that I have a special right to extend this welcome. I am a daughter of Brown University by inheritance. Long ago, in 1764, my grandfather's grandfather was appointed one of the original Board of Fellows of this College. He was also on the committee to organize the Friends' School, for so many years an honor to our State, and thus proved his interest in the advanced education of that day — for the Friends' School was a school organized for both young men and young women, and it was Thomas Hazard's minute in meeting in 1761 which declares that the men's meeting desires 'no preëminence where truth admits of none, believing that both male and female are all one in Christ Jesus.' We have a clear indication of his views on the question of education for women. This man was my ancestor. My grandfather was for many years a fellow of the Board of Trustees. He received his degree from this University and proved his interest in it by founding

with his eldest son the chair of Physics. I need hardly speak in this audience of the love and service which my honored father gave to this University. His name inscribed on the tablet in this hall records his interest here, and so as a daughter of its past I extend a most cordial greeting to the new Dean of Pembroke.

It is a threefold welcome I can extend, for not only am I a daughter of the past, but also a daughter of the present, holding as I do a degree with which this University has honored me. The best of my training was obtained from a beloved professor here. Long ago Professor Lincoln and Professor Chase gave of their leisure time for the instruction of young women, and the ever-lamented Professor Diman trained hundreds of young women in scholarly ways of appreciation of all that is best and highest in literature and in history. We of his younger classes often thought we had far more of his instruction than the men in college, as for a series of years he opened course after course to us and inducted us into the highest realms of thought and of imagination, giving us a true sense of history as well as a basis of sound fact. As I have known more of college affairs I have wondered under what departments his lectures would now be placed. We had thorough grounding in the history of the Church with its divisions and chief councils through the Reformation. The chair of Biblical History in most colleges would give the course. Lectures on the beginnings of art in Greece and the period of the Renaissance in Italy, with special work on the great masters, would be claimed by the Art department.

Lectures on the Niebelungen Lied and Chaucer certainly belong to Literature. And what training it was in English to hear Professor Diman read our abstracts of his lectures in his grave, sonorous voice, which made every imperfection or infelicity stand out! Above all we were taught the continuity of development, in some countries taking one form, in some another, but we learned to trace historic movements rather than note isolated facts. It was he who taught us to read, it was he who taught us to think, and to make the connection between our thinking and our expression. So that, as a daughter of this University in a very true sense, I extend a welcome to-day to the Dean of Pembroke.

I am also a daughter of its future. The position which I have the honor to fill as the representative of a great woman's college brings with it the careful consideration of the problems which concern us all to-day. There are various methods of solving these problems. Shall we have the woman's college with more or less exclusive feminine influence to develop along the best lines of intellectual strength and womanly living? Shall we have a college presided over by men in which young women shall have the incentive of working under minds in many ways different from their own? — for, after all, it is unphilosophical to lose sight of the great distinctions of sex. Shall we have the annexed college in connection with our men's universities? Each of these problems is being worked out on its own lines. Each one presents its own difficulties; each one presents its own

advantages. The doors of this ancient University have been thrown open to women. It seems wise to connect the woman's college in a vital way with this long-established center of learning. It is a great step for a University with the past history of Brown to take. It is certainly a step which is liberal and bold. It is a step which all women must welcome. Here is being tried one of the experiments in the modern education of women. The future which lies before us must prove what is the best method. By the results of the future our action to-day must be judged. As one to whom these problems are of the deepest interest and who is studying them from a little different point of view, I welcome, as a daughter of the future of this University, the lady who comes to this woman's college to-day.

I welcome her to this ancient city, and I welcome her to Rhode Island, where women have always been held in honor and reverence. Rhode Island in her early days contributed a martyr to the cause of truth in Mary Dyer. Here a long line of holy women preached as the spirit moved them in the Society of Friends. Patience Greene was not afraid to cross the sea and remonstrate with the king on his throne on the enslavement of the negroes. Here where Roger Williams's principle of 'freedom of divers consciences from enforcements' was the foundation on which the commonwealth was built, women have had the amplest opportunity for development.

When the four towns first came together before the middle of the seventeenth century and formed them-

selves into the colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, a shield was adopted with the device of a sheaf of arrows bound together, and a motto '*Amor vincit omnia*.' It is the strong, gentle power of love that prevails, and this power is not the exclusive possession of a portion of the race. It is because there have been good men that women are honored to-day, men whose reverence and love exalted women to the place they are fitted to take. Let us beware of self-sufficiency. We all have had fathers, most of us have brothers and dear friends whose approbation is our highest reward. There can be no antagonism between men and women. Sometimes they hurt each other cruelly, but that is an accident in the great scheme of life. The world is made up of both, and in the love of the ideal in which both unite, each touching the rounded orb of truth at his own tangent, lies the hope of the world. *Amor vincit omnia;* without love there is no learning, no knowledge, no wisdom possible. With it all things are conquered.

And so, madam, I bid you welcome to this college over which you are called to preside. I bid you welcome to this ancient city. I bid you welcome to this State founded in liberty and the truest equality, breathing the vital breath of freedom. And, as I commend to you its ancient motto, no less do I bid you Godspeed, and exhort you to go forward with a high courage to the noble task before you, remembering that Hope is its present watchword.

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT WOOLLEY, MAY 15, 1901

One sometimes sees a very beautiful reversal of the relations of mother and daughter. The mother, who has bestowed so much love and care, becomes herself the object of the daughter's solicitude on which to spend all her devotion. It is a rare and ideal relation, for the experiences of the older woman become part of the younger woman's life. We often say experience must be bought at the expense of each individual, but a wise daughter is certainly admitted to the chance of unusual bargains at far less than cost.

Now these things are an allegory, for, if this is true of human life, it is far truer in the corporate life of a college. The college nurtures her daughters, and they in turn flock to the support and aid of their Alma Mater. In a very true sense the College where we are gathered to-day may be said to be the mother of us all. Though technically the youngest of the women's colleges, Mary Lyon's enthusiasm for the education of women bore fruit in fields not of her planting. Wellesley in particular owes a debt to Mount Holyoke. The founders of Wellesley made themselves familiar with the work here, and derived many suggestions from it. For many years Wellesley was conducted on the same principles of household management. Both colleges have always maintained the ideal of sound scholarship, broadened and deepened by the illumi-

nation of the spirit. Both have maintained that these two must go together, that intellectual culture is arid and barren unless fructified by the grace of the spirit. Holding these ideals as we both do, it is with joy that Wellesley to-day discharges to the full the debt to Mount Holyoke, under which she has so long lain. It has been a debt of love, and to-day it is paid with love. To-day in seeing an honored and beloved professor of Wellesley made the President of Mount Holyoke, Wellesley crushes back a sigh for her own loss, and can only rejoice with Mount Holyoke in her gain. For she knows what it is she is giving you. Not only has the woman you honor to-day her Master's degree, and her degrees of Letters which testify to her study and acquirements, but she possesses a degree no college can give, a passport to the hearts of her students. She has the gifts of mind to awaken their enthusiasm, and the gifts of heart to call forth their love. I trust that I may be pardoned a personal word when I say that I am devoutly thankful that this call to be your President came no earlier than it did, and that in my first year at Wellesley I had the advantage of her sweet and helpful presence.

I know whereof I speak, Mr. President, when I say that you may safely commit the affairs of this college to these wise and womanly hands. She will need your help, your support, your sympathy; but her courage and her wisdom, relying on the Source of all wisdom, will, I know, be equal to the splendid task she assumes to-day.

It is a task to inspire enthusiasm. The multiform

activities of a College President in these days give the widest scope for the exercise of every power of mind and spirit and body. The few women in this country who have assumed these responsibilities have a new field before them, in which each one must literally work out her own salvation, along the line of her own highest powers. There must be some process of elimination in such a position; no one can do all she is asked to do. To choose wisely, to conserve strength to use at the right time, to direct effort in legitimate channels, to be all things to all men, and yet to keep one's own poise and balance, these are some of the pressing problems which clamor every day for decision.

But while these questions of the mind are stimulating, it is the larger question of human relationship which is inspiring. To one in whom the passion for service is the ruling motive, the desire beyond all others, how joyful and how humbling are the opportunities of such a place. How joyful to do something — how humbling that it is no more, that so often 'achievement lacks a gracious somewhat,' and one has to comfort one's self not with work accomplished, but with the knowledge of honest endeavor. In the multiplicity of detail there is sometimes danger of losing sight of the goal. It is the large issues which give us inspiration, the ultimate truth which is ever alluring. To quicken the minds of these hundreds of young women, to fortify and enrich their lives, to open vistas into the realm of the spirit — these are the old and yet ever new tasks of the college. And to-day

we welcome a new leader who has already become a source of inspiration to her students. We welcome her with joy expecting great things of her, the youngest of College Presidents, and to-morrow beckons hopefully from the portals of to-day.

COLLEGE WOMEN AND THE CHURCH

BAPTIST SOCIAL UNION, BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1901

From the time when Saint John wrote his Epistles to the elect lady, from the time of Dorcas and Aquila and Priscilla, women have had an important part to play in the Church. The cloistered nun, of course, instantly springs to mind with her varied activities among the poor and the life set apart for devotion and adoration. Later, among the Quakers, women had an important part to play, and George Fox had the wisdom to organize his women's meetings on the same basis as the men's. The women's records were kept with equal care; to women the discipline of any erring sister was confided; in case of marriage the women's meeting made a report upon the character of the bride in exactly the same way as the men's meeting investigated the character of the bridegroom. In all ways tending to the upbuilding of society and to the conservation of good morals, Quaker women had as weighty a share as the men of their meeting.

In no age of the world has women's work been more important than it is at present. The modern movement toward clubs and federations of all kinds, towards organized bands of workers, has enlisted great numbers of women. Any modern education must take account of this tendency. Women are no longer working in isolated positions in the home and as directors of their own households, important and

essential as such work is, but they have set before them the great task of learning to work together. This is a task which has been forced upon men for centuries, but, in a way, women have had a much more independent and isolated life. With this modern tendency, the woman's college certainly must afford a field of training which shall equip women to go into the world and take their places as leaders in society in a way which they have never done before. The church opens its doors for all sorts of good work. For many years women have been leaders in this work as visitors among the poor and as dispensers of charity, but now the watchword is 'together,' and it becomes interesting to inquire what training a college can give which will further the ends sought.

Does the college give any specific training which would fit women for church work? I can only answer in the case of the college that I know best, that certainly Wellesley does give such training. The number of young women who come prepared to receive such training is interesting. Nearly seventy-two per cent of the students are church members and would, therefore, naturally be interested in the work of the church. The courses of academic instruction in the history of religion, what is popularly called Bible work, are also very attractive and fitted to inspire enthusiasm in this direction by giving a broad basis of knowledge. For Freshmen the academic work consists of Hebrew history and studies of the land of Palestine; for Sophomores the study is in prophetic literature with attention paid to the individual great

men of the Old Testament; the Junior work consists in the historical development of New Testament thought, a course which has been given with great success for five years by Professor Drown. There is, also, a most interesting course in the Greek Testament which is one of great value, and a third course on the life of Christ. For the Senior year, there are electives carried by Professor Woolley and Miss Sanderson, who has an elementary course in Hebrew. Professor Woolley's course is a History of the Christian Church from the time of the Council of Nicæ to the Reformation. This course is one of tracing historical development, the rise of monasticism, the political relations of the Church and State and the consideration of the great principles which resulted finally in the Reformation; so that for every year in College there is ample opportunity of choosing studies with a direct bearing on the institutions and teachings of the Church. It is interesting to mark in this connection that Harvard has no undergraduate course in New Testament work and only one in the Old Testament. This is on the academic side of the work and counts for a degree in the same way that the history of any country or any art would count. This is kept entirely distinct, as it should be, from the religious part of the College life, although it is impossible to say that it does not furnish a sound basis for that religious life to grow upon.

The volunteer work of the Bible classes under the auspices of the Christian Association is an exceedingly interesting work. A dozen class leaders meet with the

Professor of Biblical History once a week and study with her the course to be presented in their individual classes. This work is most encouraging, as the leaders are all girls of ability and great earnestness, and in this way many members of the College are reached.

There are also mission classes which take some special country to study. This year the course has been the study of Japan and much interest has been aroused in it. The Christian Association itself numbers this year 338 persons. There were, at the time of the Week of Prayer, some thirty prayer circles organized, which met in different rooms in College.

The Day of Prayer itself was a most impressive one. There was a service of petition in the morning at which students presented requests for prayer which were united into a sort of litany in which all could join. The prayer called the 'Bidding prayer' was also offered for the first time at Wellesley. This is a very beautiful old form used at the University of Oxford, in which the minister and congregation rise and the congregation is instructed for what it shall pray: 'Ye shall pray for this College of Wellesley and for its founder and benefactors,' and so on through a long and beautiful series of petitions.

The treasury of the Christian Association has at present something over one hundred dollars in it. The Association supports a missionary in India at a salary of seven hundred dollars. For home missionary work, a small boy is being supported in a school in New Mexico.

One of the most important features of the Christian

Association is its welcome to new students. At the beginning of each year there is a general reception when each member of the Association takes some Freshman in charge and makes sure that she is introduced to members of her class and is becoming pleasantly acquainted and comfortably placed. All this work trains young women to take and hold a place in the church.

A college education for women certainly imposes responsibilities which are somewhat unusual. It has not yet become so common a thing as to be taken as a matter of course. It must, of necessity, be the training for leaders. And in training leaders of the church — women who can take responsible positions and intelligently perform the duties which fall to them — the woman's college fulfills a very distinct mission. We are all in pursuit of truth. There are two sides to the shield always to be seen and both sides may be equally true; it is for us to put ourselves in position to see the golden side of the shield, to have our aspiration so high that we shall turn whatever we touch into pure, beautiful living. It is said that Kruger corrected the sailing captain who told him he was sailing 'around the world' by saying, 'You mean on the world.' We must not let our vision of truth be so small that we think that we can see the whole of it at any one glance. That is its beauty, that there are constantly new aspirations, constantly new aspects which turn to the inquirer. A broad and liberal training in history and in the history of belief, and more especially in the personal beliefs which are

accepted by the individual soul, constitute the only possibility of making any real progress in the appreciation of truth. Just now the uppermost side in church work is that of active endeavor. There are societies and unions for work. The old idea of mystical contemplation is somewhat in abeyance, but a woman who has been properly trained and who has a grasp of spiritual truth will be able to combine the two. The well-trained mind in other departments will help her in this one of right living and religious thinking, and, while aspects of truth change, we can comfort ourselves with the eternity of the thing itself, the truth which lies always beyond our grasp, rolling onward in its serene and everlasting orbit.

THE TRAINING OF THE HAND

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE, JUNE 5, 1901

THE modern doctrine of the subconscious self, upon which so much of modern teaching is founded, certainly is a far-reaching and inspiring conception. Every act leaves a deposit, as it were, behind it. It is like the innumerable insects each contributing its mite to the coral island, which is gradually built up from the depths of the sea until it rises into light. So our own least action contributes to form the intangible thing which becomes the character of the person. This conception has permeated all departments of teaching. It used to be said that it was wise to put a child into healthful surroundings, and give him beautiful objects to look upon simply for the pleasure and happiness which this environment afforded. It is now said that beyond the pleasure and happiness a real principle of growth is involved; that if we want to have strong and vigorous minds, and wills that are trained to make right choices, and, more than this, characters that unconsciously expand in righteousness, we must have the most beautiful and wholesome atmosphere for that life to be trained in. It is coming to be seen that life in its complexity has, after all, unity; that there must be the unifying force of some great idea; that there must be some noble aspiration, some high ideal, or the energies are dissipated

and frittered away, and what might be useful becomes, in too many cases, simply a clog upon the community in which it has its being.

We have said that life was complex. As long as we are souls and have bodies, it must be complex. The cultivation of the two, the growth of the two, must go together. The mediæval idea of the wretchedness and vileness of the body, that it was something to be kept under and scourged into obedience, has more or less disappeared in the enlightened plan of educating body and mind and spirit. Browning exclaims most truly, 'Nor soul helps body more than body soul.' Our bodies after all have to express our souls. This is our local habitation. We have here an external embodiment; we are made aware of each other by visible and outward tokens of the invisible and indefinable spirit. And while it is spirit that must always control, if there is any right life, the bodily members can certainly help the spirit. Imagine what a world it would be if all our vain fancies, our sudden impulses could be carried out; if there actually were a magical carpet, and we could wish ourselves at the end of the earth and back again in the twinkling of an eye! What an unstable world it would be! Who would know where to find anybody? How could our regular routine of life be carried on? Our bodies act as a clog, as a brake to keep us from running to destruction, and of all the bodily members which we have, what is more important than the hand? It is a wonderful instrument that expresses the finer capabilities of life, that performs the work of every day, that conveys the

tenderest sentiments, that gives expression to the highest artistic impulses, that lifts itself in aspiration and prayer.

In the old days life was simpler, and it was the natural thing for a child to follow the craft of his father; he was born a member of the guild to which his father belonged. The Guild Hall in London enshrines the history of those great associations of mediæval workers.

It was natural in those days for women to have some handicraft; they were trained to do the spinning and weaving for the household. Like Penelope, countless women have solaced themselves in sorrow by working with their hands. Such knowledge is none the less necessary now; we must know what we expect others to do.

Many people, in first making the acquaintance of a stranger, instinctively notice the hands. The face may smile, even the eyes may have an expression controlled by the will, but the hands seem to express the subconscious self — the thing that we really are — if one is trained to read them aright. The externals are easy enough. It is a hard-working hand, perhaps, or a hand that is flabby and delicately kept; it is a nervous hand, or a hand expressing calm power; the blunt-tipped fingers show manual dexterity, the pointed and tapered fingers, the artistic temperament. What wonderful things our hands are, after all, for not only do they perform the higher functions of life, or what we sometimes choose to call the higher functions; they are not only the instruments of carrying out the ideas

of beauty possessed by the artist or musician, but they are our humble, everyday servants. The pen of the writer is held by the hand that may put down noblest thoughts or write the most commonplace memorandum for the shop or household. It is the hand that does the finest needlework, that can make the most exquisite lace; it is the same hand which scrubs a floor and cleans a kitchen stove.

The hand is a true expression of personality. The way we do things is shown by the hand; is it roughly or gently done, is it done with care and precision, or is there no finished execution? This means that a mind controls the hand. The training of the hand and the mind must go together. This is the great value of manual training as it is used in schools. The idea of exactness and precision which it is so necessary for a child to obtain is carried out by the hand in some of the beautiful exercises which are used in our best manual training schools. The same is true in the schools of domestic science. You all know better than I can tell you the daintiness and precision with which the daily work of the household can be performed, and you all know the neglect and carelessness with which it too often is done. You, who are to be leaders in ways of training young women, must appreciate how important it is to cultivate the respect for the hand, the respect for handiwork in all its branches. We sometimes say of a person, his fingers are all thumbs, and that implies a certain mental lack. There has been no proper coördination between the inward thought and the outward expression of it. Our ges-

tures, our way of taking up any given bit of work, the postures of our body, absolutely unconscious as they are, proceed from the thing that is our real self — the underlying self from which the act of volition springs. How important, then, is it to cultivate the sources of action, to cultivate the mind as far back as we can behind the external effects, so that what we do may proceed from a pure and right source. This is the only fount of good manners, of gentleness and propriety of conduct and action.

And the highest ideal of all is expressed in Albert Dürer's 'praying hands.' Do you remember that beautiful drawing of his? The hands are old and knotted, hands that have seen work and have served their day and generation, put together in the attitude of prayer. One can feel the devotion, the trust and the aspiration in the very posture of these wonderful hands, drawn as few artists could draw hands. It is the hand that can work and the hand that can pray which is our highest ideal, and it seems to me that in such a school as this of yours you come very near it. It is an ideal for each one of us to pursue; it is an ideal which you are to go out into the world to exemplify, which you are to hold before your scholars — you, who are to be leaders and trainers in all these new ways of work. It is the same hand that works and that prays, not a different one; unless it can do both it has not fulfilled its highest opportunity; and it is given to you to train such hands that they in turn may go into the world with the spirit that dignifies labor and that brings worship into everyday life.

MUSICAL TRAINING

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY, JANUARY 28, 1901

I WAS much struck, at a recent meeting of an association of college graduates, by the remark of one of the members who declared that, after all, her music was of more practical value to her than any of her college studies. She was a wife and mother, and the training which she had received in college had disciplined her mind to make the best use of the tools which she had. Of these tools, her musical knowledge was the one which she declared was the most serviceable in the training and education of her own children, and in making her home the attractive and delightful place which is the ambition of every woman. And one can see the reasons for this. The externals of music appeal to every one. The rhythm in the first place arrests the wandering attention of a child or an uneducated person. Our technical division of lines of poetry into feet comes from the old dancing measures of the Greeks, when the actual human feet did move in such and such a way as the rhythm indicated. We have taken it directly from dancing through music into the more spiritual expressions of words. But it is after all something that appeals to the senses in the first place. The rhythm is the same whether words are set to it or not.

In going through Italy one is struck by the wonderful varieties of rhythm which still can be heard. I

never shall forget once below Naples in the quiet evening light when the shepherd's pipe was still sounding in our ears as we came up from Paestum; on one of the country roads passing a blacksmith shop hexameter metre rang clear and true in the blows of two hammers with which two blacksmiths were beating iron rods. It took one back into the days of Vergil and the early Latin poets, and still farther to the time of Tubal-Cain, the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron, 'and his brother the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ.'

There are no stronger associations which bind the mind than associations of rhythm. The numerous varieties, the falling and the rising cadence, the even flow and aspiring upward movements of bits of music which have been familiar, return to one unbidden and have marked effect in moments of great value in one's life. This universal appeal to the sense of hearing is the most elementary of the musical appeals. As we go a little higher in the scale, the feeling for harmony creeps in, and the various polyphonic forms develop themselves. We have to take account in music, as in all the arts, of its physical basis. If there were no eyes, where were the seeing? The beauty of Raphael's Madonna has to be appreciated by the blind man through the description of his friends; he is shut off entirely on that side of his nature. So in music the appeal comes through the sense of hearing, primarily.

But music is the most creative of all the arts. The artist in plastic form with each touch of his chisel leaves some tangible mark of his effort; each touch of

a painter's brush has its visible effect. The musician creates something which seems to have life in itself, for it is born and it passes into the unknown. Wonderful psychological problems are opened to the mind. Whence came it? Where did it go? It is easy enough to answer that one's vocal chords or the strings of some instrument produced the sound. But whence came the variation in the sound? Why is it that each person's voice is not the same? Why is it that each person's touch on the violin is not the same? Why, even in the more mechanical contrivances of the piano, is it that each player makes his own performance? It is the wonderful power of personality which can go into music which is its great charm and makes it different from all other arts. The personality has to be trained. One has to master many technical details in order to attain freedom. But the difference exists in the smallest child. One child, an appreciative observer instantly says, is musical. Another has to have the capacity of expression developed. This great power of differentiation makes the task of the musician one of the highest that can be set before a teacher. It must always be the object of a teacher to develop latent capacity. But in musical training, where the development has to be a development in creative capacity also, a very high and noble task is set.

The problem is complicated by the danger of emotional excess. The artistic temperament is always open to this danger. The joy of creation is one that must be tempered with a sound knowledge of what is

best, and a high ideal of what creation should be. Long ago Socrates pointed out the difficulty which beset musicians in that they were often nervous and troubled by small things, and declared that the balance must be kept by a sound study of the principles of the art, and by a rational life such as is suited to all men. The moment one makes an exception of one's self to ordinary rules, that moment a very dangerous point is passed. No matter what may be the abilities of the artist, he is still a man and still should be governed by the rules which other men are governed by. The danger of an artistic debauch is just as great as an intellectual danger, as the danger of physical excess. True musical training keeps the balance.

Not only must there be the training of the artistic perception, but training in the basis of the art, and any training in the theory of music involves the study of mathematics, of physics, of philosophy. It is a wide and comprehensive range of study which one must pursue to be in any manner worthy of the name of musician. The old Greek ideal in this regard has never been surpassed. 'Musical training,' Socrates declared, 'is a more potent instrument than any other because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace and making the soul graceful of him who is rightly educated.' He further declares that no one can ever become musical until he 'knows the essential forms of temperance, courage, liberality, magnificence and other kindred as well as their con-

trary forms in all combinations.' And all these things, he says, must be assimilated in the 'simplicity of a truly and nobly ordered mind.'

This is a great lesson in the conduct of life which he proposes to us. To know temperance, to know courage, to know liberality, and to be able to express all those in the making of harmonious sound, is indeed a high ideal for every musician. Observe the importance which Socrates lays upon temperance, which would prevent all the emotional excess which is the great danger of the young student of music. And with temperance, the giving of pleasure, a liberality which he commends, and the courage and magnificence which must belong to the generous giver.

Socrates goes on to declare that with music must go the training of the body, in 'the really excellent gymnastic, the twin sister of that simple music which we were now describing.' These two forms of training must go together, or the body cannot be the suitable servant of the spirit. After all, we have to express thought by our physical powers. Think what our hands do! With them we write, we paint, with them we play an instrument. With them we convey the finer touches of emotion; the mother's caress, the tender pressure of sympathy, the things which are impossible to say, a touch will convey. And so our bodies should be the very finest instruments that we have. We need all the training, we need all the self-control that it is possible to gain, to make them the instruments of precision which they ought to be. Those who have struggled with their fingers will ap-

preciate this point. There is no finer discipline to the mind than the careful, painstaking work which the production of a masterpiece of genius requires for its instrumental performance.

The study of any art leads into the dim recesses of time and opens the vistas of the future from an historical point of view. Much profitable work may be spent on the history of the art of music; and some general knowledge of this subject is indispensable to the musical student. But more important as a principle is the study of musical form. Until one has an appreciation of the musical sentence, its development, its branching out into related themes, its recurrence and final return in a glorified form, which marks the best classical work, there can be no intellectual grasp of structure. This conception once obtained unlocks storehouses of beauty. The same principle is seen to run through the poet's creations, the same begins to govern all the student's literary attempts. Statement, an enunciation of truth, amplification, other ways of saying the same thing, illustration, related matter drawn from widely different sources, exhortation, if it is a didactic effort, and the conclusion, full, free, and appropriate — do not these simple rules of structure apply to a poem or an essay quite as much as to a musical work of art?

The student should constantly seek the universal in the particular; seek to carry the particular beyond its narrow bounds to its ultimate foundation. This the structural study of music is especially fitted to inculcate. The mathematical relations of the dry

bones of the art, so to speak, are his limitations within which he has to work, and yet the illimitable opens before him.

'But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws: that made them, and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.'

The student is constantly tempted to the impossible, the unspeakable.

'Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp.
Or what's a heaven for?'

And, after all, 'a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it.' If we are to appreciate any work of musical art, we must be trained to listen. If we are to present any work of art worthily, we instinctively seek our audience among those who have the sympathetic training which will enable us to be at our best and give it with its due power and dignity. So that even for persons who are not technically musicians, the training which goes to make a musician is very important. For music certainly adds to the joy of life. We of Saxon descent, with our Puritan traditions, need some organized form of expression, and in no way can we secure that better than in the relations of harmonious sequences of sound. We must have the training to appreciate that it is more than 'sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.' There must be the appeal to our finer and more spiritual natures. Keats declares:

'Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit, ditties of no tone.'

One could go on indefinitely quoting what poets have said of the nobility of the art. The true poet has always been in closest association with musical feeling. They are, indeed,

'Sphere born, harmonious sisters, voice and verse,'

which must go together for their highest expression.

So to-day I want to make a plea for the extension of musical training, for the recognition of its value in our lives, and for help to the young men and young women who are nobly struggling to secure this training for service. This Conservatory has done a great work and is doing work which is far-reaching in its results. I can only wish that it may go forward with ever-widening circles of influence and that the young men and young women who come here may fulfill in some measure Socrates' ideal of the 'true musician and harmonist in a far higher sense than the tuner of the strings.'

THE PLACE OF MUSIC IN EDUCATION

THE BARNARD CLUB, PROVIDENCE, MARCH 16, 1901

Who that has ever experienced it can forget the absolute silence of the desert, with the vast stretch of the horizon and the stunted growing things at one's feet? The silence seems to encompass one as a living presence. The ear is strained for some of the usual noise of civilized places. The small creeping things begin to sound, the flutter of a bird's wing becomes audible. The giant cactuses, holding their arms up against the sky, seem menacing in their grotesqueness and absolute silence. It is what Goethe called 'the horror of this vastness,' *das ungeheure weite;* and the mind of civilized man becomes oppressed with the sense of silence and of solitude. What would it be to live in a world without sound? It is one of the very conditions of our being, so that we are not able to imagine how it must be to a person born deaf, who has never had channels of intelligence opened through sounds. It is one of the universal things in nature; not only the voices of birds and animals, but the sighing of the wind, the roar of the sea, the rush of falling water all carry their own tale which is interpreted to the mind by means of sound. One of the first things that a child appreciates is the difference in sound. It is one of the senses which is earliest awakened, and one which lasts through life. Sound simply considered as sound is mere noise, not charged with any special meaning. In

our civilized life the noise of the street, the noise of crowded places, we pass by in indifference. It conveys no special meaning, it carries no message to us. It is something simply to be disregarded, and to be passed by if it interrupts other and more profitable trains of thought. But it is this sound, with its wonderful power of differentiation, that becomes the vehicle of expression. In itself it seems to have an element of life, for it is produced by vibrations which fade gradually away into nothingness. We look at a picture. It is after all a flat surface that we gaze upon, no matter what brilliant color is spread upon it, and no matter how our eyes are trained to appreciate gradations in shade and perspective drawing. But sound actually does vibrate and palpitate with something of the glow of life. It is therefore the expression of emotion. Wagner declared that the proper range of music is from the sigh of content of an infant on its mother's breast to the frantic scream of a maniac. This is certainly a tremendous gamut of sound, and it is this immense scale that the musician takes to formulate, to organize, out of which to develop his art.

If our voices are the simplest musical instrument, they are certainly the most expressive. Not only the singing voice, but the speaking voice, is a revelation of personality. The strong, sweet freshness of a boy finds its true expression in his voice. A rough and inharmonious character proclaims itself in every spoken word. The words themselves may be courteous, the voice bids one beware. How often, in moments of excitement, not so much what is said, but the voice in

which it is said, opens new possibilities in the life and character of a friend; it may be a hint of unknown tenderness, it may be the wild note of primitive man which warns 'hands off' as nothing else could. The voice of a sincere person we say rings true. All voices can be cultivated, and attention, especially in America, should be given to their cultivation. For in the matter of the voice as in so many other things, action and reaction are intimately connected. Professor James recently propounded an interesting theory to the effect that we are frightened because we show fear. In the same way a resolutely cheerful and courageous voices fosters the virtues it expresses. We can alter our state of mind at will; we can be cheerful when suffering and depressed, and to keep our voices cheerful is a great step toward truly becoming so. What a blessing the really cheerful morning greeting is! Do we not all know people whose 'good-morning' makes the morning good? If a minor cadence creeps into the voice, if it becomes habitual, there is surely something wrong in the life. The voice is a true product of personality, and, while we may attack the symptom of wrong intonation, the cause lies deeper. Sometimes the only way to attempt a cure of the ill lies in attacking the symptom which may possibly be both effect and cause. Imitation has its uses here; a good example is catching, especially to the young. What one has heard from earliest childhood becomes ingrained and second nature.

All art has its physical basis, and the art of music, growing as it has from discordant cries by which

savage tribes excited themselves for the war or chase, in dances of triumph, has thrown over much of its physical basis. It has become disassociated with movement, and has gone into a higher intellectual sphere where the movement is only in the mind. It is because there is this universal emotional appeal in difference of sound that music rests upon its broad foundation. A child instinctively recognizes the joyful and exhilarating strains with which it opens the day at school. A tone of happiness and gladness can be given by the morning musical exercises. It is something in which all can join so that it conduces to the social life of a community. Singing is after all the most elementary form of music. We all have vocal cords, and as long as we breathe the breath of life they have the power of vibration. So that with no external equipment from our very selves we can produce the musical sounds which a trained musician combines and regulates to form an harmonious whole.

The value of this working together can hardly be over-estimated. Music as a means of discipline is of the greatest use. The wonderful emotions of joy and happiness find some recognized and regulated outlet. The child responds to the feeling for time and rhythm. He catches melodies which become part of his mental furniture and later enter into his life in ways that are unexpected and most helpful. But much of our education in these days is a sort of carpenter work study. We put together so many hours of one subject and add to it so many hours of another, and finally complete a course for which a diploma or a degree is given. In our

colleges these subjects of study are carefully coördinated so that there is an attempt to form a whole and to have some complete knowledge of one subject. But in too many instances they are simply bits of work, useful in their way, admirable and excellent discipline for the mind, but not giving the general culture of a broad character which is the most useful, and which should be the highest aim of all education. Musical training, it seems to me, when properly pursued, makes the mind graceful, gives alertness, prepares the mind for future development, just as wide reading of good literature gives a certain charm and elegance, which has no distinct value when counted in hours toward a degree. So music can impart true grace and culture; can harmonize discordant elements of intellectual life; can soften and beautify the character and prepare the student for large and generous views of life. For all our training must prepare for life; in these days we have less and less use for pedantry. A man must be a man among men, no matter what his attainments are, and the wider and broader his culture, the more rich will be his contribution to the good of his community. One can receive musical training by listening as well as by actual study, though as in all the arts some knowledge of the technical difficulties increases one's respect for it in a most illuminating way. When one hears a composition well played, one is inclined to say that it is simply as it ought to be, without any conception of the enormous amount of work which has gone to prepare the artist to render the composition in the masterly manner which we admire. There is nothing

which is more conducive to humility of mind than the study of art in any form. A comparison of failures, though it may not be good for the progress of art, like confession, is certainly good for the soul.

I have spoken so far only of the very simple and elementary character of music — the music which can be and is taught in the public schools as well as in other institutions of learning. The great experiment which is going on in New York with the peoples' singing class seems to me a very important experiment in social economics as well as in musical art. When those hundreds of people come together once or twice in the course of the year to sing the works which they have studied, separately in their individual classes, it is not only an event of musical interest, but one of the greatest social interest. It is a contribution to the civic life of the city which Mr. Frank Damrosch is making. One of the wonders of all art is its capabilities, its opening out into the unspeakable, the further reaches of the mind which it discloses; for in any thorough study of the art of music, how many subsidiary sciences have to be brought into play! One must understand something of physics, and mathematics; æsthetics and psychology must bring their contribution. Why is it that the mind responds to certain sets of recognized tones? Sound, as Browning says:

'Is everywhere in the world — loud, soft, and all is said.
Give it to me to use, and I mix it with two in my thought,
And there, ye have seen and heard, consider and bow the head.'

While it is true that the art of music rests on a

physical basis, and must rely for its production upon material means, the thing produced, the music itself, independent of its generation, appeals to the spirit of man, to the emotional side of our being, as no other art can. From the earliest time this connection has been recognized, and in all primitive worship, music, however rude and inchoate, has found a place. Is it not true that equality is a spiritual thing? We all have spirit, we all have religious capacity, and it is to this innate possession of the soul that music makes its ultimate appeal. It may be objected that there are persons who do not respond to this appeal; that there is 'the man who hath no music in his soul.' But he certainly once had. 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy,' and, to use Professor James's argument once more, it is because he is 'fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils' that the music has been extinguished. Every child has something within him which answers to the musical appeal. He may respond more quickly to rhythm than to melody, but an appreciation of rhythm is a musical sense. Later distorted views of music, improper training, or other untoward circumstances, may deaden the sensibility. But the capacity exists and may be called out by some fortunate event. I knew of an instance of a man who could not hum a tune, and considered himself entirely unmusical, though with a keen sense of rhythm, who quite late in life became a great admirer of Wagner. The intellectual connection between the poem and the music appealed to him, and for the first time he perceived the power of music.

Instances could be multiplied of the development of musical taste, and the consequent enriching of life through choral societies and training in schools. One such society of about a hundred members includes among them both grammar-school and high-school teachers. The good training the society receives is handed on directly to the school children, who in the grammar school sing three-part unaccompanied songs in a very creditable way. Musical work in the village I speak of was begun more than forty years ago, in the district schoolhouse, when the children met on Friday afternoons to practice songs. It is the grandchildren of these first children who are now singing. Allow me to give an illustration of the work which has been accomplished. A singer was to come for one of the choral concerts and arrived a day early, thinking he would find a hotel to rest in. Unfortunately there is none in the village. He inquired if there was to be a concert, and was told no. He was in despair thinking he had come to the wrong place, when he heard a small boy whistling clear and true, an air from the 'Golden Legend.' He turned in triumph to his informant, sure that he was right, though early.

It is because it makes a universal appeal, because it has this singular capacity, this opening out into the infinite, that music is such a valuable means of education to-day. We are often accused of living in a material age. Certainly we have to make vast strides in spiritual directions to keep the balance true, and indications are not wanting that these strides are being made. The deepening of the spiritual conscience

which we see going on about us; the instances of men of large wealth devoting much time and labor to the wise expenditure of that wealth for the good of their fellows; the sense of responsibility which rests upon so many leaders of thought — all show a tendency toward the deepening of spiritual life. It is as an aid to this higher and deeper life of the spirit that music has its unique value.

ADDRESS IN KING'S CHAPEL

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION, MAY 22, 1903

I THINK we all agree on the importance of education. The only question is, what kind of education; how is it possible to develop the latent powers of the individual mind in the best way? The old days, when children were expected to learn long passages from Milton and from Shakespeare, have gone by. They certainly had their advantages in giving a child a large vocabulary, and in forming an appreciation of truly beautiful English. But that sort of thing is out of the question nowadays, and with it seems to have gone the old-fashioned training in Biblical literature, the long psalms which were learned and selections from different parts of the Bible which were committed to memory by all well-brought-up children and young people. That familiarity with the Bible has almost entirely disappeared. There is certainly a great loss in this disappearance, for not so very many years ago the Bible was the one book which every one knew. Bible allusions in any audience were sure to find a response. The treatment of Biblical stories in poetry and in art received universal recognition. It was an unfailing source of metaphor and parallel and illustration which helped many an argument and appealed to many a conscience. But with our more modern views of education, with the idea of imposing less and less from without and developing more and more from

within, the reverence for any one book or series of writings has most sensibly diminished. It is one of the distinctive notes of the time. Emerson voices it when he says: 'There is a better way than this indolent learning of another. Leave me alone; do not teach me out of Leibnitz or Schelling, and I shall find it all out myself.' It is the latest thought of the modern world. Given a soul and God, and, after all, we have all that can be known, and each soul must work out its own salvation.

With the recognition of some such principles as these, it is only natural that the traditions of the fathers should have less weight with the present generation than they have ever had before. We take a wide flight from the position of our Puritan ancestors, and question everything in earth and sky. To their minds the Bible was not only an infallible book of morality and of doctrine, but the highest authority on science, and had the final word as to the origin of man. It is with no less respect for the holy men who were truly inspired of God to write, that we see later discoveries and more modern thought supersede the doctrines of the ancient world, and that we class the science of the Bible as on a lower plane than that of the Greeks of the same period.

While this is true of all of the external circumstances so to speak, of the work of those early writers, yet their minds had a grasp upon the unseen, and a spiritual apprehension of the great truths by which the soul lives which has been unsurpassed in any later revelation. They certainly had a genius for spiritual

things, and it is an inestimable loss to the present generation if it does not lay hold upon the accumulated fund of wisdom which has been poured into the beautiful verse and wonderful prose of our Bible, and which is presented to us in such exquisite and flexible English as to be a model for all writing.

Not to know our Bible should be a mark of such want of culture that few people would venture to confess it; and yet, it is the commonest lack in the education of to-day. Are there not a good many people who know their Browning better than they do their Bible; who have been directed to the Bible through some of the wonderful paraphrases of its teachings which Browning presents? One may say that this is an entirely just way of approaching it; that it must always be the modern instance which drives us to the source. And certainly if it is the only way of becoming acquainted with it, I should be the last to decry it. I am saying that by some means or other a thorough knowledge of the Bible should be at the foundation of the education of every intelligent man and woman.

We are met to consider the special needs and work of Sunday Schools, and to think for a while as to their function and the place that they can properly occupy in the religious training of young people.

When the home education in Bible study and in morals and religion was conducted by the parents in some systematic manner, even although not in accordance with modern principles, some definite results followed. The unity of the home was em-

phasized by the gathering together of all the members of the family at morning prayers and at the stated times for Bible study. The effort to bring the family together in this way was itself an uplifting one. And as long as such practice as this was generally pursued in most Christian homes, although the results might not have been all that could be desired, they were still profound in the building of the character of the growing child.

But now the practice of family worship has very much decreased. There seems to be a feeling that individual training and study are much more necessary than the general gathering together of the family. Even the practice of saying grace before meat in many households has been entirely discontinued, so that the child may live at home with very rare reference in any open or spoken way to the fact that he is a child of God. We have become so shy of each other that the simple human relations based upon the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man are no longer spoken of in the frank and open way which they once were. Is it partly due to the fact that the children are sent to Sunday School and are supposed by their parents to have the religious instruction, which they recognize should be given them, at other hands than their own?

I suppose there are few young mothers who still do not teach their children their prayers which they repeat at night; but beyond this, I fancy there is very little definite instruction in many homes which call themselves Christian. The growing self-conscious-

ness, of which I have spoken, is partly accountable for this. As children become older, even their own parents shrink from the duty of impressing moral lessons upon them, and hand it over to the Sunday School, thinking that there, in some organized form of instruction, the child will receive all that he really requires.

It is quite evident that the place of the Sunday School in the conception of many people has been a most honorable one; that in a most confiding manner children have been entrusted to its training in the most vital subjects without any idea of the competence of the instructor, or any general recognition on the part of the school of the tremendous responsibility which has been committed to its care. No organization can ever take the place of the mother's instruction. It seems to me that any conscientious woman must recognize this, that she herself, whether she wills it or not, is the one supreme teacher of her children in everything that is most important to the upbuilding of their characters. Her very tones of voice are contagious. Let her beware how she ever falls into a plaintive or complaining way of speaking. And if this is true of externals, it is far more true of her actions which lend emphasis to her spoken teaching. To resign this place of the supreme teacher in her own household is to abdicate one of the most important functions a woman can possess — I say a woman, for a woman more often has the duty of training little children. But who does not instantly think of some instance in which the father's wise care and beautiful

patience have moulded and fashioned his little son till he grew up in his own image of goodness and gentleness? We must get back to the individual more and more; we have handed over to all sorts of organizations individual rights and individual duties.

But while this is true, there still remains a large place for instruction in the Sunday School. Children and young people naturally need the companionship of their own age to stimulate them to best efforts. They learn together, learn of each other, and the broad principles of morality, of love of truth, and of fearless courage, can be taught to children together in a way to supplement and widen the home teaching. And here all the wisdom of the best-trained modern teachers is needed. If the Bible is the only textbook used in the Sunday School, as is often the case, a distinction must be made, in a reverent and careful fashion, between the truths which are eternal and the truths which were true to the writer of the book. There must be a sound historical basis for the teaching of the Old Testament in particular. For such teaching special preparation and wide reading are necessary, and if the home training in the principles of morality can be supplemented by some wise training in the history of belief and the growth of man's belief in his sonship to God until the final full revelation came, there will be no shock or break in the child's conception of his own place in the world and his own relations to God as he grows toward maturity. One so often finds cases of bad home training or bad Sunday-School training resulting in terrible de-

pression and confusion of mind, as the student finds the truths of natural science in later studies or in college work. If the boy or girl has been brought up on the science of the Old Testament and is suddenly confronted with the science of to-day, and if, unfortunately, he has been told that the science of the Old Testament was just as infallible as the doctrine of the fatherhood of God, he is open to terrible confusion and to great anxiety of mind. An amusing instance of this sort, if it were not so tragic to the student, I have known of, which came from the want of apprehension of the Berkeleyan Theory. After a long struggle to grasp what was meant, the student exclaimed in despair, 'It is dreadful to give up one's belief in God and in matter,' which puts the case in a concrete fashion which is almost ludicrous.

But it is this same bad teaching which lays the student open to all sorts of tragic experiences, for what can be more tragic than the mental struggles of a young mind in its search after truth when it feels that the foundations have been shaken, if not positively removed. So the aim of the Sunday School must be the endeavor to lay the foundations strong and sure; to teach the Bible in its beauty and in its simplicity as a series of the most wonderful books that ever were written, but not infallible as to word and text; to preserve the historical background and the progressive idea of revelation.

And if this progressive idea of revelation is maintained, it follows very naturally that the Sunday School should make use, not only of the books of the

Bible, but of modern instances. We are so constituted that the familiar and everyday in our own experience takes hold upon us in a different way from what is long past, though the great things, if we can fully realize them, are modern always. The discourses of Epictetus, except for their exquisite simplicity, might have been delivered yesterday. In the highest sense the sayings of Jesus are eternally fresh, having the seed of life in them. But the stories in the Bible, wonderful and beautiful as their teaching is, have after all a far-away aspect. Patriarchs live before us as beautiful figures in a vision. Young Joseph in his coat of many colors appeals to us, not as a boy of to-day who is cast away by his brothers, but within an Oriental haze of beauty which removes him from our everyday life. If we can once grasp the principle, and hold to it, of the continuous revelation of the divine spirit, shall we not be able to bring into our Sunday-School work some instances where that spirit has worked conspicuously which shall help to create in the mind of the scholar an apprehension of the wonderful way in which the Providence of God moves his people? They must know the story of Israel and the Red Sea; they should know no less the landing of the Mayflower and the Pilgrim band which began all that is best in this wonderful country of our own; they must know Paul's cry to awaken the Jewish people to righteousness; they should also know the movement in the nineteenth century by which the whole English Church was revived, its spread to our own shores, and the great preacher Phillips Brooks, in this city of

Boston who stirred the depths of men's hearts.

It seems to me entirely legitimate that in Sunday-School work some recognition of the life that is about us and the operation of the divine spirit, which can be traced in our everyday life, should meet with recognition. The lessons are not shut within the covers of the book; they lie open to be read of the seeing eye. And from this larger aspect of the revelation of the spirit, it is easy to come to the individual aspect. As I have said, we must return to the individual. The whole foundation of society, the whole structure of righteousness, rests upon the individual soul. 'God and thyself complete thy life's whole tale.' The aim of the Sunday School must be to bring home to each child who comes within its border the sense of his own responsibility, of his own accountability, of his own existence in the mind of his Father. This is its aim, this must be its aim, or it falls far short of anything that it can do. There can be no higher aim than the aim to awaken a soul.

The movement lately inaugurated for better religious education is one which must command great respect among all thinking men. Our schools spread a rich feast of which all our young people may freely partake. The intellect is stimulated on every side. And yet, without the vitalizing seed of righteousness, it must turn to dust and ashes in time of stress and trial. To plant principles of right action, to teach the control of wayward wills, to point to the direction of the Supreme Director, this must be the aim of the Sunday School if it would fulfill its part and supplement

wisely the training in the humanities now so freely offered. Just how it is to do this experts must determine. I have briefly tried to set forth its place, as supplementing the education of the home, which it can never supersede; its scope in correlating the spiritual life of to-day with the life which has passed; and its aim to awaken each individual soul to eternal principles, principles as new to-day as thousands of years ago; for they must be the individual discoveries of the individual soul.

EAST AND WEST

ADDRESS FOR THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, 1904

THERE has always been a marked difference between East and West. We think of the glories of the Orient and the cruder and stronger civilization of the West. Even in the small island of England there has been a strong distinction between East and West. The west coast of Scotland, with its race of hardy seamen, has differed in some ways from the East Angles, though they too were hardy, and lovers of the sea. In a small territory, such as England, there has been less difference, but people have clung with pride to their birthplace, calling themselves from the East or from the West; and while the East has always been the center of light and civilization, the West has always contained the elements of progress. 'Westward the course of empire takes its way,' no less truly now than in the old days, though now civilization is encircling the globe, so that what was the extreme West is becoming the East.

In our Revolutionary days, when the course of empire was shaping itself into our present wonderful domain, the Far West Coast was hardly known. While our ancestors here were intensely occupied in planting free institutions and in organizing a state which could endure, in the Far West of the same country entirely different institutions were being planted. Think for a few moments of the condition

of New England just previous to the Revolution, of the severing thought which divided families and towns, the strong allegiance of some excellent people to the mother country, the feeling that whatever came from home must be the right thing, and the bolder spirits of the young men who declared that their lives were their own and that in the new world they could not be shaped by a paternal government thousands of miles away. In the smaller country towns, where the home traditions were still strong, we find miniature English communities, communities organized under the same principles as those in England, but without the dominating power of the aristocracy, the aristocracy here being one of weight of character and of public service.

It is sometimes amusing how little idea foreigners have that there is such a thing as American aristocracy; but service brings its own reward. Families whose ancestors have been public servants and have labored for the public good must of necessity count for more in their communities than the newcomer and the untried individual. We are good only for what we are good for. If an individual or a state becomes useless to the public welfare, the end of that individual or state soon approaches. Take a little community in southern Rhode Island as an example, about the year 1774. The pressure for money was already upon the colony. One paper issue after another had been made. Depreciation was making itself felt in ways painful and dangerous to the inhabitants of the country. In 1774, potatoes sold at 35*s.* a bushel, and pickled pork

was 12*s.* a pound, being reckoned in old Tenor; while corn in lawful money sold for 3*s.* and 8*d.* In that year a silver dollar was reckoned at 6*s.*, which is our regular New England rate. But the diversity of money complicated affairs seriously. Already dissatisfaction was being felt, and uneasiness pervaded the whole community. The burning of the Gaspee in 1772 brought matters to a focus in that part of the world, as the Boston tea-party in 1773 precipitated matters in the colony of the Massachusetts Bay. The country was unsettled and peopled with men who were able to do their own thinking and carry their convictions to a logical conclusion, and that conclusion pointed inevitably to independence. One thinks of the whole period as one of storm and stress, with the ardent spirits of the young men rising to the great opportunities before them, and the East Coast on the Atlantic becoming aflame with patriotism.

And back from this little strip of country, into which English manners and civilization had penetrated, lay the untried wilderness. No one knew how far the country extended. The early charter of Connecticut was later construed to extend beyond the boundaries of New York State and into Ohio. Grants of land were made on an entirely unknown basis, some of them reaching to the Pacific Ocean. The wilderness lay untried behind this borderland of civilization.

At the very same time that this struggle for freedom was taking place on the East Coast, an entirely different civilization was being planted upon the West. We must never forget that Mexico is our oldest

American city. The arts of printing and painting and many of the occupations of a modern community were practiced in the City of Mexico long before our Pilgrim ancestors landed on the New England shores. And here in 1749 an ardent man arrived fresh from the island of Majorca, where he was born in 1712. He was thus in his thirty-seventh year, in the full vigor of his manhood, a monk of the order of Saint Francis, bound by his three vows; a man fired with religious zeal — a man who had a great vision, the vision of a better world and planting the gospel in unknown lands. He lived in Mexico for nearly twenty years, learning the country, studying the people, doing all that a father missionary could do, and was made President of the College at Mexico. In the delightful little life which was written by his friend and confidant Father Crespi, we hear of his constant longing to spread the gospel farther among the Indians. They appealed to him as his children; he had a real apostolic spirit and longed to help in their civilization and uplifting. Finally, after many delays and long thought, in 1769, with a little band of friends, he set out to reach the Pacific. Who can tell of the wandering of those devoted men through an untried wilderness, over mountains and through desert stretches — a path which no white man had ever trod before — carrying with them a consecrated bell which they longed to have sound over the placid western sea?

At last, one glorious autumnal day, the long-wished-for sight broke upon them, and they saw the ocean stretching out in limitless distance. The old chronicle

describes the scene. The bell which had been brought with such care and trouble, carried on a beam supported by the shoulders of the devoted missionaries, was hung upon the branches of a low-spreading live-oak tree. The missionaries gathered in its shade and the bell was solemnly struck the three times three, while Father Junipero Serra spread his small altar cloth and prepared to celebrate the mass. Attracted by the unwonted sound, bands of dusky-faced Indians gathered about, and in solemn silence, in the center of the astonished and attentive audience, the first Christian service on the West Coast of America was performed. In honor of the patron saint of Spain the place was named San Diego, and there, at a little distance from the place where the first service had been held under the live-oak tree, a mission was founded. Father Serra himself stayed here but a short time, and then with some of his devoted allies pressed to the north, reaching Monterey, some four hundred miles distant.

These two points of vantage once being gained, he turned his attention to establishing missions at suitable intervals between these two outposts of civilization. Under his fostering care, mission after mission was built. He himself preferred the northernmost post and lived and finally died at Carmel near Monterey.

Gradually all along the coast at distances of about thirty miles apart rose the splendid establishments which he had conceived as centers of teaching and of civilization for the surrounding Indians. Santa Barbara was perhaps as typical a mission as any, and

one of the last which Father Junipero Serra himself was interested in founding, although he did not live to see its actual foundation. With a keen eye for beauty, the missionary fathers always chose a commanding site, and Santa Barbara stands at the head of a gradual slope of rising ground coming up from the sea, so that, although the sea is only about two miles distant, the mission itself stands on land three hundred feet above it. At the very crown of this gentle slope stretch the long cloisters of the missions, two hundred feet long, and the commanding Spanish towers rise clear against the mountains and the blue air of California. Around this mission in its palmy days some four or five thousand Indians were gathered and taught the arts of weaving and of agriculture. The weaving sheds with their hard floors — made hard by the impress of unshod feet — stood close about the stately pile in which were taught the lessons of religion. The broad fields of the mission, rich with barley and with corn; the olive orchards which were planted by the care of the missionaries; and the grapes which were introduced from the sunny slopes of Spain, flourished on the Californian hillsides. Everywhere teeming life abounded; and the call to prayer at morning, at noon, and at night was answered by the appearance of hundreds of dusky faces.

It was a gentle race of Indians — mild-mannered, as befitted that mild and beautiful climate, hospitable to the new ways, and learning quickly all that the fathers taught them. Here for many years they lived

and flourished, until the monastery grew rich from the revenues, and one of the vows of Saint Francis at least sank into oblivion. But in the early days it was with the true missionary fervor that these wonderful buildings were founded; and when one considers the resources of the country, the utterly unskilled workmen, the absence of proper building material, the mud sun-dried into adobe brick, which was their best substitute for stone, one wonders with increasing admiration at the results which were achieved.

Taking Santa Barbara as a central point, between the two extremes, at the south was San Buenaventura; then San Fernando, with its splendid plains in the upland valley, where corn and wheat grow in great abundance and where the old date palms planted so many years ago are still in bearing. Next south comes San Gabriel, with its beautiful façade pierced for bells — the bells still hanging in their places; then our Lady of Angels, from which Los Angeles takes its name; and farther south, San Juan Capistrano, San Luis Rey with its tributary mission of La Pala. And so a traveler could arrive within thirty miles of San Diego, the home station. To the north, crowning the range of the Santa Inez mountains, stood the mission of that name, and the next day's journey brings one to San Luis Obispo, near which is the beautiful mission La Concepcion, from which the point takes its name. Still proceeding on the way north, up through the Santa Clara Valley, one comes to San Miguel, and about thirty miles distant from that, in the Santa Lucia mountains, lies San Antonio, one of

the most beautiful of all the missions. This also stood in its own valley, surrounded by land of wonderful fertility, and became one of the richest of all the missions. From San Antonio was only a day's journey to Monterey, and so the traveler could make his whole tour of four hundred miles stopping every night at the house of a hospitable brotherhood. Horses and thousands of cattle were raised at these missions, so that in the early days of the nineteenth century coasting vessels would stop at a port near them to receive the numerous cargoes of hides which came around the Horn to our New England shoemakers.

The whole country can hardly present a greater contrast to the New England coast. Its wonderful mountains rising in that luminous sky, the sea breaking on the sunlit sands, and the live-oaks dotting the low foothills make it entirely different from any New England landscape. And here in our period of storm and stress a foreign and older civilization was planting itself — a civilization of obedience, a civilization of absolute surrender to the paternal government, bound by sacerdotalism more severe than any Northern nation could endure, and yet this was planted for the welfare of the whole country, which is now one country. The Latin civilization has yielded place to the Saxon and has given to the Saxon much of its grace and charm. To any mind with the least touch of patriotism the sight of these venerable buildings, now falling into decay and ruin, must be a touching and inspiring one; for they were founded in

faith; they were founded to further the very best that the men that built them knew; they were planted for God and country; and the spirit of their founders sanctifies the ground upon which they stand.

PRESIDENT ANGELL, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

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In our modern world a new and distinct class of men has arisen, a class of men hard to describe. Their work is as different as their geographical distribution is different. They have the most inclusive duties that can fall to the share of any one man, and in our democratic society they are persons of almost absolute power. The old monarchical theory seems to be revived in modern times for them, for the College President rules truly by divine right. If he technically rules in right of his Board of Trustees, he actually rules by his own force and goodness and power. He has the most absolute control, of any person in our modern life, of the destinies of his associates and of the welfare of his students. In hardly any other relation of life is final decision left so entirely in the hands of one man. He is like the Prime Minister of England. If his recommendations are not accepted by his Board of Trustees, his ministry falls; or, in the case of any self-respecting man, should fall, and a successor has to be chosen.

We have several very notable examples of what a College President may be — a man to whom it is safe to commit large interests; a man whose judgment is sound and calm; a man whose sympathy is broad and deep; and a man of unquestioned honor and purity of

aim. The names of a few persons spring instantly to mind as the holder of such a great office, and among them all none stands more prominently before the country than James Burrill Angell, for over thirty years President of the University of Michigan.

President Angell has not only the ordinary claims upon our gratitude and respect which an admirable executive officer and a wise director of educational interests must always have, but he has served his country in larger relations, twice representing it in the Far East, and several years as Chairman of the Canadian-American Commission on Deep Waterways, and in other international questions regarding the relations of Canada and the United States.

Another notable example of service which combines both constructive service for education and national service, we have in President Andrew D. White, late of Cornell University. But President Angell's term of service has long exceeded (with but one exception) that of any other acting president of a great American university. Johns Hopkins counted itself happy in having twenty-five years of service from its first eminent President, Daniel G. Gilman; and Harvard is more than happy in the long administration of its honored head — having been under the same guidance since 1869. President Angell's term of service in Michigan, beginning in 1871, is only two years shorter than that of President Eliot at Harvard, and, if we add his five years' service as President of the University of Vermont, he has held the office of a University President for thirty-eight years of continuous

work, making him the senior President, for length of service, in America.

The record of the life of such a man as President Angell cannot fail to be of interest and of inspiration to all who love their kind. He was born in Scituate, Rhode Island, on the seventh of January, 1829, in a household of comfortable circumstances, his father uniting the occupation of farmer with that of the village innkeeper. His mother was a woman of unusual beauty of person and force of character, who lived to see and enjoy the splendid success of her son, and was a frequent visitor at his home until within a few years of her death at a comparatively recent period.

He entered Brown University in 1845. That was a brilliant time in the history of Brown; President Wayland was making advances in the direction of liberal education and outlining policies which have guided the development of the American College. He had with him on his faculty men who were then beginning their brilliant careers — the late William H. Lincoln and Albert Harkness, who were to write the textbooks that taught Greek and Latin for a generation. Professor Caswell, Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics, had already begun those meteorological records and careful observations which the United States Service many years later took up and continued. Professor Chase, in the early days of Physics was giving his students some comprehensive notion of the laws of the physical universe, and Professor Gammell, who was called Professor of Rhetoric, laid

in many of his students the foundation of a sound English style which stood them in good stead all their lives.

Nor was Brown less fortunate in the undergraduates of that day. The late Dean Murray, of Princeton, was in college; Dean Fisher, of the Yale Theological School, was also there; the late Robinson Potter Dunn and Jeremiah Lewis Diman already gave promise of the brilliancy of their after careers. Classes were small at that time, and young Mr. Angell soon became a leader in all college interests. During his Sophomore year there was a great awakening on the religious side of life, and a profound impression was made on the students. A little later Mr. Angell formally professed his belief and joined the Richmond Street Congregational Church. This was not one of the largest churches in Providence, but gave opportunity for work which some of these ardent young fellows entered into with all the enthusiasm of their natures.

In 1849 Mr. Angell graduated as valedictorian of his class, having for the last part of his time not only stood first in his studies, but helped himself through college by tutoring. One of his classmates, having some trouble with his eyes, received all his lessons at Mr. Angell's hands, and it was through his devotion to this task that a very great change came over his life. He had confidently expected to go to Andover Theological Seminary and study for the ministry, but, after having contracted a heavy cold during the late winter of his Senior year, he insisted upon his task of reading aloud for hours to his pupil until his throat

was seriously affected. He consulted a physician, who after treatment solemnly told him that he ought never to consider taking up a profession which would involve public speaking. It can easily be imagined what a terrible trial this was to an earnest young man who had all his plans formed for the ministry; and it is a proof of Mr. Angell's early manifestation of that sound common-sense and serene fortitude, which has stood him in stead all through his life, that he immediately turned to an outside occupation, and began the study of surveying.

The winter of 1850–51 was spent in the South in companionship with his classmate Rowland Hazard, of Peace Dale, who from delicate health was forced to seek a milder climate. The record of that journey some day surely ought to be published — the two young fellows starting from Baltimore, buying their horses and saddles in Virginia, and proceeding in leisurely fashion through the Carolinas, as far as Florida. There they spent most of the winter visiting the springs which have since become so famous, and both gained health and strength. Mr. Hazard was the invalid of the party, but came back much stronger for the out-of-door life and freedom. Mr. Angell came to Boston and found a place in a surveyor's office, where he was set to make a survey of the Common.

In December of 1851, as he was surveying the corner of Park and Beacon Streets, just about the place where the Shaw Monument now stands, a letter came to him from his friend Mr. Hazard saying that he had some return of the trouble with his lungs and

was ordered abroad immediately. The question was, would Mr. Angell go with him? Mr. Angell was standing with his surveyor's instruments all around him, and had only a short time to make up his mind. He left his instruments in charge of his assistant and rushed for the train, reaching Peace Dale that night. It was decided that he should once more accompany his friend, and in a week they were sailing for Europe, landing at Havre, December 27th. There a most delightful season followed, though it must have been a trying ordeal for one young man to look after another who was in such delicate health as Mr. Hazard was at that time. January found them in Rome, and in Florence a terrible hemorrhage almost cost Mr. Hazard his life, when President Angell was devotion itself.

Mr. Hazard used to say that he learned Italian far faster than President Angell, in spite of not being allowed to speak. He insisted that his friend should see something of the wonders of the city, and in the hours of his absence the old landlady would post herself at Mr. Hazard's bedside and tell him endless stories, of course in Italian, which to his amazement he began to understand.

With the spring and perfect rest and quiet, Mr. Hazard began to recover. The friends journeyed northward, and when Mr. Angell received a letter from President Wayland offering him either the chair of Modern Languages in Brown or the chair of Surveying, and what we should now call Physical Geography, one can imagine the long consultations which must have

taken place between them. It was decided that President Angell should stay and continue his studies to take the work in Modern Languages, while Mr. Hazard returned home. They parted in Paris, June 10, 1852, Mr. Hazard reaching home in July, while Mr. Angell spent a year in study in France and Germany.

In the autumn of 1853 President Angell came back to his Alma Mater as Professor of Modern Languages. His work there continued seven years, during which time he wrote a French grammar and edited a book of French selections of literature. Those were stirring days, just preceding the war, and he and his friends took a prominent share in the political life of the city. His articles in the 'Providence Journal' soon began to attract attention, and when the war was actually declared, at the urgent invitation of Senator Anthony, then the owner of the 'Providence Journal,' he relinquished his university work to become the editor of that paper. For six years his voice and pen were ever ready in the important and constructive work of moulding public opinion in that critical time. Through the long days of the war night after night he was found in his office, often until three and four o'clock in the morning, receiving the night messages and putting the news in form for the whole city to read at its breakfast table.

It was said of him, during the time of his editorship of the 'Providence Journal,' that he knew every man in Rhode Island. In spite of his arduous night work, the 'Journal' office by day was almost like the reception room of a club. Every one who went to Provi-

dence from the country went to the 'Journal' office. The childish imagination of the present writer used to be stirred by references to this mysterious 'Journal Office.' A day in town was not complete unless the men of the family had made that visit, and it was always eagerly inquired after by the feminine members of the household.

After the great period of stress was over and reconstruction was in process, the call of more strictly academic work began to make itself heard to Mr. Angell, and when he was approached with the offer of the presidency of the University of Vermont it came to him as an invitation to his more natural mode of life.

In 1866 he left Providence, and for five years presided over the University of Vermont. He called good men to his help, and in that short time placed the university in a position from which it has never receded. A call to Michigan in the early seventies meant far more than a call to Michigan now. New England has always been (let a good New-Englander say it) somewhat self-sufficient, and, though Vermont was not southern New England, yet it was still New England, and the thought of going to the West — that unknown country with possibilities of all kinds — was one which caused serious reflection, perhaps more serious to Mr. Angell's friends than to himself, for from the first he recognized the vastness of the field and the enormous possibilities for good which would be opened to him.

In 1871 he accepted the call and took up his resi-

dence in Ann Arbor, a residence which has continued to this day. While still in the first freshness of his youth in 1855, he had married Sarah Swoope, the daughter of Dr. Alexis Caswell. It was an ideal marriage in every respect. Mrs. Angell's help in the early days, as in the later days, was one of the conspicuous factors in Mr. Angell's success and influence. So in 1871 the family moved to Michigan — a family consisting of two sons and a daughter, the eldest son of high-school age. The Regents of the University of Michigan had lately opened its doors to women, and President Angell thus found himself at the head of one of the first of the great Western co-educational universities. The number of women was small to begin with, and he and Mrs. Angell made it their pleasure as well as their duty to know all the young women individually. Among those early students were the late Alice Freeman Palmer, and such women as Professors Chapin, Coman, Case, and Chandler of Wellesley College.

The State University was in its experimental stage, founded as a culmination of the free education of the State, supported by a State tax, which was annually voted by the legislature. It behooved the University to prove its value to the State in sending out young men and women equipped for a larger citizenship and a fuller service than could otherwise have been possible. What splendid ideals of manhood President Angell has always held before his students! Who that remembers the early days, when he himself led chapel every morning, can fail to recall them with a thrill of

admiration and gratitude for what he was and is! His own calmness of temper and geniality of spirit; his own wisdom and sound common-sense; his brotherly kindness and fatherly gentleness, spoke in every word and action.

This is not the place to detail the growth of the University. Suffice it to say that it had about a thousand students when he took it in 1871, and has almost quadrupled its numbers. The departments of medicine and law have marvelously increased; the sciences have kept pace with their wonderful development in these last years; and presiding over it all, directing it and guiding it, sympathizing with every advance movement, has been this one man. This alone would be a life history worth recording and worth honoring.

But when we remember that, in addition to these duties, in 1880 he was sent by the United States Government to negotiate important treaties with China; and again in 1897 was appointed Minister to Turkey — an office which he consented to hold for but one year; that in 1887 he was a member of the International Commission of Canadian Fisheries; and in 1896 the Chairman of the Canadian-American Commission for Deep Waterways, one recognizes how large his public service has been.

Mr. Angell's work in China in 1880 was a distinct mission, to frame and secure the ratification of treaties which should limit the immigration of the Chinese. The delicacy and difficulty of this task may well be imagined; and it was a matter of great surprise

that in a little more than a year this difficult negotiation was concluded.

One of the factors in it, which Mr. Angell often refers to with great interest, was the position which one of his own women students occupied in relation to the wife of the Viceroy Li Hung Chang. As a medical missionary, a graduate of the University of Michigan, she had been able to be of great service to Lady Li, and when she heard that President Angell was coming showed Lady Li her doctor's diploma signed by the new envoy. Owing to this circumstance friendly relations were established far more rapidly than had ever been the case before with foreign ministers coming on such a task.

When Mr. Angell is asked as to which country was the easiest to work in — China or Turkey — he unhesitatingly replies, China, as in China one at least knew where one stood, while in Turkey protestations are too often absolutely meaningless. In his diplomatic life his early training in French and German stood him in good stead, and added an important factor in his success.

In the midst of his administrative duties as President, Dr. Angell always held his lectureship on International Law, wishing to come into contact with some of the students of the immense body under his charge. It was natural that with his practical temperament his studies in International Law should lead him into direct contact with life, and when he was summoned by his Government to frame treaties and to assist in matters of arbitration, it found him well prepared

both from the theoretical and the practical side. A College President who has four thousand students to govern is sure to make use of the same principles which carried to their furthest extent may truly be called international.

Perhaps the most salient of President Angell's personal characteristics is his great geniality and approachability. No one ever came to him for help or advice who did not receive it in full measure. His interest in all matters of religion is deep and vital. For many years he has been a member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and his knowledge of missions both in China and in Turkey, from his own residence in these countries, is extended. One feels the force of his goodness, and after all it is goodness which moves the world far more than any one factor which can be named. Added to his learning, added to his personal charm, added to his executive ability, is that weight of personality, that elevating and ennobling influence which can emanate only from a truly good man.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

ADDRESS IN PARK STREET CHURCH, BOSTON
OCTOBER 26, 1904

On this twenty-fifth anniversary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, the subject assigned me, 'A Woman's Influence,' seems very naturally to engage our attention. When one sees such a body of women gathered together as have presented themselves at the morning session and have come together once more this afternoon; when one hears the annual reports of the Board of Directors and the greetings from the Woman's Board of Missions and the Woman's Baptist Home Missionary Society, one realizes what a great band of women workers it is that celebrates this day, and how wide-spreading the influence of such women's associations must be. And while the united influence of the band of women carries the impetus and weight of numerical strength, yet the deeper spiritual influence of such an assembly must rest with the individual women themselves. As a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so does every individual woman and the influence of every individual woman count in such a great association.

We have lately heard a doctrine of individuality preached with seriousness and earnestness. It is true that for many generations women have been in a comparatively subordinate position; and now, while they are claiming and finding wider opportunities for

study and heretofore unknown avenues of usefulness, there is danger of overemphasizing the individual power of each woman, rather than keeping the individual in proper and helpful connection with the whole community. In some of the advanced women's clubs we hear doctrines taught which would be subversive of all organized society. The woman is exhorted to seek her own freedom; to find individual expression; to develop her own powers with a selfish disregard of those about her. Especially in the care of the household and in the training of children has this doctrine been advanced in what I cannot help feeling to be a most pernicious manner. Women in some instances have come to consider it a virtue to perform their most ordinary duties. It is true that the primal curse of the woman which has been handed down through centuries of tradition reads, 'In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children.' But this was the ancient Jewish conception of the wrath of God. The prophets, with a clearer insight into human nature and life, declared as the greatest blessing that 'The heart of the barren shall sing, and she shall become a joyful mother of children.' And our Lord Himself, understanding the human heart as none other had before, says, 'She remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world.'

In each of the deepest relations of life the possibility of joy involves the possibility of sorrow. The height must be measured by the depth. With the modern loudly proclaimed doctrines on this point it was most refreshing in England this summer to hear

a very delightful paper by the English economist, Mrs. Bosanquet, on 'The Economic Importance of the Family.' In this she went back to what we are apt to call the old-fashioned doctrines of mutual dependence and mutual strength, pointing out the training which young people get from association with older, and the mellowing and expanding influence of the younger generation upon the older, teaching them tolerance and keeping them youthful and open-minded. With all the resources of modern statistics Mrs. Bosanquet showed the earnings of a united family to be of importance and urged from an economic point of view the establishment and maintenance of homes. We all of us, I suppose, agree in the main with these ideas, and yet it is the woman's part to make the home what it ought to be. It is her influence which must shape it and must send forth the children from homes fitted to take their place in life, when they in turn must become home-makers.

In strong contrast to all of these ideas are some of the practices which are going on at this very day in Russia. In some of the cities there are foundling hospitals — in one, I was told, there were two thousand babies, as a usual thing — which are practically institutions for fostering the production of illegitimate children. If a woman takes a baby to one of these places and declares that he is illegitimate and resigns all claim to him, he is taken over by the State and the mother is immediately engaged to nurse her own child at a regular salary for a term of two years. In some instances, where some sparks of self-respect

are left, and the woman does not wish to reveal the name of the father of her child, a small fee is exacted, but the same arrangement for nursing the child is maintained. The result is too often that at the end of the second year there is another baby to be received on the same terms and the woman receives another two years' support for nursing that one. When one of the officials of these great institutions was asked if it did not practically act as an encouragement for the production of these children, he shrugged his shoulders and said, 'Well, Russia needs population.'

Here, there seems to be no such thing as a woman's influence. She fulfills the lowest conditions of animal life, and after the brief opportunity of caring for her child during his first years of infancy, resigns him entirely to the State. After all, this is not so very different from some of the doctrines which have been preached to us by those of the most advanced civilization. If the State is to take children from the family at birth, if they lose the father's and mother's influence, it cannot so very much matter to them whether they are honestly born or not, and the very foundations of right living and right training would be sapped.

From these considerations it is very evident that the influence of the mother is one of the most important things in the family life and consequently in the development of the country; for, as our national prosperity must be based upon the virtue of our citizens and the training in that virtue lies in the hands of the women — at least, to a very large extent in the

earlier years of the life of the child — how important is it that women themselves should be fitted to exercise, to the highest possibility of their own natures, the influence and control which is so necessary for themselves and for those who are around them! We are in the midst of all sorts of ethical revivals. The doctrines of the Far East are preached to us; the old Epicurean philosophy and the doctrines of the Stoics are revived and presented to us in most attractive garb. And all of these doctrines are helpful if they conduce to self-knowledge and if they can lead toward the freedom of the spirit, in which lies the only possibility of a happy life. But beyond and above all the ancient doctrines is that old and ever new doctrine, that better part which Mary chose when she sat at Jesus' feet.

We sometimes think that we are in a great missionary age, and it is true that never before has the gospel of Christ been preached in so far-distant countries; never before have so many copies of the gospel been in circulation in so many different languages and in such divers parts of the earth. Never before have so many women been engaged in the actual work of the ministry, especially in that new branch of ministry honored in a peculiar degree — the medical work. Who can estimate the influence of some of our college graduates who have gone into the crowded districts of the cities of India bringing alleviation to suffering and encouragement to darkened minds, living before the people a life of consecration and devotion which cannot fail to bear its own witness to the life of the

spirit within. Of all the missionary work that can be done, it seems to me that this is the most inspiring and the most encouraging.

But before our day there were consecrated women who felt the burden of the world rest upon their shoulders. One such woman I want to tell you a little about, Patience Greene, who was born in North Kingstown in 1733, and for many years was a member of the Swansea Monthly Meeting in the County of Bristol and State of Massachusetts. A memoir, now very rare, of this saintly woman was published in 1802, eight years after her death. She is said in the Quaker language of her biographer to have early found in 'herself a propensity of folly, dissipation and vanity' and that she was 'reluctant in yielding to the Divine Master.' But this cannot have lasted very long, for about the twenty-first year of her age she appeared in 'public testimony,' and from the time of her marriage, when she was only twenty-five, to Preserved Brayton, she was very diligent in her ministrations, not only in this country, but also in England. She made a long journey to the 'Southern Governments' in 1771, 'notwithstanding her exercise was great and her conflicts many and proving; the infant state of her family seeming to require her nursing attention, and the exercise of parting with a beloved weakly husband cast painful reflections on her mind.' In her absence one of her children died and other anxieties and trials came to her. But she had visited many slave-holders in the South and was able to tell them of her own experience, for she and her husband

had freed their own slaves. She was one of the women who had much to do with the final abolition of slavery among Quakers. The Women's Meeting of Rhode Island with which she was closely connected, having been born a member of it, report in 1773 'That they don't find there is any held as slaves by Friends.' [1]

Not content with working for the abolition of slavery in this country, she undertook a religious visit to England, landing in Ireland and visiting Friends all through that country. She embarked on board the Prince of Orange for Liverpool from Dublin, Ireland, and landed the twenty-second of fifth month, 1784, after a pleasant passage. They went at once to London to attend the yearly meeting, the Grace Church Street meeting, which was very large, she says, and then proceeded north through Leicester and Nottingham, Chesterfield and Sheffield, to York. At York she went to preach in prison. 'It was a humbling sight to see so many men in chains. There were some who looked to be under twenty years of age. We speaking of their youth, one answered us cheerfully that there were some executed much younger than they were. How sorrowful to behold such a sight of hardness whereby they could make so light of death. They thanked us for our visit and I returned with peace of mind.' On one of the visits to York she 'Went to our kind friend Lindley Murray's to lodge, who went with us the next day nine miles to Tadcaster; his conversation was reviving to my spirits and the parting with him and his wife was trying to me.'

[1] South Kingstown, *Monthly Meeting Records*, vol. II, p. 1.

This summer at York I made a special pilgrimage to 'our kind friend Lindley Murray's house,' which is still standing, a stately mansion built with English solidity, and looked with great interest at the fine arched doorway through which Patience Brayton must have passed to the house where she, poor lady, had 'reviving conversation.'

Up and down the country she went, into Wales and over to the Isle of Wight. 'We then went to Newport and had a large meeting, wherein,' she says, 'some were tendered.' In one of the villages where they landed

> I had a mind to have a meeting, and after ſome difficulty in procuring a place a warehouſe was provided. The notice being ſhort of the meeting not many people came in, but we had a favored opportunity, though religion ſeems low on this iſland. We then ſet ſail for Pool and paſſed by a ſmall town which I hardly knew how to go clear of, but ſaid nothing about it. We landed at Pool and lodged again at Moſes Neive's. He was a kind father and brother to me. After my return I felt afraid I had loſt the penny in not calling at the other place, nor feeling that ſweetneſs of mind I did before, for obedience in every ſmall act bringeth peace, ſo doth every ſmall act of diſobedience obſtruct it; I have great cauſe to cry out against myſelf and ſay, that though it ſeemed there never was a more unfaithful ſervant laboured in his vineyard, yet the Lord's mercies are great toward me.

Finding that it was impossible to obtain an audience with the King, she prepared an address which one hopes reached His Majesty's hands. It is entitled

ADDRESS

To George III king of Great Britain &c.

A native of New England, in North America and one of the People called Quakers, begs leave to present the following

Address and Petition.

It is couched in the terms of the Johnsonian period and begins with a beautiful and involved blessing. She continues:

I have often thought of thee in my native land, and ſince my reſidence here have had to behold how the Lord on high hath bleſſed thy kingdom beyond other kingdoms of the earth; and earneſt deſires hath been raiſed in my heart for thee that thou mayeſt be the choſen of the God of Heaven to show kindneſs to thoſe who are in diſtreſs; particularly by ſtopping the progreſs of ſlavery, and promoting the freedom of the enſlaved negroes in thy dominions as far as lies in thy power. . . . The hearts of all men are in the power of God and He by thy means may turn the hearts of other princes to feel for this highly injured and deeply diſtreſſed people so as to riſe up and unite in the same benevolent deſign.

The whole petition is full of persuasive eloquence and deep concern. 'It is the righteous who are to enjoy [the earth] as an inheritance from him, and delight themselves in abundance of peace; and oh, that thou mayest be of the number, by promoting an extension of mercy to the injured and oppressed Africans,' she exclaims. Her humility is deeply touching: 'If I have been an instrument in the Lord's hand to do any good, may the Lord have the praise of his own

works and may no honour be given to the instrument; for he is pleased to make clay with spittle and anoint the eyes of the blind, and I look upon myself less than that clay; but it was the Lord's power that wrought the miracle of old and may He, saith my soul, have the praise of His; oh that I may not rob God of His own glory.'

It is a true saying that it is difficult to speak of humility humbly, but Patience Brayton seems to breathe forth a very tender, and humble soul, as she declares that her 'mind was sweetly clothed with the remembrance of God's love for me from my youth until this time. May I live more and more under a humble sense of the many mercies He hath extended to me a poor worm.' It was the fashion to call ourselves worms; good Isaac Watts makes us do it to this day. 'Oh Lord, if Thou wilt but be with me so that I may not bring dishonor on Thy holy name,' she cries, when she hears of the severe illness of that 'beloved weakly husband,' whose health had been a source of long anxiety. 'My work clearly I see is to those who are at ease in Zion, to those who hold the form and deny the power, to those who are dwelling at ease in their own fenced cities.' So with failing strength she pursued the work of the ministry, exhorting and comforting. 'My language is, here am I, send me,' she declares, with the true zeal of a missionary, whose commission comes from on high.

A woman of the eighteenth century, dead more than a hundred years, and yet shall not we women of today take courage from her example, and learn to re-

spond to the call that comes to us? For the Friends had the heart of the matter in their doctrine of the Inner Light, of the direct connection of the spirit of man and the spirit of God. Patience Brayton, we must believe from her writings, knew something of that vital union which is the only source of strength. To give strength one must have it, and it takes very little experience of life to know that we have not the strength in ourselves. A woman must be calm in the midst of trouble. Where is she to get this serenity? She must be prompt to act. How is she to cultivate decision? She must keep herself pure; where is she to bathe her spirit to free it from the stains of daily toil? There is only one way — the better part that Mary chose —

'A mind at leisure from itself'

— a mind fed by unseen springs must be hers if her life is to be complete.

'A Woman's Influence' is my subject, but if the woman is living a life that is worth anything to her fellows, there is no need for her to think of her influence. That will stream from her life as unconsciously as light and heat from the sun. We must not look for results in life, or how great is our disappointment! We must be sure that the sources of life are fed with divine life, or there is no life at all and the light that is in us becomes darkness. What a terrible word that is, 'If, therefore, the light that is in thee is darkness, how great is that darkness.'

Whether we recognize it or not, we are the mothers of men. Even those women who have no actual chil-

dren have children of their spirits. The maternal power of love and sacrifice is our greatest glory. To develop that capacity by pure thought, by right living, by self-control, by humility, and by prayer, this is our first duty, not only for ourselves, but for all whom we love. Then only can we hope to be of some help to our day and generation; then only can we hope to lead others to right living, then only can we go into all the world — the world which lies so close about us, as well as the world afar off — and preach the gospel of love and good will to men.

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST

ADDRESS AT MRS. LYMAN'S SCHOOL, PHILADELPHIA
JANUARY 20, 1903

I LIKE to recall a little girl whom I knew in the springtime. We were wandering about a beautiful country place and looking at the various trees just emerging from their winter's tranquillity. The tiny red buds were swelling, and the larger golden ones were bursting into foliage. Everywhere there were signs of life. My little companion ran from one tree and bush to another exclaiming over its beauty and asking, 'What is this going to be?' I would reply, 'This is going to be a maple tree,' or 'an oak tree,' or 'a larch,' as she came to the exquisite purple buds. Finally she paused in a state of great excitement over a crack in the walk where two little violet leaves were beginning to push their way. She looked at them with great eagerness and finally in a disappointed voice she said, 'But where is the going-to-be?' — and indeed when I came to look at the little plant there was no bud, only two leaves which were expanding in the sunshine. This is the question which we all want to ask ourselves, 'Where is the going-to-be, and what is the going-to-be?'

I have told your teacher that I would speak to you a little to-day on 'Seedtime and Harvest.' These are the trite names for universal processes. If there was no seedtime, where would the harvest be? Should our

great Western farmers expect their immense acres to bear thousands of bushels of wheat, without the sowing? Nature is prodigal, but there is yet to be found any case of spontaneous production. Everything that is, had its beginning. There must have been a seed of some sort as the parent of everything in the natural world which exists about us. The moralists of all times have seized upon this fact. In speaking of affliction, one of the great English divines says, 'Why should we start at the plough of the Lord? He purposeth a crop.' Whatever of discipline we have should be for our cultivation, in the same way as the turning of the soil and the ploughing of the ground enrich it, and open it to all the influences of sun and light and air.

I am sure you have all been told the importance of character-building. I think sometimes when we are young we are a little impatient of such talk. I confess to feeling some impatience of it even at my time of life, for character is a result of everything in our lives. It is the harvest from the wise sowing of seed. As President Wilson has most truly said, 'Character is a by-product.' No one can set to work and say, 'I will do this or that that I may improve my character.' The very effort for such improvement implies a self-centered concentration which is inimical to all true advance. But we can work to do something with all our might. We can turn our attention to the real things of life. We can sow in our youth the seed which will produce a crop which shall be for the good of our fellows and the glory of God.

In the same way we have all heard of the importance of habit, and I want to emphasize some of the reasons for forming habits which should appeal to you far more than the utilitarian reasons which are often advanced. What generous-minded girl or boy is not rather indignant at the old maxim which says, 'Be good that you may be happy!' The plea is far more potent if it is made to us — Be good because it is good; be brave because it is brave, let happiness or unhappiness be the consequence. We can all cling to the idea of an ultimate good, an ultimate object of love and of desire. In these days we hear a good deal of the doctrine of the subconscious self. Who among us has not suddenly paused, in the midst of some eager pursuit, arrested by the thought, What is it all for? Who am I that do it? We know that we are more than our hands and feet, we know that we are more than the eyes that see or the lips that speak. Who is the I that exists mysteriously somewhere within us directing our actions, controlling our wills, seeing more than we ever can tell, knowing that there is vastly more to know than we can comprehend?

Professor William James will tell you in some of his delightful books, which I hope you will all read soon, that the contributions which go to make that unknown will which is the director of each one of us, are often made unconsciously to the normal perceptions. It is the residuum of all our actions which makes the crystal of the intellectual life which directs our every thought. Not by one heroic action is a hero made; but by the constant everyday activities, by the little con-

quests over selfishness and over impulses which ought to be controlled, is the character annealed and hardened.

Just think for a moment what would happen if we had to consider every time we breathed, or put a finger on the pulse and count it. Seventy times a minute the blood is sent from your heart. If we had to make a conscious effort of will for each one of those seventy times, think what trouble we should have; we could do nothing else. If we had to take care of the beating of our hearts and the breathing of our lungs by conscious effort, there would literally be no time left. These things are all relegated to the subconscious life. On the physical plane the normal body takes care of its own machinery. Think of the winking of the eye when the sun flashes into our faces. We say our eyelids wink themselves. It is because these processes have become so accustomed that they are really automatic. Now in the same way right attitudes of mind, such as cheerfulness, a courageous habit of looking at things, and right actions, such as a pleasant smile, or a bright word of greeting, can become absolutely automatic. When one hears of some startling event, how does one take it, calmly and with self-composure or with hysterical cries of delight or horror? It may not be of especial importance for the one time in which way expression utters itself, but it is of great importance to the resulting individuality whether habits of calmness and cheerfulness and composure are the natural instincts of the soul. We none of us know what great emergencies may arise.

Have we been preparing ourselves to meet them, or have we been wasting all our emotion over trivialities? Have we been living on a plane on which we can meet them, or will they simply overwhelm us and grind us to powder?

These are old ideals and old truths that I am trying to put to you to-day. In the first century there was a slave whose name was Epictetus who said all this and more. It was he who pointed out that freedom must come from within, that as long as we are bound to what Kipling calls 'the wheel of things,' we cannot be free. What do we each of us most want in the world? You remember the story of the little girl who came to her mother eagerly, crying, 'Mamma, can't I have everything that I want?' and the wise mother replied, 'Yes, my dear, but you must only want what you have.' Within ourselves there is vast capacity of adjustment. Remember that nothing is hard that we do not make hard for ourselves; if we stop considering it hard, it has truly become easy. What can touch a man who holds his worldly possessions, his very life, as a gift from God to be resigned when God pleases? A man who lives in this condition is truly free. They tell the story of Epictetus that his master once put his leg in the torture. He calmly said, 'If you continue this much longer, you will break my leg,' and when that happened, he said, with equal composure, 'I told you so. It is broken.' The man himself was not touched by the pain. And I think that we who are born into the lot of womankind should early make that distinction between our body and ourselves. We

will probably have a certain amount of pain and discomfort to bear. Let us learn to rise above it, in a very literal sense to remember that it is only the body which is suffering, that it cannot be ourselves. Let us keep that distinction clear and strong. There are always the externals and there are the internals. Learn that the externals are externals, that they cannot touch the real center of life which is the soul of each one of us. Why is it that we love beautiful things? Why is it that in this day more and more attention is paid to what we call artistic surroundings? What is art itself but the interpretation of nature to us so that we may more readily grasp its beauty? Why does music play so important a part in our lives? You remember what Browning says of art —

> 'We're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see,
> And so they are better painted — better to us,
> Which is the same thing. Art was given for that,
> God uses us to help each other so,
> Lending our minds out';

and of music —

> 'Each tone of our scale in itself is naught;
> It is everywhere in the world, loud, soft, and all is said:
> Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought
> And there ye have heard, and seen; consider and bow the head!'

All art is an expression of the ideal within the artist's mind. Not every one can have these ideals, or the ability to carry them out. The striving for expression brings with it the artist's sorrow, as the unattainable still recedes from his eager pursuit. But works of art

tell us, who are not artists, of ultimate truths, of the existence of beauty, of the absoluteness of perfection, somewhere, to be gained some day. These things are food for the spirit, the contemplation of them ministers to that true self, that interior self which is the director and the ruler of our bodies. These belong not to the externals but to the internals. As we go on in life I think that we see more and more that the real things are the ideal things, those things which are the intangible possessions of each soul, which may be the possession of each regardless of any external environment — those are the actualities of life, and I would have you girls early take home this thought to yourselves. The accessories of your life are so unimportant, the real things are so vastly essential.

In this day there is more and more room for the service of cultivated and strong women in shaping the fortunes not only of their families, as they always have, but of their communities and of their countries. I would like to tell you a little of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer who has lately gone from us to a larger life. Her father was a country doctor and she early learned lessons of courage and of service. At twenty-one she graduated from the University of Michigan, at the head of her class, and then began to teach. Such a teacher as she must have been! Her scholars idolized her, for she gave them of her own inspiration, and enthusiasm, and a delightful personal interest. She had a gift for people, and so when at the age of twenty-six she was made President of Wellesley College, she came to a difficult position with the love of countless

people to help her. President Eliot says she was one of the bravest persons he ever knew, man or woman. She had to say no, she had to do hard things, but she did then so bravely, so simply, putting herself out of the question, and doing the difficult right as she saw it, that she won great respect and admiration. Then she married and went to Cambridge to live, and for fifteen years she was the friend and adviser of many a perplexed college president; she filled a position on the State Board of Education and on various boards of trustees, helping by word and deed every good cause. Hers was truly a life of service. She spared neither time nor strength when she could help. She often went to little country towns to speak in the cause of education, and everywhere she went she carried high ideals, a serene and noble spirit, giving just the strength and inspiration that was needed. A true light-bearer she was, keeping her own lamp trimmed and burning, kindled from immortal fires and casting a radiance far and wide.

What this woman did, we each of us in our own measure can do, not in her way, but in our own way. We can train ourselves to high ideals for the service of our fellows. And if you once grasp this conception of life, all the little things, all the externals, fall so quickly into place. One begins to care for them because they are a help to the real things and not for themselves. If a woman professes fine sentiments and is untidy, she loses her point with her hearers. Word and deed must coincide. The fine word has its root in the fine deed. In this, as in so many other cases, ac-

tion and reaction follow swiftly. A noble sentiment well expressed helps the growth of that sentiment, as to act bravely helps real courage. 'A woman should care for herself as a woman, a man as a man,' the old philosopher declared. Consider what things belong to you as women — purity, grace, beauty, dignity, courtesy, honor. These are yours. Shall you then act ungracefully, or in an undignified manner, or stoop to the least dishonor of word or deed? Your dress and your manners will conform themselves to these ideals if they are really yours. You who are brought up so carefully in what the founders of your State called a 'guarded education' should have that note of distinction, which is like the purple thread in the garment, the thread which marked the character and dignity of its owner. It is for you now to train yourselves in high thinking and right living, to be sure that the seed of your sowing is pure grain. For you are the women of the future, the conservers of the public good. And to train yourselves for this work, it is necessary for you to know yourselves, to recognize your own place in the world. To which one of you has not come that voice of the spirit, which knocks at the door of each soul, and asks what is life, and repeats the ever new question, of whence and whither? One's own opportunities must be faced. We are women in the first place, younger or older, but all women, for girls are women in prospect. What, then, is a girl's part in life? What is a woman's? We have the physical side to care for, and we have the spiritual. On one side we are linked with the whole of the animal crea-

tion, on the other we stand at its head. 'What have you then particularly excellent?' Epictetus asks; 'Is it the animal part? No. The mortal? No. That which is capable of the mere use of these things? No. The excellence lies in the rational part. Adorn and beautify this, but leave your hair to him who formed it as he thought, good.'

'The truest end of Life is to know the life that never ends,' your own William Penn says, and this is my message this morning. The continuity of life, for life here, or life anywhere else, must be one. So long as we are God's children we cannot escape his care, and the eternal life, the life which in itself has the seeds of immortality, can be begun, must be begun, here and now if it is to begin at all. And I dare to say this to you, not for the sake of saving your souls, but for the sake of living at all. 'Wear none of thine own chains, but keep free while thou art free.' We bind ourselves with bands of custom, with chains of conventionality, with semblances of things, and forget the real business of life, the high thoughts and pure ambitions, which should feed our souls, and make us ready when the time comes for right action, and noble decisions. The time comes when we all must choose, and a woman can cast her weight into the deciding scale for the larger difficult good, or for the paltry temporal pleasure.

Dear girls, in your hands lies the future happiness of many persons, not your own only. Are you sowing the seed from which happiness can come? Are you giving your minds to your work now, doing with all

your might the task of to-day? In this way only can you be prepared for the larger events of to-morrow. I do not mean to exhort you to struggle, and to straining effort. If you are truly free, not seeking your own ends, but intent on the thing in hand, whether it be work or play, and intent on them because both are your Father's business, there will be no struggle, no undue effort. Leave the outcome of your character in wiser hands than yours. You may safely do so, if you are sure that your daily life is faithful to what you know of your duty, and we all of us have that inward voice to warn and guide us. In the sphere of your own lives you are absolute creators, for you can control and govern your own will; not only can we 'bring our minds to our conditions,' but we can transform our external conditions by the ruling of the Spirit so that they are good for us. For the Spirit is life, and it is the life of the Spirit we seek. Sir Thomas Browne says it for us, 'Whoso feels not the warm gales and gentle ventillation of this Spirit, though I feel his pulse, I dare not say he lives, for truly without this there is to me no heat under the tropic, nor any light, though I dwelt in the body of the sun.'

THE LAW OF LIBERTY

GRADUATION OF THE WOMAN'S LAW CLASS OF THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK, MARCH 26, 1903

WHAT a wealth of imagery is called up by some of the legal phraseology of the eighteenth century! Security is made doubly sure by the old deeds which 'give, grant, release, quitclaim, and by these presents do freely, fully and absolutely give, grant, release, and forever quitclaim' ancestral possessions. And the considerations thereto moving! In a deed of 1771 before me, 'Love good will and affection, and for promoting and establishing a lasting Peace, unity and Harmony throughout our Whole family,' are the reasons for deeding a 'Claim and Demand either in Law or Equity' in the 'Rents and Profits' of some leased lands. With this paper is filed a lease of part of a dwelling-house consisting of three rooms, the 'Great Room,' the 'Bed-room' and the 'Bed-room in the Chamber,' 'with full and free Liberty to Pass and repass, to and from the same, either in her own Person, or others, at her pleasure together with a convenient Place at the Door of Said House sufficient for Firewood, and also a Privilege in the Well for Water.' This was leased from the twenty-fifth of March for a term of five years 'Att and under the yearly Rent of one Pepper Corn to be paid . . . always upon the twenty-fifth day of the third month every year of said term.' It was a son who made this curious lease to his

mother, and the same son endeavored to make a lasting peace in his family, by the previous agreement. The old forms become vital as one realizes the situation, the aged mother paying her one pepper corn yearly to her loving son, who for her protection, and doubtless for his own (for a family in which harmony was so necessary to seek may have been difficult to deal with), drew up this curious instrument.

Good men have always invoked the protection of the law for their women-folk. It is but fitting that women should understand the conditions of their life from a legal aspect more fully than ever; that they should begin to study seriously the laws of the land in which they live, and to have a better comprehension of the principles on which they are founded, and the development of the application of these principles. For our complex modern civilization is the product of all that has gone before. Roman jurisprudence, Hebrew theology, Greek philosophy, have all given us of their best.

One of the most interesting features of travel is the possibility of getting into older civilizations which have still persisted to our own day. The primitive customs of capturing a wife are still practiced. The vast Chinese Empire is hardly touched by any modern ideas of progress. In Japan the leaven has spread further, and that wonderful little country is rising into modern life, though only very lately have women begun to take any share in public life or the leadership in public morals which is regarded as their birthright in countries of Anglo-Saxon inheritance. In Kipling's

delightful novel, he gives us a picture of the woman of affairs, the autocrat of her household, traveling in India from one of her estates to another and the conventionalities which must be rigidly observed, although she is aged and faded. He gives us a glimpse of her experience, her worldly wisdom acquired by keen observation. A woman's mother-wit even in these circumstances has abundant opportunity, and certainly it is a strong and vivid picture which we get of the power and capacity for good and evil which a woman in India in that position may have to-day. The Oriental scheme of civilization limits a woman's activity strictly to her own home and family. The Eastern woman is bound by traditions, by the unwritten law of generations. The Western civilization is beginning to recognize that a woman has her duty and her activity marked out before her in paths far-reaching, radiating from the center of her own home.

The importance of what women can do for each other is being more and more widely recognized, and their duty to each other is having a greater influence upon the training of women and upon the activity of women than ever before. So long as a woman was the possession of a man, the idea of her service to her fellow women, because they were of her own sex, seemed to be largely precluded. There has never been a higher call to duty than man's service to man — the brotherhood of man is the cry under which many a knightly battle has been fought and won. But it has only been by a remote inclusion that that term has applied to women, and now women hear the same call

ringing in their ears — the call of service to their own sex, and the stronger call for helpfulness to their race. Unless the field of knowledge is widened, unless we know the basis of right upon which institutions are founded, how can there be any progress in the help which women long to give to their fellows? Women have always been good disciples. There has never been any great thought projected into the world which has not counted among its most ardent devotees women of consecrated spirit, who have been willing to sacrifice themselves on the altar of their faith. All new thought, all idealistic conceptions of life, have found women advocates, women who should spread the good news. The company of women that publish the tidings has been spoken of through countless years. It is for women to uphold the standards of right, for they are the natural conservers of morals, and the defenders of the purity and integrity of the home.

These are old truths, but they are being recognized more and more as fundamental truths, and are being embraced as principles of action by more and more women as the years go on. And with this new movement in the activity of women, this broadening of high influence, this widening of helpfulness, of real control, comes the necessity for the wider training which we see offered to women all about us. Hundreds of women students throughout the country are training and preparing themselves for what they feel is a life of larger usefulness. They have a new freedom — freedom from some of the old shackles which

have bound women from time immemorial; greater freedom of action, freer and better modes of dress, in every way a new and better world to live in. And the question confronts us all very seriously, How are we to take advantage of this? How are we to possess ourselves of that basis of right living which this greater freedom gives us? For, as William James reminds us, 'as long as we deal with the cosmic and the general, we deal only with the symbols of reality, but as soon as we deal with private and personal phenomena as such, we deal with realities in the completest sense of the term.' What does freedom mean to each one of us personally?

We are accustomed to talk of freedom as a glorious generality — 'the Land of the Free,' we say. Who has not thrilled with joy as he has approached the shore of his native land at some glowing sunset hour, and seen that far low-lying bank, hardly more solid than a drift of clouds upon the horizon, and has realized that he has come to what we love to call 'the home of freedom.' We are fond of saying that it is our laws which recognize the equality of all men and so give us freedom. We are fond of saying that it is the land where brotherhood is best possible in all the world, and therefore we are free. We are fond of saying that the humblest child can begin in our common schools and acquire the education of a learned man, and so become free in thought. And all this is true. Freedom is in the very air we breathe, and yet freedom to be real, to mean anything must be a personal thing. So long as we are bound upon 'the wheel of

things,' so long as we care supremely for any one object to the exclusion of others, so long as we set our hearts upon the attainment of any one desire, are we free? What could hurt us if we really were impersonal spirits? And while personality must be our greatest glory, while to develop our personality to its very greatest capacity must be the supreme object of each human life, yet it must be developed without any stunting or cramping of our highest and best instincts. We must hold ourselves free or we can never attain freedom.

I speak of attaining freedom, which seems to be a contradiction in terms if what we have been saying is true. If freedom is something we are born with, which is one of our natural possessions, how can it be increased or modified? The power of sight is one of our individual possessions, and yet it can be trained and developed as many of our natural gifts can be. But in the matter of freedom, we have such a tendency to enslave ourselves! With the tiny garments which we put on an unconscious infant the process begins. The reign of law asserts itself, for no community life is possible without it. Savagery and barbarism would result if the unbridled passions of individuals had sway. Our whole complex system of living is built up on mutual forbearance, on conformity to law, and it is only by learning the law which should govern us — our very selves — that we begin to walk at liberty.

Can any one compel you to exert your aims toward what you do not like? [Epictetus asks.]

He can, for if he threatens me with death or fetters, he thus compels me.

If, then, you should despise dying or being fettered, would you any longer regard him?

No.

Is to despise death then an action in our power, or is it not?

It is. . . .

For about what should you be afraid? About what is your own, in which consists the essence of good and evil. And who has any power over this and can take it away? Who can hinder you any more than God can be hindered?

If we could attain to a realization of this doctrine, which is centuries old, then we should concern ourselves only about the things which are really our own, about the things of the mind, and of the affections, and of thought. And holding all these things as free gifts, even these, which are to be rendered up when they are called for, should we not gain a conception of freedom? Should we not then be free in our modern life in a way which would give us a serene strength, and a mighty power of fulfilling the purpose which we set ourselves to? For real emancipation must consist in emancipation from the things of sense and of time, the things which are the play and sport of circumstance. If we are dependent upon these for our happiness, how unhappy must we be! But if once we are delivered from the fear of anything that may come to us, if once we are delivered from the selfish desire of acquisition, then we reach the point of vantage from which we may survey the world. Then we have a

true equilibrium; then we are poised and ready for action wherever the action may lead us.

Too often in our artificial life there come alternating periods of depression and exaltation, and it takes a strong philosophy to keep ourselves at one high level; to remember, when we are depressed, that that is a passing thing, or, when we are exalted, that that, too, is something above the normal level. We ought to be able from our moments of insight to gather enough sunshine to carry us well through the darker days. And for men and women who wish to do good in the world, who have studied for some special object to make themselves more useful, this essential idea of personal freedom, in the way I have been trying to set it forth, seems to me to be the best working tool we can have. This freedom is the result of the regular and beautiful operation of law. Inevitable as the tides of the sea, serene as the changes of the moon, the great world currents of thought move on. We are in them and are swept along by the universe. But if we move in our own orbit, we have all the possible freedom there is. If we will for ourselves, the very experiences in which we find ourselves, they are not thrust upon us, as from an alien power, but we ourselves choose, and find behind us the support of Omnipotence. Even in the small matters of everyday usage, there is such a thing as following conventions without conventionality. We need never deaden the spirit within us by a literal following of the letter. We should know our rules so well that we can walk at perfect liberty because we are obeying the laws of our civilization

and of our own being. It is this double sense of personal liberty, this true freedom controlled by law, which every one should strive to become possessed of. More than ever before we have need of a sound philosophy of life by which to live. The cares of the household, the demands of the family, the interruptions of outside visitors, the calls of charity, and the round of daily work all make constant demands upon every resource we possess. If we can meet these calmly and gently, not being constrained and bound in our spirits, we become an inspiration to others as well as being able to perform the tasks which present themselves to us, without the wear and tear which is the curse of our modern life. For it is not work which is ever a curse. It is the dissatisfaction from work badly performed that is the killing thing. It is the sense that one should perhaps be doing something else when one is detained about the matter in hand.

We see so much of the hurry of modern times, our forests are so often obscured by the trees, that it is especially necessary for us to guard and fortify ourselves against undue pressure. The pace of our neighbors may be simply a killing pace for us. If we know ourselves, if we are free, and without slavish regard for the opinions other people may hold about us, shall we not continually do our best, without haste and without fear? Before our own conscience we stand or fall. All artificial standards must sink to insignificance before that tribunal. Much injury is done to good causes just by overpressure, by losing perspective, by careless haste. Too often the end be-

comes a personal end, desirable because we have espoused it, and have put our pride into it. Ah, my friends, we sell our birthright, our serenity, our repose, our kindliness, for a mess of pottage, that we cannot touch ourselves, for the magic word 'success.' And success may be bought too dear. It must be striven for; it must never be bargained for.

But if the control of one's own will is learned, if one lives in obedience to law and has real freedom of spirit, all these sources of worry and annoyance disappear. We may have thought our way of work was the only way, but if that is impossible to us, it is only to show us a better way. To be free we must learn to obey, and the days are full of taskmasters to teach us this lesson. It is this individual freedom which is our chief concern in life. If you see any one 'wailing, complaining, unprosperous, call him a slave, even in purple,' Epictetus tells us. And this freedom can be gained only by submission to law. The older church had great wisdom in proclaiming its authority, and insisting on the grace of submission. We lose much, and the child loses more, if we do not teach obedience at an early age to our children. They have to learn it ultimately, and it is a most precious lesson.

> 'Welcome, dear feast of Lent,
> Who loves not thee, he loves not temperance nor authority.'

It is because these two virtues have fallen into the background, in our bold assertion of liberty, that true freedom becomes more and more rare. If we applied the old test, and counted every one a slave who

was 'wailing, complaining, unprosperous,' how alarming the tale would become!

The causes for this bondage are as old as human nature.

'We look before and after
And pine for what is not,'

when we should seek to face conditions as they are. If they are bravely faced, the very attitude of mind does much toward conquering them, and the wonderful law of compensation begins its beneficent operation. The ideal state is one where giving and receiving balance, where to minister is to be ministered unto, where the whole life becomes

'In diffusion ever more intense.'

For we are citizens of no mean country. As never before in the history of the world women have access to occupations, to industries, to activities in fields hitherto unknown to them, and unless with the external freedom there is that true freedom of spirit, there is danger of heedlessness and disaster. Liberty and law must go hand in hand. There is no freedom in disobedience. We must stand fast in the liberty which is the highest liberty of all, the liberty of a Christian civilization, the liberty of the freest government on earth; but more than all these externals, the personal liberty of the spirit with which Christ hath made us free.

MORAL TRAINING

ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE COLORED TEACHERS OF WASHINGTON, D.C., JANUARY 14, 1904

I SUPPOSE there are few of us who have anything to do with the training of children and young people, who have not exclaimed with Henry Vaughan,

> 'Happy those early days when I
> Shined in mine angel infancy!
> Oh, how I long to travel back
> And tread again that ancient track
> That I might once more reach the plain
> Where first I left my glorious train.'

As we grow older, the meridian rays of our sun cast a glamour over that morning time of life, which glows and gleams with brighter colors as the eventide approaches. Old people when we were children used to perplex and astonish us by insisting that we were in our happiest days, when we ourselves felt the stress and strain of youth, with the agonizing experiences which seem each so isolated, so unparalleled, so without precedent to the growing boy and girl. Who does not later in life recall the heartbreaks of his youth with a tender sigh, but with a very vivid remembrance of those early trials. We cannot go back in our own experience. Our angel infancy is long passed; but it is the glory of the teacher's profession that it has perennial youth to deal with, that it has to work upon and

mould and fashion that most wonderful of all created things, the mind of a child. If we may for some other child avoid the ills of our own childhood, if we may from the lessons of our own youth help some other awaking soul, then indeed shall we in some measure justify our calling; then shall we be in some degree doing the work we have set our hands to do.

We are doubtless all agreed that the highest product of any education is character. To develop the individual must be our highest aim, the ultimate endeavor of every teacher. Unless character is the result of learning, it is worse than useless. So much may be taken for granted, and the grave questions which confront us are methods of moral training. How shall we teach morality, how shall we endeavor to awaken the soul; how shall we help the child to seat it firmly upon its throne?

A little scholar in one of the great German schools, where study of the Bible was required, was heard exclaiming with relief, 'No religion to-day, *Gott sei dank!*' This attitude of mind is not an uncommon one. We all know people whose religion is for Sundays only, though the type used to be more common than it is now. Teaching the Catechism was the time-honored method of instruction in morals and religion both. Keeping the moral law was all the righteousness dreamed of by many a hard-headed, shrewd man. The material philosophy of the last century tried to eliminate everything from life that could not be perceived and weighed; and now the pendulum is swinging back, and we recognize as never before that God

is a spirit, and that they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

How, then, shall we approach the question of moral training in school? In a country such as ours, founded on Roger Williams's great principle of 'freedom of enforcement of different consciences,' it is manifestly impossible to teach religion as a theory. This great phrase has been sometimes stretched till it almost seemed as if those who repeated it found it a warrant for not exercising their consciences at all. But it was the supremacy of conscience which Roger Williams upheld against any established tradition or system of doctrine. He would have been surprised, indeed, to find his own arguments used for barring the Bible from the schoolroom.

And yet, the only way of securing a morality which is deeper than custom, which can withstand the power of individual temptation, is to have that morality grounded in true religion, for religion is that which binds us to the best and highest; religion gives us those principles which govern our moral conduct. The divorce of religion and morality results in terrible degeneration, in a Phariseeism of which we sometimes have startling glimpses. How, then, shall we begin to train our children, remembering that they are far from pure spirit, that they are also healthy animals? Happily, the mediæval conception of man is giving way, and we begin at a far better starting-place, contemplating him, not as a son of perdition, but as a child of God.

In all teaching, there are several common factors

to rely upon. We make use of repetition, we provide incentive, and we employ the power of suggestion. Let us see if these common and ordinary processes of instruction cannot be made to serve more fully for training in morality. In the first place, we must make sure that our repetition be not a vain repetition. The memory of youth is tenacious, and can be stored with such literature as will stand the soul in good stead for a lifetime. It seems to me that the practice of a former generation of committing portions of the Psalms and other books of the Bible to memory had much to commend it. Certainly, the Bible in some way must become familiar or we lose from the lives of our scholars an incalculable benefit. Family prayers have fallen more and more into disuse. We find colleges where the institution has been modified into a weekly vesper service, and finally has disappeared entirely. But wherever it is possible, it is very important that schools should begin the day with some brief service — a few verses of Scripture and at least the Lord's Prayer — to recognize the common bond of brotherhood. In one of our smaller colleges, where prayers are obligatory and come at an early hour so that there is often some grumbling about attendance, the graduates declare that, after they have left, nothing has meant more to them in their whole college course. The influence of that early service abides with them. Day by day the habit of reverence is formed, and though little apparent effect is obtained, yet the years will tell the value of such moments.

Not only is repeated effort necessary in the matter

of more strictly devotional thought, but all the ideals of good literature must be constantly held before the mind. A taste for the best in literature can be formed early. Take for granted that the very best will appeal to children and young people. We complain of a degeneracy of taste. It is too often that children have been written down to — that older persons have diluted their reading matter till it is a veritable pap, and often so sickishly sweet or so highly spiced as to become nauseous. 'I don't like the smell of it, and I don't like the taste of it,' a small child declared, to whom inadvertently some Roman punch was given. It must be the cream of literature with which we feed our young people, for it is in literature at its best that we find those high ideals which are the actual food of the soul. It may be difficult to interest the children of to-day in Wordsworth or Gray, but there is Scott, full of life and vigor, and Tennyson who tells the stories of the Round Table in a way to appeal to young and old, though it may well be that the immature mind does not appreciate their full beauty; there are Macaulay's heroic ballads, and, to come to a modern instance, Kipling's splendid verse.

When the hours are so crowded as in our modern school, it may be difficult to secure sufficient time for good reading, and yet I am persuaded that as an aid to moral education the assimilation of the ideals presented in tales of heroism, of history, and of fiction have a very important place. A fine line of poetry will lodge in the mind, to come up at some unexpected time, with a note of warning or of encouragement, in

such a way as to seem a voice from another world. If but one such moment of help comes in after-life, has not the reading borne abundant fruit? And who can tell what mellowness of mind and heart, what openness to all beauty, has followed such study?

If to repetition, in the constant contemplation of goodness and the intellectual presentation of fine action, we now add an incentive to action itself, another important factor in moral education is gained. We all want to do things. 'What shall I do' is the earliest question of a child, as to his play. He wants some results, he wants some form of expression. Here it is that music comes to our aid. There is in every young animal the strong inclination to make a noise, to caper and gambol in perfect abandon. If taking advantage of this instinct we can control the noise, and at certain times at least turn it into musical sound, and shape the uncouth gambols into rhythmic motion; if besides all this we can teach concerted action, the mutual aid upon which society is founded, have we not in music a factor of moral education which has not been fully made use of? I do not speak now of the higher realms of the art, for their study and comprehension imply trained faculties, but of the uses of song, and of simple martial or dance music, in which accent and melody are the salient features.

You will remember the important place music held in the education of the Greeks. In the Republic of Plato only two harmonies are left for the citizens of the ideal state. There is no need for lamentation and sorrow, or room for softness and indolence. But 'the

strain of necessity and the strain of freedom, the strain of the unfortunate and the strain of the fortunate, the strain of courage and the strain of temperance' — these two harmonies are to be left. The lyre and the harp are retained for use in the city and the pipe for the country. The argument proceeds to show that

> Good language and harmony and grace and rhythm depend on simplicity . . . the simplicity of a truly and nobly ordered mind. . . . Let our artists be those who are gifted to discern the true nature of beauty and grace; then will our youth dwell in the land of health, amid fair sights and sounds; and beauty, the effluence of fair works, will visit eye and ear like a healthful breeze from a purer region and insensibly draw the soul even in childhood into harmony with the beauty of reason. . . . And therefore musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace and making the soul graceful of him who is rightly educated, or ungraceful of him who is ill-educated, and also because he who has received this true education of the inner being will most shrewdly perceive omissions or faults in art and nature, and with a true taste, while he praises and rejoices over and receives into his soul the good, and becomes noble and good, he will justly blame and hate the bad, now in the days of his youth, even before he is able to know the reason why; and when reason comes, he will recognize and salute her as a friend with whom his education has made him long familiar. 'Yes,' said he, 'I quite agree with you, in thinking that on these grounds education should be in Music!'

There is an ancient Chinese teaching to the same effect. 'A man should go to his lute to regulate his conduct, not to ease his heart.'

In our own country, where the schools are made up of children of many nationalities, there is no surer way of teaching unity. All can take part in singing, all can march together; and when noble words are sung to stirring harmonies, when the parts mutually support and supplement each other, we have a veritable little cosmos in which each individual takes his own place, adding to the whole but being lost in the whole, and receiving back into himself from the whole infinitely more than his small contribution warrants. Mr. Louis C. Elson has recently made an interesting plea for the introduction of more instrumental music into schools. It may be possible in high schools, and certainly in colleges the study of different qualities of sound as produced by different instruments should be a part of the training of every student who seriously takes up the study of music. But we all have voices, and from the point of view of this paper the moral effect of concerted singing will be all that can be secured, even though the intellectual study of the art should be carried much further. The Society of Friends, with all the excellence of their educational methods, lost much by excluding music from the lives of their young people. Emotion is not quenched by being ignored. Surely if it is recognized as existing in a normal human being, if safe and natural methods of expression are given it, do we not guard young people in a way which may be of the greatest value in their whole lives?

I am well aware that it has been contended that music develops the emotional nature in a dangerous

way; that it is possible to give one's self up to an emotional debauch, weakening to the moral nature. This is only saying that music, like every other good thing, is capable of abuse. It can calm and soothe and fortify; it can stimulate emotions which lie at the root of all courageous and high action. It is the natural expression of worship and devotion. Let the teacher who strives for a pure moral atmosphere be very careful as to how the hymns at morning prayers are played. The right man at the organ can control a thoughtless congregation in a marvelous way, inspiring reverence, and creating a devout attitude of mind.

We have realized to some extent the suggestive power of music. The fine line of a hymn wedded to its own melody sings in our hearts, recalled by associations of time and place, coming to us like the smile of a friend. It becomes part of our moral furnishing; a mental asset, to be drawn upon in time of trouble. But in America have we made sufficient use of form, and especially color, as suggestive agencies?

A story is told of an Italian laborer on the roads who became the recipient of the remains of a luncheon, given with a gracious word. A little conversation followed in his native tongue. It was a fine country, he declared; he was getting good wages; the wife and children would soon be coming over; but 'Ah, signora, the architecture!' he exclaimed. When we think of the countless things of beauty in the smallest Italian towns, we can appreciate his sentiments. The problems of architecture and the beautification of our cities are interesting many people at present, not only

from the professional but from the lay point of view. There are out-of-door associations for developing parks. In Boston, the way has been led by that 'Son who died in his bright prime,' [1] whose work the father has chronicled. The movement toward beauty is a marked feature of our time. We see it in the simplicity of decoration, in better shapes of furniture, in the revival of hand work, in individual expression, and in individual effort, from sewing to the making of tables and chairs. In the highest sense, this is a moral movement. Purity of line means purity of thought in that direction, at least. Simplicity of form and decoration can proceed only from simplicity of intention. We are a utilitarian people, it is said, but we are coming to recognize that the useful, if made simply and frankly, not only can be but ought to be beautiful. A mill chimney, if properly built, can be as beautiful as a Greek column. This tendency toward artistic production, toward which so many workers are feeling their way, is a marked tendency, influencing conditions of life outside the schoolroom. It is as old as human nature itself — the effort for beauty; the eternal struggle for the ideal.

'Ah, but a man's reach must exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?'

In the schoolroom itself can we not recognize this more fully in our effort to develop the moral sense? In one of the Boston high schools, years ago, a good

[1] *Charles Eliot — Landscape Architect.* Memoir by Charles William Eliot.

friend placed casts from the antique, the frieze from the Parthenon, and busts of the great philosophers. This is excellent; but shall I be understood if I call it somewhat didactic? One must have things to see and to know, for the intellect; one must have suggestion for the soul, for the soul creates its own nourishment, assimilating it from most diverse elements. Color appeals to the immature mind far more than form. It has almost as universal an appeal as sound. The walls of our schoolrooms usually have to be of some pale color, not to absorb the light; and the texture of a hard plaster wall is not in itself beautiful! Engravings and photographs usually make the decoration. The photographs are most suggestive and delightful to those who know the pictures or the places photographed; but to a child who does not know the originals much of the beauty and charm is lost. The difficulty of obtaining good copies, or reproductions in color, such as the Arundel Society Prints, is a very great one. But how much greater the suggestiveness of the picture, if the child could be told that the blue of the Madonna's robe meant purity, and the red meant love; that Saint Cecilia has the garland of red and white roses to indicate love and innocence; that green is the color of spring, and hence of hope; that yellow is the color of the sun, and so speaks to us of the goodness of God!

What boy does not respond to the story of Saint George and the dragon? — and how soon the dragon can typify all evil! The heavenly Saint Margaret, treading the serpent under foot, almost unconscious

of what she is treading upon, is certainly an inspiration for all young womanhood. When it is impossible to have good color, reproductions of some of the famous drawings can be used with great advantage. Some of Albert Dürer's exquisite studies of grass and flowers can open the child's eyes to the world about him, as few other things can, and his 'praying hands' offer incessant prayer. Symbolism can easily be made to add its suggestive function. The cross upon a church tells its own story. The lamp, the open book, the crown, the heart, are all familiar symbols often seen. Their number might be greatly extended — the circle of eternity; the Jerusalem cross of the crusader; the scallop shell of the pilgrim; the four beasts of the evangelists; the lilies of France; the shamrock of Ireland; the rose of England, and the Scottish thistle, all have their own stories to tell. Symbolism appeals to every child, as picture-writing appealed to the infancy of the race. 'Art is the book of the unlearned,' as Saint Augustine declares.

It is to open our minds to all beauty, and the beauty of truth, that all our training is for, after all. Both truth and beauty are impersonal, ideal, ultimate; but until they are perceived by the individual, seized and comprehended in some measure, they are inoperative. It is the moral sense that must seize them and transmute them into life. This is the glory of the individual, that he can take of the universal store and give it out again stamped with his own personality, made vital by his own life. For in all our teaching it is the person who must teach the person.

It is the great danger of our popular education that we do things *en masse*. Numbers have their inspiration. To be part of a great whole brings its own sense of exhilaration; but some one must know all the parts and the parts must know each other, in a living organism. Kipling's fine allegory of the ship which found itself is literally true of the living organism of society, or a community like a great modern school. And so the character of the teacher is the supreme factor in teaching morals. Lincoln's saying about the people, some of whom may be deceived part of the time, but 'You cannot fool all the people all the time,' is especially true of children and young people. There must be absolute honesty of intention or the flaw will be quickly discovered and much that is good will be discredited. The grain of evil in this case will outweigh the pound of good. If we would train our students to seek the best, we must be very sure that our own choice is always for the difficult right; that our mind is firmly set toward the highest we know. We can give only what is absolutely our own. 'It is very difficult for one person to give to another an idea he has not got himself' is an old saying. No smattering of knowledge can be passed on to another; it is a life-product which must go to build up a life. Here is the teacher's highest inspiration. Nor for himself alone must he recognize his divine paternity. Does he teach the first plain practical rules, such as that we ought not to lie, and dare he be untruthful in look or manner? Does he speak of justice, and can he himself be not absolutely fair? The everyday lessons

furnish countless opportunities of enforcing moral truths. The inevitable result of two and two has been the text from which many a sermon has been preached.

I was recently talking with two experts about the propriety of endeavoring to teach a portion of a great subject in college, when it was frankly admitted that there was neither time nor usefulness in going into the matter fully. The first absolutely disapproved. A little knowledge, he thought, only produced conceit. One would have to guard the teaching constantly by saying, 'This is hardly an introduction; it does not give any working knowledge of the matter it deals with.' The other expert contended that the subject could properly be opened in that way. 'It all depends on the teacher,' he said. If the teacher gives of his best, even though there is time for very little, his best will find a response in the minds of his students. 'Let whatever appears to you to be the best be to you an inviolable law,' Epictetus tells us. The true teacher, like the true philosopher, must be, in Plato's beautiful words, 'A lover of the vision of truth.'

In this country, where there is ampler room for the development of personality than in any other, we must learn to respect the individuality of our pupils more and more. The great system of our public schools has been matured to handle numbers. Our colleges are likewise crowded. Pupils are put into the machine at an early age, and come out ready for college with the proper amount of hours' work and the proper number of experiments made, and, unless there

has been some real commerce of mind with mind, between the teacher and the pupil, it is a very mechanical progress. Fortunately, we are still human beings! We cannot make machines of ourselves, earnest as the effort in that direction seems sometimes to be. The danger is that the teaching will become mechanical, that all higher realms of thought will be undiscovered; all the flowers of feeling and imagination will be banished. It must be recognized more and more fully that the great factor in the moral education of pupils is the moral standing of the teacher. For the pupils' sake, a man who has any enthusiasm in his profession will keep himself at his best; will keep his own reservoirs full, that the overflow may be a pure and limpid stream, giving life to all about him. 'If any man will do the work he shall know of the doctrine.' Is not this saying of Jesus at the foundation of the individual religious life of each one of us? We may have diverse abstract theories, but it is a working theory we must have, and it is by our work we must test our theories.

There can be no morality worth the name — there may be conventional morality, which cannot stand the strain of temptation — there can be no sound basis of conduct without the realization of the old doctrine of Divine Immanence, without what Fénelon calls the 'practice of the presence of God.' Some have grown impatient of the old nomenclature, but the thing itself is the one eternal verity by which we truly live. If one does not care for it in mediæval words, which are associated in some minds with an outgrown

theology, he can have it all said for him in the words of the old Greek philosopher:

> You are a primary being; you are a distinct portion of the essence of God, and contain a part of him in yourself. . . . If you were a statue of Phidias either Zeus or Athena, you would remember both yourself and the artist; and if you had any sense, you would endeavor to do nothing unworthy of him who formed you, or of yourself, not to appear in any unbecoming manner to spectators. And are you now careless how you appear because you are the workmanship of Zeus? . . . Being then the work of such an artist, will you dishonor him, especially when he has not only formed you but has entrusted the guardianship of you to yourself? Will you not only be forgetful of this, but will you dishonor the trust? . . . God has delivered you to your own care, and says, 'I had no one fitter to be trusted than you. Keep this person for me just what is by nature, modest, faithful, noble, unterrified, dispassionate, tranquil. And will you not keep him such?'

Repetition, incentive, suggestion, let us make use of them all and every other good agency in teaching morals. But we ourselves, unless we would defeat our work, must hold our lives in trust from God, we must become more and more profoundly 'lovers of the vision of truth.'

PART II
THROUGH THE GATES

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

APPLETON CHAPEL, JANUARY 31, 1903

As I rise in this Chapel of Harvard University, the fact comes over me with overwhelming force that if it had not been for the dear friend we are gathered to honor to-day, in all human probability I should not be here to add my word of grateful recognition and reverent praise. For it was she who first spoke to me of the possibility of coming to Wellesley, finding an opportunity in what to any one else would have been the hopeless confusion of a crowded reception. Never shall I forget her contagious enthusiasm, to which my own responded, and though weeks elapsed before a final decision was reached, my heart had capitulated long before my mind was convinced.

If one were to sum up in one word the life of the noble woman we think of to-day, would it not be described as a life of service? The eager soul, poised and anchored serenely so that it could swing in wide circles, was ever responsive to a call for help. It heard the Macedonians' cry; its country was the world. How apt we are to become a little hardened, a little impatient at the constant appeals for sympathy, for advice, and yet I dare to say that no human being ever appealed to Alice Freeman Palmer without receiving good measure, pressed down and running over, of cheer, of comfort, of sound worldly wisdom.

That was her distinction. She was an idealist to whom everything pure and high appealed. She was full of enthusiasm and she was a practical woman of affairs, a woman who managed her household well, and who was fitted to advise and to act in every emergency of life. She exemplified her own doctrine that a wide education opens new doors of usefulness to a woman and does not close any of the time-honored avenues. We have heard how she came to Wellesley. A new experiment it was, an experiment founded in a high enthusiasm, and on the very first day of the college year the great hall was filled. Mount Holyoke, not yet a college, and Vassar, were the only forerunners. Smith was breaking ground and making its own experiments. It was pioneer work. 'Do you see that little black-eyed girl?' Mr. Durant said one day to Governor Claflin. 'She is the future President of Wellesley College.' Soon his strong controlling personality was removed, and Miss Freeman at the age of twenty-six assumed the duties of President, a girl, surrounded by her girls. So Abbott Thayer has delighted to paint her in a charming white gown, the earnest, brown eyes looking wistfully at the beholder. For a little more than six years she held the office and showed what a woman president can be. There were earnest and able women on the faculty to assist her. A scholar was at the head of the Greek Department, and an instructor in it as a sophomore had received her when she came to Michigan University. The Professor of Mathematics was an Oberlin woman with a fine clear mind, and great gifts as a teacher, so

that the impress of her work still holds the traditions of Wellesley. Botany, Latin, and Philosophy were also well represented. But the College lacked a leader, lacked the organizing force which should make it a whole. Twenty years ago there were fewer devices of labor-saving; stenographers were not yet in the field, secretaries still wrote longhand. And so with little help, working day and night, living in the building with her girls, having them constantly in close association with her, giving unsparingly of herself, she lived her life. She found time to know notable people, to interest them to come to the College. Lectures from distinguished persons abounded. She spread a rich feast for her students and partook of it herself. It was an ideal life in many respects, a life fed and sustained by the affection and devotion of those about her, a life of limitless giving, a life that grew larger and stronger 'in diffusion ever more intense.'

It is not strange that the glamour of her personality pervaded the place, that she seemed the fit and consummate flower of the young life which surrounded her. And always with this enthusiasm, with this radiance, was the practical side. Few people could manage finances better, and very few had a keener sense in recognizing quality in men and women. She seemed to have an instinct for people, and her courage in those early days was boundless. I remember once she asked the young author of a first book to join the English Literature Department, simply because she thought the style of the book good, and in spite of the fact that the maiden author had never taught at all.

It was harder to get qualified teachers then, but now there would be few college positions offered to total inexperience. She gathered clever women about her, recognizing ability instantly, and building up a faculty which brought the College honor. When she came in 1879, there were three hundred and seventy-five students, and she left the College with six hundred and twenty-eight, eight years later. With her administration, the policy of building small halls of residence was begun and for the last year and a half, she herself lived in Norumbega, the first of what are called the hill cottages.

The work which she did in these foundation days can hardly be overestimated. There were no precedents, no traditions; she had a clear field to work in, and she threw all her influence for the best things in scholarship, and the best things in life. It was her especial characteristic to seize a point of view quickly, to grasp the meaning of a situation instantly, and, from what to others might have been difficulty or defeat, to achieve victory. Her personal influence over her students was boundless. She knew them all as individuals. By both word and example she molded character. I like to think that it was from some of the perplexities of her busy and exacting college days, that the hymn we have just sung came welling up:

'All Thy waves and billows flow
Over me to press me down
Into arms so strong I know
They will never let me drown.'

This deeper side of her nature, rarely revealed, gave

fullness and sweetness to that charming play of fancy, that wholesome kindly humor which endeared her to all who came in contact with her. For she was founded upon a rock, and her courage, her bravery, her loyalty bore witness to that foundation.

It seems to me a proof of the growth of her life that she left all this at Wellesley, which had been so largely the work of her hands and of her heart, and found a larger usefulness in her marriage. She laid down one specific work to take up a dozen others, and the sunshine of her home touched many a life with glory. In no other way could her influence have been so widened, could the sanity and beauty of her life have had its fulfillment. And when she left Wellesley she carried it in her heart; 'Wellesley, that blessed place,' she called it.

College generations are short; the world moves swiftly; and at Wellesley she has been a gracious presence, coming a few times a winter with cheer and helpful words. But in the counsels of the College few persons could carry more weight, for she had the experience of professor, president, and trustee. Here again her enthusiasm and her practicality went hand in hand. A great plan fired her imagination and with her glowing words the contagion of her ideal spread. And then came the practical suggestions for carrying it out — far-seeing, calm, willing to wait, setting other people to work, inspiring all. It was never her own plan because it was her own plan. She fought no personal battles, but always strove for what she saw as the larger good, the better way.

Such a life has in its very self the seeds of immortality. Preëminent among the women of her time, she loved her kind with a broad human fellowship which took in all ages, all conditions. Hers was the essentially feminine nature, bounteous, life-giving.

> 'If, as I have, you also do
> Virtue attired in woman see
> And dare love that, and say so too,
> And forget the He and She — '

This she saw; this we all saw in her, impersonal and yet illumined with personality. She forgot that 'he' and 'she,' as is testified by the universality of her friendships. Hers was the true woman's life with its distinctive and mighty power of devotion — devotion not only to her family, but to her race, and to her country. She worked for women first, for she had a loyal love of her sex; but always with the broader view, with the hope of widening limitations, of opening closed doors. And wherever she found a soul she could help, man or woman, the human tie became strong. They, and she, alike were children of God, set to do his work in the world, to bring in a better day; to make the world a better place — this was her aim, and this she accomplished.

Alas, that we shall see her no more! But it was fitting that no touch of age should descend upon her. Her buoyant youthful spirit in its freshness and its sweetness, her clear, far-seeing mind, with its womanly perceptions and its trained grasp, her soul so full of the love of human kind, suffered no blight nor chill of frost. In the radiance of full summer,

with many fruits already gathered and promise of golden autumn's store, she is gone from our sight to that 'day which is at hand,' she has 'put on the whole armor of light.'

We loved her for the loving thoughts which sped
  Straight from her heart until they found their goal
  In some perplexed or troubled human soul
And broke anew the ever living bread.
We loved the mind courageous which no dread
  Of failure ever daunted, whose control
  Of gentleness all opposition stole,
We loved herself, and all the joy she shed.

Oh, Leader of the Leaders! Like a light
  Thy life was set, to counsel, to befriend;
Thy quick and eager insight seized the right
  And shared the prize with bounteous hand, and free,
  Fed from the fountains of Infinity
Thy life was service, having love to spend.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ALICE FREEMAN PALMER [1]

MILWAUKEE, NOVEMBER 7, 1903

How impossible it is to think of Mrs. Palmer in the past tense! As we meet in this Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, it seems that her eager and responsive face must be waiting with its welcome for each one, with its quick light of recognition and its fresh enthusiasm. Who among us has not felt the force of that glowing personality which threw itself so eagerly into the pursuits of all with whom she came into contact! She gave herself so unreservedly to each individual. At one time it was the Girls' Institute in Spain; at another, the interests of the State Board of Education; at another, the affairs of this Association; at another, the personal concern of some girl who was struggling for an education; or it might be the larger affairs of college life, of the welfare of the Harvard students — with whom Dr. Palmer is such an influence — or the welfare of the multitudes of Wellesley girls, who were always her girls. One felt the genuineness of it all. It was not a perfunctory interest, something that could be assumed and laid aside; it was an abiding interest in each thing she undertook to do which she carried in her heart. The multiplicity of the demands made upon her and her response to them

[1] *Collegiate Alumnæ Magazine*, February, 1904.

showed the versatility of her nature, which makes it difficult to give any adequate characterization of the life that she lived or the person that she was.

We met, in the early days of sudden bereavement, to speak and think of Mrs. Palmer, to speak the love and gratitude which was in our hearts, for her friendship, for her helpfulness, for what she had been to each one of us. Her whole life was glorified by her passing, and with reverence and joy we approached the open portal into the unknown, and followed that bright spirit with loving praise. And now, a year later, in the light of common day, the pure clear daylight by which we live, which is also the same light as that which the setting sun turns to mists of glory, we come together once more to speak of her, as she would wish to be spoken of, not in any sense as a saint, but as a very human woman, whose power lay in her humanity; whose very failings were those of an ardent and generous nature; whose life was a constant triumph over external conditions. Her own sincerity of intention; her own force of goodness; her own cleverness of mind overcame the limitations of untrained beginnings. She used herself to say laughingly that she was a 'raw girl' when she went to Michigan. She saw and admired in older women the fine flavor of repose, which was the result of being rather than doing. She loved the domestic side of a woman's life; she proved it by her own action. And who may dare to say what that side was? — for after all we see only the 'world's side.'

'Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you,'

as Mr. Browning said of his wife; and even her near friends can have but a partial knowledge of what she really was. The claims of the world, the claims of the causes for which she worked, were strong upon her. Her days were full of engagements, public and private. With an activity which few women could endure to continue, year after year she gave of herself in public addresses, in private conferences. She fulfilled her own genius, working freely and unsparingly. In speaking of her to her friends, I may say that, if she could have added to this zeal a certain power of reserve, we might have had her longer with us. The injunction to love our neighbor as ourselves implies justice to ourselves. Mrs. Palmer proceeded on the old ascetic plan, though she would have disclaimed it, and gave herself, her time, her interest, with an intensity which could not but prove exhausting to both body and mind. Quantity is not always quality. There are the poets of one poem, and the poets of many. It was in a broad and rapid river, with sparkling surface, that Mrs. Palmer's sympathy flowed to all the world.

It was my fortune to meet Mrs. Palmer first in her Wellesley surroundings, when as a young president she was hardly more than a girl among her girls; and yet, a controlling personality and energy which pervaded the whole college life.

There have been in America since the very early days able and devoted school teachers, women who had large views and high aims for their scholars. Catherine Sedgwick and Mary Lyon are notable ex-

amples of this. But both of these women relied almost exclusively upon their personal influence with their students. And great as the force and power of personality is, essential as it is, Mrs. Palmer saw the time had come for laying the foundations of a college administration which should include not only direct influence, but should guide and coördinate the efforts of others into an effective whole. With the insight of a pioneer she seized strategic points, not only laboring for the college alone, but organizing fitting schools, which should fulfill college requirements of preparation.

It has been said of women that they are naturally adapted from the course of their long training and inherited tendencies to view matters in minute detail; that each piece of work may be admirably done without the comprehensive grasp of the direction in which effort must be applied to attain some large result. But it was certainly one of Mrs. Palmer's characteristics that she had the seeing eye and the comprehending mind; that she saw the end from the beginning, and never in the multiplicity of detail lost her hold upon the larger issues which were to her the inspiration and the goal of all her effort.

I shall never forget her encouragement once, when, oppressed by the great variety of demands which are necessarily made upon one at the head of a large institution, she exclaimed, 'But it is that, that makes life interesting!' There was, in fact, nothing too small for her to interest herself in, and nothing too great. It was all service, to be loyally accomplished.

The elasticity of her mind was most remarkable. She turned from grave to gay with the heartiest enjoyment, and took up her work refreshed by the period of relaxation.

It is related of her that at one of the early council meetings in the first years of her presidency, at Wellesley, when some grave academic questions were being discussed without much prospect of coming to a conclusion, she was called to the door of the faculty parlor and found there the housekeeper of Dana Hall who had insisted upon seeing Miss Freeman. She had a carriage waiting at the door to take her to Dana Hall to see the dress rehearsal of a French comedy, which was being given. The humor of the situation struck Miss Freeman and, returning to the room, she announced to the assembled professors that she had been called away on pressing business for an hour, and requested one of them to take the chair. My informant says: 'A carriage was waiting and Miss Freeman gleefully drove to Dana Hall, flashed in at the performance, laughed steadily for half an hour, and came back to the tired council blithe and breezy to swing the discussion on to a prompt conclusion.'

People used to wonder that she could make such frequent addresses and undertake so many toilsome journeys to visit out-of-the-way schools. But she was strengthened by her real enjoyment of the novelty of the situation and found zest in the contrasts which were presented to her. She had the real courage that can endure hardship. But it certainly added a piquancy to it to be able to turn a trying

experience into an extremely amusing story, which she was sure to do the moment it was over.

One of the gifts which Mrs. Palmer possessed to an eminent degree was her power of presenting her subject in a fascinating manner; she had persuasive power with an eloquence all her own. This power was the result of her extremely quick mind, which saw the bearings of the case to an unusual degree, and her ready sympathy, which perceived instantly the effect of what was said upon her audience. She had the orator's intuition and knew how to hold an audience. This was noticeable, President Angell says, in her commencement oration at the time of her graduation from Michigan University. She also was singularly untrammeled by her own preparation. I have known her to throw over absolutely the speech which she had prepared and rely upon the inspiration of the moment, which served her so well. When she found that her subject did not fit in with what had been said by other speakers, or that there was some aspect which had been neglected or overstated in the preceding remarks, she would boldly cast all her preparation to the winds and deliver an entirely different speech from that which she had intended to make — a speech conciliatory or persuasive or emphasizing some half-forgotten side of the question — in a way to make the whole meeting a success rather than to achieve any personal triumph.

I think that all who have worked with Mrs. Palmer must have been thoroughly convinced of the wonderful absence of personal motive in the work that she

did. I do not mean that she did not take delight in the legitimate success which she achieved and that she was not made proud and happy by the admiration of her friends; but that she cared so supremely for the work in hand that she would as willingly accept any minor and inconspicuous portion of it as take the leadership. And how often her leadership was kept out of sight, and results were obtained which no one knew she had worked for!

Her dealing with students as a whole was marked with great ingenuity and cleverness. At one time during her presidency the whole college was in a turmoil, and no one could quite reach the cause. To every inquiry it was answered, 'A girl told me this or that.' Finally, things came to a crisis and a student was sent home. Mrs. Palmer called the College together and told them that things had been going wrong; that it had been difficult to find out just what was the trouble; that all her efforts to sift the matter had been met by the reply that 'A girl had done so and so'; or, 'A girl had said so and so'; and that now 'A girl was sent away,' and that was going to end the whole matter. It is needless to say that it did.

Her cleverness with individual students was no less marked. One touchy and high-strung girl was constantly complaining that she was ill-treated, and taking offense at very slight provocation. She came to Mrs. Palmer one day full of complaints, and was met with some remarks which she did not care for at all. She turned upon the President, saying, 'But how would you like it if you were insulted?' Mrs. Palmer

drew herself up with instant dignity and said, 'The person doesn't live who could insult me!'

On another occasion a student came to be relieved from some work. It was in the days of few electives and the possibilities of advanced electives were called by the name of the department in which they could be elected. Thus there was Junior Literature and Senior Literature. A student came to Mrs. Palmer and wished to drop 'Senior Lit.' Mrs. Palmer instantly replied, 'If you have not time enough to say *Literature*, certainly you must drop something.'

She had a gift for people; she had the intuition for numbers of people, as well as individuals. Those who had the privilege of sharing her hospitality will recall with joy the freedom of the delightful intercourse in that charming house, with its scholarly head and its graceful hostess, who put every one who came near her at ease, and where the conversation flowed at a high level. I shall never forget one of the last occasions that I had the happiness to be in her house — the day when Professor Palmer delivered the Phi Beta Kappa Oration in Cambridge. Mrs. Palmer had asked to lunch with her a company of friends, all of whom were her friends and Mr. Palmer's, but many of whom were quite unknown to each other, so that they instinctively formed little groups. The charming way with which Mrs. Palmer looked after each individual in that company was never more deeply impressed upon me, drawing just the right people together and securing the pleasure of all her guests.

Her judgment of people was a very unerring one. Though not in any sense a profound scholar, yet her reading was wide in many directions, and she had the intuitive appreciation of the quality of the person she met, unerringly recognizing ability and finding it sometimes under unpromising exteriors. It was through this quality that she was so widely consulted by heads of schools and other institutions of learning as to candidates for positions of trust. Her memory was unfailing and her judgment sound, so that she was always ready to respond to such requests with helpful suggestions. This wonderful power of giving advice became especially marked in the last years of her life, and she was turned to by many a perplexed college officer in search of the right person.

Her nature was so joyous, her healthful vivacity so contagious and inspiring, one felt that there were the deeper springs which made the incommunicable foundation of her life. I think few, until after her death, knew of the hymns and verses which it was her custom to write during almost the whole of her life. As far back as 1883 she wrote the Lend-a-Hand verses, which were published by the Lend-a-Hand Society and have been sung in many of the clubs. They were new to me and perhaps will be to those assembled here:

Four Mottoes

'Look up and not down, out and not in, forward and not back, and lend a hand.' Edward Everett Hale.

'Look up and not down!' Do you mind how the tree-top
Rejoices in sunshine denied to its root?

And hear how the lark, gazing skyward, is flooding
All earth with its song, while the ground bird is mute?

'Look out and not in!' See the sap rushing outward
In leaf, bud, and blossom. All winter it lay
Imprisoned, while earth wore a white desolation.
Now nature is glad with the beauty of May.

'Look forward, not back!' 'Tis the chant of creation,
The chime of the seasons as onward they roll;
'Tis the pulse of the world, 'tis the hope of the ages,
This voice of the Lord in the depths of the soul.

'Lend a hand!' Like the sun that turns night into morning,
The moon that guides storm-driven sailors to land.
Ah! life were worth living with this for its watchword,
'Look up; out, and forward, and each lend a hand!'

A. E. F.

Wellesley College

The hymn which was sung at the memorial service in Cambridge in January, 1903, will also be recalled by all who heard it for its absolute trust and childlike confidence. Still another hymn has been sent to me by Professor Palmer, written in the last year of her life:

A Communion Hymn

How sweet and silent is the place,
My God, alone with thee!
Awaiting thy clear touch of grace,
Thy heavenly mystery.

So many ways thou hast, dear Lord,
My longing heart to fill,
Thy lovely world, thy spoken word,
The doing thy sweet will,

Giving thy children living bread,
  Leading thy weak ones on,
The touch of dear hands on my head,
  The thought of loved ones gone.

'Communion with thy saints,' my God,
  I know, I do believe,
And so 'forgiveness of my sins'
  I trust I may receive.

Lead me by many paths, dear Lord,
  But always in thy way;
And help me make my earth a heaven
  Till next Communion Day.

The simplicity of these hymns carries its own evidence of sincerity. They were the private ejaculations of a devout soul. Those who have heard Mrs. Palmer offer prayer at the opening of some of the meetings at which she was called to preside had a new light thrown upon her character. The strain of eloquence into which she naturally rose revealed a soul in habitual communion with the Unseen, and lifted the veil in a way which nothing else could.

Members of the Association who were in New England last winter and through the springtime, when memorial meetings were held, could not but be profoundly impressed with the homage and reverent affection with which her name was spoken. That first meeting on the day near the end of the year, when her friends came together in one of the smaller halls near the State House in Boston, when each spoke in an entirely informal way of some trait or characteristic

which had impressed itself in his knowledge of Mrs. Palmer; when Mr. Gilder sent his loving word of appreciation and President Eliot uttered his memorable sentences; when from colleges far and near came the word of reverent affection and from her own students that note of pride and of joy in the achievements of her life — that meeting was to me the most wonderful tribute to any woman or to any person that it ever had been my privilege to attend. We met with full hearts, realizing for the first time that we should see her face no more, and as each one added his word of praise, the life which had been lived grew again before our eyes, drawn in nobler proportions than any one of us had been able to see it individually. One touch was added to another, as an artist completes a portrait, until, in its full beauty, the life of Alice Freeman Palmer in its far-reaching influence, in its lofty idealism, in its forgetfulness of self, stood before us.[1]

And then followed the meeting at Appleton Chapel, when the presidents of universities and colleges spoke of what she had been as they had known her. It was a touching circumstance that the choirs of Harvard University and Wellesley College should have had part in that service, the young men on whom she had so much influence, and the young women for whom her life had been one long devotion. It was appropriate that these voices should join in her praise, as well as the voices of her elders and contemporaries,

[1] The addresses given at this meeting were printed in a special memorial publication issued by the A.C.A. in March, 1903.

who had known her from her earliest beginning and followed her career with pride and affection.

These meetings to perpetuate her name and commemorate her work resulted in the movement to found memorials in the various institutions with which she was most closely connected. As the first object suggested, the endowment of the presidency of Wellesley was presented, and I am happy to announce that at the present time the sum of $28,307.35 has been received toward this endowment, which makes a good beginning. The total amount which was mentioned by the committee having the matter in charge was $150,000. The second object mentioned by the memorial committee was the endowment of the Alice Freeman Palmer Scholarship at Wellesley College, enlarging it to a fellowship, to be endowed in the sum of $25,000. This has already been accomplished and announcement has been sent out by the President and Faculty of Wellesley College, asking for candidates for this fellowship, to be awarded next spring. A fellowship fund, to be administered by the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, is the third upon the list, and I know that many members of this Association are greatly interested in this project.

The other objects, also, I am sure you bear in mind — the scholarships at the normal schools with which Mrs. Palmer was connected; the contribution to the new building for the Industrial Institute for Girls in Spain, a cause in which she worked with untiring zeal; a fund for professorships at Wellesley and at Radcliffe which should recognize her interest in both insti-

tutions. These are all objects which appeal to every lover of the cause of education and every admirer of Mrs. Palmer's work in that cause.

A good beginning has already been made. The inspiration of her presence we still feel as an incentive to all work in the cause of uplifting women. It seems to me that one of Mrs. Palmer's remarkable characteristics was that, with all her gifts of conversation and powers of interesting men, she had the greatest loyalty to her own sex. It never could be said of her that she was more admired by either men or women. Her charm was a universal charm and an impersonal one in a way, in spite of its great personality, for it was exercised upon all who came within her circle. She gave a doll to a child so that it became a precious gift; and she would enter into the difficulties and aspirations of some perplexed and learned scholar in a way which made the conversation with her illuminating.

She used her whole personality, not her mind, not her feelings, not her physical powers separately, but all together. She threw whatever she was and had into the effort before her, and the effort was always to convince persons, to convert each one to the ideal for which she was then so ardently laboring.

She did not leave many written discourses. The effect of personality on personality was the instrument which she used; so that in some sense her fame and influence may be ephemeral, and yet in another sense it will truly live in the minds of all who knew her and all who felt the power of her life.

It is a life which can bear the light of common day;

a life of such simple goodness, nourished by unseen springs, that all who came near her felt its power; a life of such sympathy that it was unstintedly poured out. Her high courage faced and conquered adverse conditions. She opened new doors for women and was among the very first to pass through them. She reconciled the new and the old conceptions of women; for in her own life she combined in a very remarkable degree the traditional feminine virtues and the wider activities of women for the ideals of life, for freedom, for truth, for the highest development of the individual.

Her life in a peculiar sense was our life. Wellesley was the college of her love, for it her devotion was freely poured out, the tie which bound her to it was one of special tenderness. And so, while we grieve for her loss, for what to our human eyes seems her untimely loss, we rejoice and give thanks for her. She was a good gift of God to us. The College could not have been what it is without her guiding hand, and we rejoice that we had her so long.

'So fares she forth with smiling Godward face,
Nor should we grieve, but give eternal thanks,
Save that we mortal are and needs must mourn.'

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

ADDRESS IN THE BRICK CHURCH, NEW YORK, MAY 20, 1921, BEFORE THE HALL OF FAME UNVEILING

We are met to commemorate a woman who was loved by all who knew her and whose name is now known all over this country and in foreign parts. It is well that we come to refresh ourselves with the thought of this noble life that has been lived; to light again our lamps of faith and of trust and of courage with the remembrance of this ardent spirit whose earthly life was so full of all these things. It is a time of thanksgiving rather than of sorrow; a time of counting up our mercies and adding to them this special treasure of having known so pure and beautiful a spirit. Not that she was not human; no one was more so. No one was more full of the charm and gentle ways of a lovely woman; no one, perhaps, had a more ardent temper or had learned to control it better, holding it in leash and letting it go at the last moment to sweep opposition before her. Those who knew her best knew that she had herself in perfect control, but she could pour the ardor of her nature in a flood, which swept opposition before her and broke a path for other streams of influence to follow. Her life was not a long one, counted in years; forty-seven years is short compared with the Psalmist's threescore and ten, and the number on which her fame largely rested comprised less than ten

years. They were years of achievement and the full fruition and strength of her life bloomed naturally from these crowded ten years. The days of her preparation in the Winsor Academy and the University of Michigan have been spoken of with enthusiasm by President Angell. He never tired of telling the story of her coming to Michigan, with insufficient preparation, and how at his personal request the examiners admitted her on a six weeks' trial. 'I was sure she would make good,' he used to say, and he became her devoted friend through life. At twenty-one she was principal of a High School; at twenty-four she came to Wellesley College. At twenty-six she was the President of the College, and at thirty-two she was married.

We Wellesley women are especially interested in the time at Wellesley. Mr. Durant was still living and had launched his new enterprise on broad and sure lines. He had gathered about him a group of devoted young women. In his final instructions her name was the first of three whom he wished advanced rapidly, on whom the College could rely. He was practically founder and President, although the gentle Miss Howard was called by that name. From the very first Miss Freeman's independence of character must have appealed to Mr. Durant. The time, perhaps, that he capitulated was when she flatly refused to do his bidding, telling him that his interest in the spiritual welfare of a particular girl she was told to converse with was an interference with the sanctity of the soul which she would not take part in.

Mr. Durant was unused to contradiction, but apparently accepted it in good part, and the strength of character which this stand showed only made him more convinced of Miss Freeman's worth. At his death and the failure of Miss Howard's health, which occurred almost simultaneously, the Trustees appointed Miss Freeman Vice-President of the College, and at the end of the year, in 1881, she was made President. So many people think of her as the great President of Wellesley College that it is interesting to recall that she held this office only six years. But what years they were, crowded with constructive work of every kind! It was a new experiment that she had set her hand to. Vassar was working at the same problem, and Oberlin and a few State universities were co-educational. There had been female seminaries; Mount Holyoke was already in existence; and in Troy and other parts of the country there were excellent schools. The Friends' Schools at West Town and in Providence gave a sound education to girls in the same classes with their brothers. The University of Michigan, from which she graduated in 1876, had only recently opened its doors to women. These were her precedents, but she was a woman who based her action little upon precedent. She seemed to have an intuitive perception of the right way of doing things, the right management of a situation. Her eager mind was sometimes impatient of the more delayed process of reasoning. Her years at Wellesley were constructive in the highest degree. She found the College hardly organized; she left it with well-

arranged departments, with competent heads and associate professors, with a faculty which she had divided into two branches, an upper and lower house, so to speak; the Academic Council which met every week, consisting of heads of departments, and the general faculty meeting at longer intervals. Thus she had the advantage of consulting and of seizing the best, which was her own special gift, of all the contributions of thought which these conferences developed. She was a pioneer who was not solitary, who was most eminently social, and whose power of insight and of creating a community spirit made her a great leader.

She found that there was little adequate preparation for such a College as she wished Wellesley to be. The students who came in these first years had, most of them, to receive a year of preparatory drill before they could be admitted to full college work. Mr. Durant provided for this in his scheme for the College and for the first few years there was a regularly organized preparatory department. And to this end he founded the school which has become the famous Dana Hall. Miss Freeman believed that all such work should be in the schools themselves, and during her presidency at Wellesley fifteen such fitting schools were established. I do not mean that there were fifteen new schools established, but that by her visits to certain schools she established relations with the College and inspired their principals with the idea of definite training for entrance into Wellesley. It is interesting also for us to recall in the midst of a

great campaign for the College, that it was Miss Freeman who started the first general subscription for Wellesley in 1885. The College at first was housed, taught, and fed in one building, the splendid great College Hall, which accommodated three hundred girls. Stone Hall soon was built with accommodations for a hundred more. Miss Freeman early saw that some small groups would be desirable, and the first campaign in which the College appealed to the public for funds was in 1885 for money with which Norumbega Cottage was built. Into this house she moved, herself, and lived in it as long as she was President. A short time ago the manuscript of a sonnet written by Whittier for the dedication of this house was sent by a cousin of the poet's to the chairman of the Rhode Island committee of the present fund, and bought for a thousand dollars by a member of the campaign fund of Brown University. He sent it back for sale again to the chairman of the Fund Committee in New York — 'as an expression,' he writes, 'of our interest in a common cause, the strengthening of the foundations of higher education.' The poem is called

NORUMBEGA HALL

Not on Penobscot's wooded banks the spires
Of the sought city rose, not yet beside
The winding Charles, nor where the daily tide
Of Naumkeag's haven rises and retires
The vision tarried; but somewhere we knew
The beautiful gates must open to our quest,
Somewhere that marvellous city of the west
Would lift its towers and palace domes in view.

And lo! at last its mystery is made known,
Its only dwellers maidens fair and young,
Its Princess such as England's laureate sung.
And safe from capture, save by love alone,
It lends its beauty to the lake's green shore
And Norumbega is a myth no more.

J. G. WHITTIER

It is always difficult to define charm. We all know what we mean by it, and yet it escapes analysis. This wonderful quality Miss Freeman possessed in a large degree. Whoever she was speaking to, for the moment had her individual and undivided attention, it was the important thing in the world for that time; and whoever it might be was stimulated and refreshed by the strength and beauty of her own personality. Though she was sympathetic in the true sense, throwing herself into the concerns of her friends — and every one who spoke to her became her friend — she was very careful in demanding anything like sympathy for herself. In 1877, when she was having what most people would think a tremendously difficult time, organizing the high school and teaching untold hours a day, she writes, 'I do not want anybody to think a troubled thought of me. I really do not need such thoughts.' And a little later, 'I do so want to put bright bits of beauty into and out of my life.' It was these 'bright bits of beauty' which she not only assimilated, but gave so freely, which made her great distinction.

These words were written by a girl who had had small experience except in ways of love and being loved, and after all that is the greatest experi-

ence. She came from a country town to college, and in one of the small Michigan cities she was principal of the high school; and yet she had seen in these early days that life held these bright bits of beauty for her to assimilate and to transmute in her own life into the radiance with which it was filled. Of course people loved her. At the age of fourteen she was engaged to a young Princeton student, and later it is quite evident that she had many experiences. A woman so sympathetic is apt to be misconstrued, and she evidently had difficult times in her girlhood to keep the line of friendship just where she wanted it. But from these experiences she learned the depths of the purest emotions and learned what true life companionship should become.

To those who knew her best it could hardly have been a surprise when her approaching marriage was announced, though we can well imagine what consternation it occasioned at Wellesley. There is still the tradition among a few of her friends of the solemn remonstrance, the very day before her wedding, of one of her best-loved professors. It was easy to say that she was giving up a life career with no one to take up the work she was laying down; that the fact that she had worked so splendidly was reason for going on. But with a broader vision and a wider wisdom she chose what was not only the better way for herself, but for that very reason the proper path for the College she loved. It was from recollections somewhat of this nature that the lovely poem called 'Attainment' must have been written.

ATTAINMENT

The perfect summer day is at its height
And at its height this hushed and restful time.
The full fair moon will rule the heaven to-night
And our great love has triumphed in its prime.

Perfect the day, the night, the week, the year.
Nature stands smiling, not a cloud on high,
And sees a perfect love that casts out fear
Facing the future, without wish or cry.

Great love has triumphed. At a crisis hour
Of strength and struggle on the heights of life
He came, and bidding me abandon power
Called me to take the quiet name of wife.

My God, I thank thee for a home so fair,
Full of all beauty, peace and mystery;
But most of all, for him who led me there
Through utmost sacrifice, and so to Thee.

It must have been a sacrifice to leave a position so unique as her own at Wellesley; the devotion of these many girls, the esteem, the confidence of her faculty, the glamour of a young woman presiding over that place of loveliness which made people compare her to the Princess in Tennyson's poem, as in Whittier's sonnet, must well have appealed to her imagination; but she had the courage for whatever sacrifice was involved and entered into a larger field of labor and of achievement through the perfection of the growing beauty of her own life. All that was most lovely in the world appealed to her, the beautiful aspects of nature, and all that was most noble in the people she knew. The 'glory of the world' was sometimes almost

oppressive and found its expression in these charming verses.

O summer night beside the soundless sea,
O golden hour for my dear Love and me!
The past, the future, are at one in thee!

Before us is the moonrise full and bright,
Its pathway on the waves is radiant light;
Behind the sunset fading into night.

O witching world, with beauty never guessed,
Light of the east, dead splendors of the west,
I lock you fast forever in my breast.

I know your wondrous meaning; for one stands
Beside me, at the touch of whose dear hands
My whole heart leaps to life and understands.

Of her life in Cambridge, with its many activities and its far-reaching influence, it is hard to give any estimate. One can see this after these nineteen years since her voice has been silent. I know an Italian gardener who has eight children, seven of them fine sturdy boys, but they have come fast and the times are hard, and sometimes very hard. He said one day to his mistress, 'When I get discouraged, I think of Abraham Lincoln. He was poor man like me.' In the same way the name of Alice Freeman Palmer has been an inspiration to thousands of people. One brave young colored woman of Cambridge has carried her name into the darkness of North Carolina and has a school for colored children which she calls 'The Alice Freeman Palmer Memorial.' In Venice, Professor Palmer tells us, her name is known in connection with

the Italian Immigration Society for the protection of Italians just landing, and in Spain the International Institute for Girls counts her among its founders.

A nature so full and so bounteous as hers had a natural overflow in works of love. 'There are days,' she wrote, 'when every air blows from a distance,' days which lifted her spirit so that she saw far things and attacked them with the indomitable courage which was always hers. A woman with her gift of speech was naturally asked to preside at many meetings and to make many addresses. In her busy winters these were often two or three a week, and in 1889, two years after her marriage, she became a member of the State Board of Education. She was appointed by Governor Ames and held the position during the remaining thirteen years of her life, being reappointed by Governor Greenhalge and Governor Crane until she became the senior member of the Board. This Board consists of eight members appointed by the Governor and has a direct control over the normal schools of the State; each member of the Board having at least two schools under his special charge, which it is his duty to visit at regular times to make sure the instruction is adequate, and in every way to encourage and supervise. Indirectly through the reports which the Board makes to the Legislature and through its recommendations, the whole of the education of the State is greatly affected.

Mrs. Palmer's special gift of seizing a situation and understanding a personality was of greatest value in the sort of work which this Board does. Her reports

at the Board meetings and her addresses at the teachers' institutes which were held under its auspices make one of her very important contributions to the cause of education. These teachers' institutes gathered together the teachers of the various districts from all over the State; these are largely women in New England, and Mrs. Palmer's knowledge and experience, not only in college work, but in public school work, proved most valuable. She gave an immense amount of time and tact and experience to this oversight of the public schools. She corresponded with, interviewed, and visited schools all over the State, and, when need was, appealed to the Legislature on behalf of some measure for their betterment. Her work on the Board of Education brought the Massachusetts Board to a point of great efficiency, so that upon her death the Secretary of the Board could write with truth that 'in qualifications for admission to its normal schools no State has adopted standards so high or so satisfactory.' During her time the Massachusetts normal schools were increased from six to ten, and there were new buildings erected, not only for the new schools, but for the old ones. Any one who has had anything to do with preparations for such work, selecting sites and planning buildings for ten such great establishments, will appreciate that there was an immense amount to do. This was on the exterior side of the normal schools, but in the adjustment of the curriculum and methods of study great improvements were made largely through Mrs. Palmer's influence. More careful examinations for

entrance were established, and in 1897 the schools of which Mrs. Palmer was a visitor, Bridgewater and Hyannis, had both lengthened their courses. In that year a general vote was passed permitting the visitors and the principal of any normal school to add a third year to its course for study and practice. Mrs. Palmer was also interested in a bill which was passed, encouraging the employment by all country schools of superintendents instead of local committees. The bill allowed neighboring towns to combine in employing such a superintendent and furnished grants from the State treasury to meet part of the expense. High schools free to the whole population were opened in 1894, for the measure was passed which provided that a child in any town where there was no high school might claim free tuition at the school of the neighboring town. Examinations under the State Board to test the qualifications of the candidates for teachers of elementary schools were established and manual training was required in all high schools. These changes aimed to provide country children with all the opportunities for development which a city gives to its children.

To all of these measures Mrs. Palmer devoted her untiring interest. She was assiduous at meetings and made long journeys to make speeches in behalf of some measure in towns where she felt it necessary for the enlightenment and direction of public opinion. Her colleagues on the Board have commemorated her in a minute which reads, in part:

Her first concern was for the children of the state, that

they should have the best facilities for the acquisition of knowledge in the training of their intellectual powers and the development of their characters; her next was for the teachers, especially those in the humbler places; that everything should be done to make their calling comfortable and dignified. She was courageous before committees of the legislature in advocating the measures deemed wise by the Board and in seeking to avoid the evils of mischievous legislation.

One of her colleagues has said, 'She was the most persuasive debater I ever knew.'

At the time of the Chicago Exposition the State of Massachusetts made education an important feature in its exhibit, and to this exhibit Mrs. Palmer gave her special oversight. It was largely through her influence that the State collections were afterward gathered together into a permanent educational museum. Being so deeply interested in the public schools of Massachusetts, it was natural that the claims of one of its old academies should appeal very warmly to her. Bradford Academy was founded in 1804 and admitted both boys and girls, but after 1836 girls only. It had had an honorable career, but had fallen upon evil times. When in 1900 its trustees turned to Mrs. Palmer, in spite of all the other work in which she was engaged she consented to become a trustee, and, in the two years which passed before her life closed, had made known its needs and had lifted the Academy to its old degree of public favor. Its methods of study were modernized; teachers were increased and their salaries raised. It began to attract students. A way was prepared for the enlargements

which have gone on since her death. During her years in Cambridge she became an advisor in all sorts of educational problems. She counted among her friends the heads of most of the great universities. If a special person was called for in a special place, it was natural to consult Mrs. Palmer, and she almost always had some suggestion to offer. In 1892 she became Dean of Women in Chicago University and spent part of her time there organizing and planning and inspiring. But her home was in Cambridge and her work lay close about her.

In one of her letters she says she hopes when she leaves this life there will be no memorial service. 'Silence and love are best,' she writes. For herself, yes. But for us? We must count up our mercies, and having known her makes the world a richer place for us and for all, for her works do follow her. She once gave a recipe for happiness to an assembly of working girls. Every day they were to learn some lines they would be glad to remember, to see some beautiful thing, and to do some kind act. The sequence of these directions is significant. Having absorbed, they must give out. From her own great capacity of joy, from her fullness of love, she gave without limit. President Eliot has said that in his opinion, she is so far the most perfect example of American womanhood. All who knew her caught some glimpse of her power according to the keenness of their vision. For it was power built on everlasting foundations. In her rare and beautiful verse we have its best expression. Poets have written of her, but she herself, in that ex-

quisite 'Marriage Cycle' which the generosity of the husband has shared with her friends, reveals her sources of her strength.

To-morrow the tablet which inscribes her name in our American Hall of Fame is to be unveiled. To-morrow we Wellesley women will rejoice, for Wellesley was very dear to her. She gave much and she owed much to Wellesley. Who that ever heard her can forget her chapel services there — the full rich voice in the Scripture reading, and the outpouring of the soul in prayer? We entered into the very presence of God in those hallowed moments. She had a peculiar 'gift in prayer'; it seemed a native language, welling up spontaneous, full of devout nobility. In these moments the secret of her power was proclaimed, for through her earthly dress the 'bright shoots of everlastingness' were clearly visible.

PART III
WITHIN THE GATES

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

HOUGHTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WELLESLEY, OCT. 3, 1899

MR. PRESIDENT, AND MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

You have done me the honor of calling me to this post of service; I feel deeply the opportunity which you offer me, and you may properly expect from me a few words, as to the reasons which have led me to come here before you and the aims and hopes with which I take up the great work you are committing to my care.

Long ago we were told that mankind is the proper study of man, and in these latter days the feminine half of mankind is receiving its full share of attention. For it must always be remembered that men and women are not a different order of beings. They find their fullest and completest development together. 'Male and female created He them'; there is the eternal difference and the eternal similarity. Normal life demands the two principles. If Goethe gives us studies of the eternal feminine, Browning must complete it with masculine vigor or we get sentimentality or brutality as a result. It is the union of strength and weakness that marks the complex and varied character which is the product of our end of the century.

Two hundred years ago the problem was simpler; each maiden became the mistress of a household at a

suitable age. It was a discredit to a man not to be married. In some of our New England towns bachelors had to pay special taxes, and a widower made haste to choose a second wife. Judge Sewall, our typical Puritan, after forty years of wedlock, considered it beneath his dignity to be in a wifeless state, and the story of his courtships, as he has himself detailed them, is well known. A man needed a woman to preside in his house, to care for his temporal wants, to add dignity to his condition. The time was one of theocratic government, and the wife was, according to Saint Paul, confessedly the weaker vessel, but still very essential from an economic point of view to the lords of creation. The order of nature does not change, yet nature's law is growth, and with that growth the position of women has changed, and with that change the cultivation of the individual becomes more important. The problem is not simply that of bringing children into the world, but what kind of children shall be born, what kind of mother shall be educated — or, if the highest development of motherhood is denied her, how shall she take her place in the world a useful and honored member of the community, having children of her spirit? For I take it the eternal feminine is simply this: it is the power of love which has its throne in a good woman's heart. Call it altruism if you like, call it the mother sea, found a philosophy, or a system of speculation upon it; it is simply this endless capacity of love and devotion which Mary of Bethany showed when she sat at Jesus' feet.

Granted, then, that this is at the root of woman's

life, that every woman child who comes into the world has this great gift and responsibility, that this is her contribution to human life, with what reverence, with what awe should we approach her to make or to mar? Sentimentality and mannishness, like Scylla and Charybdis, stand on either side. The intellect must be trained to its full capacity or there will be an uneven balance. Heart and head in happy union must rule the conduct. And so we believe in what is called Higher Education. Ideal justice is not a common virtue and the powers of the mind must be trained to regulate the emotions.

There have always been women from the days of the Queen of Sheba who sought out wisdom; who made great sacrifices, and endured arduous toil to come to a fountain head of knowledge. The eager curiosity which traditionally expended itself in gossip needed only the larger opportunity to avail itself of worthier objects of study. This nineteenth century, these last fifty years, have brought to women, to large numbers of women, opportunities before accessible to only the gifted few. There has always been the solitary learned woman, who was able to surmount difficulties and drink from the streams of Parnassus. But now these streams flow freely, and women come in throngs. But does the draft quicken her to new life?

Culture is more than the acquisition of knowledge. To bear fruit learning must pass into life. It is the touch of man upon nature that makes art. And as the highest art is a going back to nature, having received it, having been nourished upon it, to return

it stamped with man's impress, so the finest fruit of learning must be personality. With the study of literature, of history, of science, all enlarging, all ennobling, there must be that harmonious development of the soul which the Greeks held was produced by the study of music. 'Musical training,' Socrates declared, 'is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul graceful of him who is rightly educated.'[1] How large a study this was and how essential, we see from the statement that none can ever become musical until 'they know the essential forms of temperance, courage, liberality, magnificence and their kindred, as well as their contrary forms in all their combinations.' Here is a lesson in life set before us. And to follow our teacher a little farther, it all depends on simplicity, 'the simplicity of a truly and nobly ordered mind.' To the properly regulated mind Socrates confided the care of the body, in 'the really excellent gymnastic,' the 'twin sister of that simple music which we were just now describing.' Music and gymnastic in the fairest proportions were to be mingled in the ideal state, and to be 'attempered to the soul,' of both men and women. This would produce 'the true musician and harmonist in a far higher sense than the tuner of the strings.'[2]

I have dwelt on these old teachings, so old, yet so ever new, so true to human life, because Socrates was laboring at the highest problem of all, the problem

[1] Plato, *The Republic*, book III. [2] *Ibid.*

with which we are brought face to face, the development of the soul. He made little of our modern doctrine of environment. His own belief was 'not that the good body improves the soul, but that the good soul improves the body.' [1] The soul is the supreme power always. To enlarge its kingdom, to bring warring elements under its control — this is the supreme task of education. Intellectual knowledge is so much dead matter until it is vitalized by a union with the soul's wisdom. To foster this union, to provide materials for the nourishment of the spirit — these are the loftiest aims that can be set before us.

Just as the dark side of the moon gives balance to its shining face, the hidden life of the soul manifests itself in visible action. These unknown, unseen springs of action must be fed. Direct influence is useless, growth that is forced is sure to be unhealthy. But the tender plant can be placed under favorable conditions for growth. There is a moral atmosphere as well as a physical one, and this upper ether is capable of control. The channels of communication between the unseen and the visible must be kept open, and this can be effected by the will. The upward glancing of the eyes, the opening of the mind to beauty and goodness wherever seen or felt — this can be accomplished by a voluntary act. To train the mind to appreciate, and to choose and govern — these are the great fundamental tasks which lie at the root of all education.

And with this education our sources of joy are enlarged. Not until we sound the depths of sorrow do

[1] Plato, *The Republic*, book III.

we know the reservoirs we have to be filled with joy. 'God giveth that which is good in his sight, wisdom, and knowledge, and joy.' The wise man puts it all in a sentence for us, the wisdom which cometh from above — this soul education which is so impossible to define; the knowledge the mind is so eager to acquire, and, as the crown of both, the legitimate fruit of both, joy, the last heavenly gift. Without this joy no good work is possible. It is the sustaining power sometimes called enthusiasm, sometimes satisfaction, always precious, always to be desired. This highest gift of Heaven, this gift which is good in God's sight, woman is peculiarly fitted to receive. If the deep abiding fountain of love in her heart is her greatest element of strength, then, indeed, she has a true and vital spark of the divine life in a peculiar sense. It is her great task to interpret the Divine Spirit in terms of every-day life. What countless men, the best of the world's leaders, have acknowledged their debt to their holy mothers! There have always been men to speak with tongues, and there must always be women to interpret. How close, then, to the source of all life must we women press, lest the light that is in us should turn to darkness!

It is because I believe with all my heart in the holiness of life that I stand here to-day. I believe that women have an increasingly important part to play in that life. With enlarged opportunities come increased responsibilities, responsibilities as yet unadjusted to unaccustomed shoulders. It is to cast my mite into the treasury of the world's experience that

I come. Wellesley has always stood for the high and ideal things of life. It is because I believe in Divine life among men, in the direct and personal connection of each soul with its Maker, that I dare to take up the great work you are committing to my care. Humanity without Divinity is of the dust that perishes. Humanity joined to Divinity can compass the impossible. Therefore, on this day, at this solemn hour of accepting a trust, I speak, not of knowledge, wide and profitable as is that field, but I speak of wisdom the gift of Heaven which must descend like gentle rain to fructify and fertilize, or there can be no harvest fit for the nourishment of man.

And so I take what you give me, promising with Divine assistance to be faithful to the trust.

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

1901

THE piety of the ancient Romans invoked the blessing of their god of the morning, not only at the new year, but on each day's undertaking. It was he who could look before and after, with an aged visage turned to the past, and a youthful one to the future. He was a literal 'Facing-both-ways.' Not in any deceitful sense, but with the wisdom of experience never daunted, and the courage of hope ever renewed, he presided at the beginning of each new undertaking, and opened the portal of the years. It is in a similar spirit, the human heart being much the same at this end of time as in the beginning, that we come to this day, a day of ending, and a day of beginning, a day of fulfillment and a day of commencement. It is fitting that we borrow the Janus mask and take a long look backward, and endeavor to pierce the future with our eager gaze.

The College bids her guests welcome. At no season of the year is she more lovely, more decked in festal array, and she welcomes her own back again with joy. She has a larger number than ever to return, and to the parents and friends of her daughters she gives a cordial welcome. The year has been one of quiet and steady work, marked by fresh inspiration derived from study abroad in many departments, by new plans in others, and personal enthusiasm in all. Most

notable as an addition to the equipment of the College is the beautiful observatory which crowns its hill, in which 'day unto night showeth forth knowledge.' This generous gift of an honored trustee, Mrs. Sarah E. Whitin, was opened with appropriate ceremonies last October. Wilder Hall has also fulfilled its first year of usefulness to the College and proved itself a most attractive place of residence.

The Latin Department has been equipped with a fine collection of photographs of recently discovered Roman remains, which have given vividness to the study of the classics, while the archæological work the department is carrying will fit students for further study in the Roman school. Nor does the Greek Department fall behind in interest, the professor in charge having recently been a lecturer at the school at Athens, and the department proposing to offer more work in philology for the coming year. So that Wellesley can feel that in the classics, for so long the only accepted foundation for a liberal education, she is doing good work.

The sciences hold their places. Botany, zoölogy, chemistry, physics, and the new science psychology, which seems to unite the physical sciences and what used to be called mental science — all have their devoted adherents. As a place for the study of natural science Wellesley is unequaled. Here are flowers for the gathering, and mosses and lichens for the collecting. Two small ponds have been constructed this year where the wonderful forms of growth on the border-line between animal and vegetable life may

flourish and multiply, until they find their end on a microscope slide. Here birds abound, and many are the eager students who note their habits and learn their calls. This opening of the eyes to nature, these habits of observation and research, this training of the mind in the uniformity of law, and in inference founded on experiment and experience cannot be too strongly commended. There can be no rent in Learning's seamless robe, no schism among her daughters, but to some of us it is a joy to see natural science taking its place as one of the great forces in the education of the present day. For this means not the development of the literary side of the mind; this means no achievement by acquisition; but the development of observation, of reason, of the thinking capacity of the mind itself, and carries it insensibly from what is seen and temporal to what is unseen and eternal, from life in the flower to the Source of life itself.

An important change on the academic side is the introduction of a system of honorary scholarships. These are in no sense competitive — they are simply a recognition on the part of the Faculty of the College of excellence of work. Students who reach a certain standard, carefully determined by the Faculty, are henceforth to be known as Durant Scholars, while those of the next rank are called Wellesley College Scholars. The object in establishing these honors is to lay emphasis on the intellectual work of the student.

Some most interesting work has gone on close under the eaves of College Hall in the new and rapidly growing science of psychology. The study of the mind it-

self has always attracted the highest powers of the mind. We are self-conscious beings; our own thoughts, our own processes of reasoning, our sensations, our perceptions, in their individuality, in their uniformity, have always been matters of profound interest. The mediæval idea of the absolute subordination of the body, the translation by which Saint Paul is made to speak of 'this vile body,' has gradually yielded to the advance of physical science as applied to the body itself. We have to see with such eyes as we have, we have to apprehend with such minds as we are endowed with; and when with these we perceive wonders almost too great for contemplation in the workings of our bodily frame as affecting our ethereal parts, the body itself becomes no longer 'vile,' but 'humble,' and the study of the laws by which we think and perceive becomes of the highest interest and value. Such studies have been carried on in the psychological laboratory, studies pursued under wise guidance and in a reverent spirit, studies connecting the old humanities and the newer sciences, and developing the mind of the individual student to the highest degree.

Nor are the arts neglected. The Farnsworth Art Building is in many respects the most beautiful of the College buildings, and here a full and varied course in the history of the arts sculpture and architecture, as well as painting, is given. The equipment for this teaching includes, not only a library, but a collection of over four thousand photographs. This last year for the first time three hours of studio work were allowed to count toward a degree when taken in con-

nection with some of the historical courses. Certainly training in art is a very important part of education; for it means training in values, in proportion, in perspective. The masterpieces tell one story, the emphasis is laid on one point. With fullness of detail, with variety of embellishment, with harmony of color, the parts are subordinated to the whole, one perfect thing is presented. To master this theory of presentment is a great thing. To see how the artist chose and selected, what details he entered into, what he left to the imagination — this it is to study life as well as art. The kindred art of music also is not neglected. The great composers have been studied, their works analyzed, an appreciation of form taught in new and original ways. But more than analysis, more than study of methods, the whole College has had the advantage of listening to the music itself, of having great works presented to it. This is one of the joys of music. One travels thousands of miles to Florence and Rome to see the wonders of the world of color; in our homes a trained musician with a good instrument can give us the masterpieces of the world of sound, can give us those harmonies which mightily move the spirit and provide it true nourishment. Music is the complement of all other studies. Demanding for itself high capacity for its mastery, it gives even the unlearned refreshment and comfort, and rests and stimulates the mind for further endeavor.

From a material point of view the College has made great gains. A year ago to-day I was able to announce that the debt which had so long burdened the College

was paid through the devoted efforts of the alumnæ, and that we could claim the promised sum of one hundred thousand dollars from Mr. John D. Rockefeller. We cannot be grateful enough for the courage and confidence which Mr. Rockefeller's promise gave us, in raising the money for the debt. The promised sum for the endowment was duly paid in the course of the summer. Just before Christmas I had the pleasure of announcing the endowment of two professorships, each in the sum of $50,000. The first one is for the Helen Day Gould professorship of Biblical History, given by Miss Gould in memory of her mother; the second the gift of Mrs. Clara Bertram Kimball, for the professorship of Art. It seemed to me a very happy conjunction, this endowment of the chairs for the study of truth and beauty. Both are gifts of women to women; and both are received with deep gratitude. A little later in the year came the gift of $25,000 from Mr. Hollis H. Hunnewell toward the endowment of the chair of Botany, which the Trustees voted to name in his honor, as an old and valued friend of the College. So that within the year over three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars have been secured.

Another noteworthy gift is that of a library of Italian Literature, including fifty manuscripts, from Mr. George A. Plimpton, in memory of his wife, Frances Taylor Pearsons Plimpton, a graduate of the Class of '84, and at the time of her death, in December last, President of the New York Wellesley Club. These valuable books are given with the condition

that the College provide a safe place for their housing. With the crowded condition of the Library at present, this is impossible. Efforts are being made to secure a library building, which is one of the pressing needs of the College, and when that comes we shall have this notable collection to add to our treasures.

The two windows in the west transepts are also beautiful gifts. Both are designed by La Farge, the Class of '90 presenting a memorial to a member of the class, and '91 presenting the window in memory of Miss Shafer, the wise and beloved President of the College from 1886 to 1894, an honorary member of '91.

We rejoice at these evidences of the prosperity of the College, and hope to see it develop in other directions. This is not the time nor the place to urge the needs of Wellesley — though it has them; rather let us consider what its aims are and how it tries to fulfill them.

Wellesley College was founded with the distinct object in view of the Christian education of young women. Our Quaker ancestors had a fine phrase, the 'guarded education of youth.' To the minds of those far-seeing men and women life was not a sea into which the young student was to be plunged to struggle blindly, to sink or swim. Rather, the muscles were to be trained, the body accustomed to its environment, the mind fitted to grasp the situation before venturing into deep water. It is to this old ideal of training that Wellesley clings. Freedom of choice to the individual is allowed in many respects, some fun-

damentals are insisted upon as essential. And first and foremost in the mind of its founder was the deepening of spiritual life, the building of character, the growth in grace, without which any true growth is impossible. To that end as a means of growth Wellesley has always made much of its religious services, both the daily morning service, the midweek service, and the Sunday services. One of the greatest additions to the College life has been the recent gift of the Memorial Chapel, this beautiful and dignified building in which we are assembled to-day. Here the College gathers for daily prayers, and the work of the day is begun by bringing it as an offering to be blessed. The College choir this year has had an important part in the service of praise, leading and inspiring us all. Here distinguished divines have come, offering their best thought for our help and encouragement. It must, indeed, be a careless soul who has not here been touched by the finer issues of life, and wakened to a deeper responsibility for right living. This place and this College stand for the hallowing of education, for the sanctification of life.

In vital connection with the care for the life of the spirit must come the care of the body. The earthly temple must be worthy of its divine guest, and for the proper physical development of its students the College has a jealous care. Our broad acres offer ample opportunity for out-of-door games and recreations. The College has no adequate gymnasium, but we are endeavoring to make good this deficiency in part, at least, by encouraging the voluntary participation in

various games and exercises — golf, running, rowing, tennis, la crosse, and others — for which students register in the department of physical training. This year many students have been swimming in the Brookline swimming bath, and there are five crews with about seventy members in training. The measurements of students have been recorded also. The freshman class has been measured, and it is hoped will be measured at the close of their sophomore year, and again at the end of their College course, that each student may have some record of her growth and development under the exercises which have been advised.

It was also one of the Founder's aims in establishing this College to train young women to become teachers. The education of children in this country is largely in the hands of young women, and it is most important that they should be fitted for this great trust. By the kindness of the town authorities several of the schools have been opened to our students this year, the Professor of Pedagogy taking a class, and her students being attentive listeners. In this way they have had the advantage of practical as well as theoretical pedagogy.

This year a series of lectures on Domestic Science has been given, for every woman should certainly know something of the value of various foods, and proper living. This subject should have greater attention in the near future, but a beginning has been made as a basis of departure.

For say what we will, a woman must know how to

be the 'ministering angel' of the poet's ideal, at which we sometimes smile superior. The everyday matters of conserving health, of nursing in sickness, belong to her, and how can she know unless she learns? Experience is a hard and stern taskmaster, and it is certainly a part of the guarded education in which we believe to prepare for the whole of life.

It is an interesting theme of research and study to note in the history of peoples and nations that the practical and the ideal often exist together. Israel was certainly a practical people, with its famous building achievements, its commerce, its gold from far lands, its worldly wisdom. And yet that very people has bequeathed to the world treasures of poetry and lofty ideals without which we can hardly conceive the life of to-day. Florence in her most famous days was a commercial city. The great Medici bankers supplied the sinews of war to many a foreign prince. They were days when men's lives were sold as mercenaries by the hundred, days of worldly getting and gaining. And side by side sprang immortal flowers of poetry and art. Dante and Fra Angelico, who were pure spirit, breathed this sordid air. The great men of the Renaissance were the children of this time.

Pessimists sometimes tell us that we have fallen on degenerate days. If they speak true, then it is time for regeneration. But in a time of great material gain comes the opportunity of the spirit. Truth we have always with us. It is for us to press our search if she conceals herself and veils herself in the unreal.

Women have this double capacity. The mothers of the race must have to do with material things; they must also unlock the gates of the spirit. The Preacher gives a picture of the virtuous woman, who not only 'considereth a field,' sees the advantage of its possession, 'but buyeth it.' She provides for her household so that she is not afraid of the cold, but it is surely for other qualities than these, or added to these, that her children rise up and call her blessed, and that her husband praiseth her. We must have women 'to warn, to comfort, and command.' To comfort? Yes, every weakling will agree to that; but a woman who is able to warn and to command must be a woman of trained mind, a woman of full and generous nature open on all sides to truth, carrying the weight of a strong and fine personality. The world needs such women as perhaps never before. Never before have women had such a respectful hearing, never before such large opportunity. The College has failed in her training if she cannot send forth young women as leaders who are fitted to command, not by any arrogant assumption, but by the force of their trained minds and the beauty of their characters.

The four years which might be productive years in a material sense are gladly given by young men, for the higher preparation for right living, for a fuller equipment of mental power, for storing the mind for future use. The corresponding years in the life of a girl are being more and more freely given. One result is that it prolongs youth, and youth is something to be cherished and prolonged. Is it not after all rather

a state of mind than a number of years? In the strenuous pioneer life of our ancestors, and the life of settlers in new countries, a man in what we call middle life is already old. In Eastern lands a woman is past the time of greatest physical vigor when our girls are only beginning to think of the cares of a household. College life certainly prolongs the period of preparation for life. But let us not make the mistake of thinking of it as apart from life. Life in college is very true life, very happy living. It is a life of few great relations; the student body on the one side, the faculty on the other, both existing for and by each other, with relations of mutual interest and helpfulness. It is a simple scheme of life, the life of the scholar and the life of the teacher. Within this broad and simple classification numberless adjustments and associations are possible. This last year has been marked by a quickening of student life, by the awakening of a sense of deeper responsibility, by a desire to assume duties and functions properly belonging, as it seems to me, to a body of students living together. The expression of this feeling has taken shape in the plan for student government which with great care and labor is now happily matured and adopted. The signing of the agreement by which the President and Faculty entrust to the Student Government Association 'the management of all matters concerning the conduct of students in college that are not strictly academic,' marks an era. The Association is charged to 'exercise the powers that may be committed to it with the most careful regard both for liberty and order, for the

maintenance of the best conditions for scholarly work, and for the religious life of the College.'

We are an isolated community at Wellesley, and are thrown much upon our own resources. It is most wise and fitting that the civic spirit should be aroused, that young women should here learn what it is to be a vital part of a community, what the duties of true citizenship are. Individual relations are easy to establish. Our woman's instinct tells us whom to trust, our natural tastes draw us together. Idiosyncrasies have often undue weight in forming our judgments, and college is certainly the place to find fellowship on the broadest human grounds. It is the place for the development of natural leaders. The student of real character is recognized, and there is no training like the criticism of one's fellows, unless it be their admiration, which to a generous nature is even severer discipline.

Results of this training are not lacking. Our two thousand graduates of Wellesley have gone out into the world. Of these many are teachers, and from their very profession are leaders, in the communities in which they live. Others are in college settlement work, while those in the privacy of their own homes are no less leaders of thought and action. There are missionaries in the foreign field — women who are giving their lives to minister to the souls and bodies of their fellows — who had their training and who deepened their inspiration here. Whatever talent a girl may have, whatever aspiration she sets before her, in the course of her study here, with wide intellectual

opportunities and practical contact with her contemporaries, she has ample scope for development and growth.

And now, having used the backward-gazing eyes of Janus, let us turn to the future, the perennially youthful and hopeful future. You who go out to-day are the latest crown and joy of the College which sends you forth, her representatives, her ambassadors, into the life which awaits you outside her gates. She has sheltered you in these lovely woodlands, she has guarded you with all the care wise experience could suggest, she has tempered your mind with hard tasks, she has wakened your enthusiasm with the beauty of wisdom. And now she sends you forth. What are you taking with you? She means to send you out truly cultivated women. Many of the details of your work will fade from your minds. The exact dates of your historical studies, you may not remember; but periods, tendencies, great movements, the life current of nations — these must form the background for all your thinking. The specific names of minute forms of life may escape you, but the great secret of the relationships and connections of physical science once revealed, the whole world becomes a different place to live in, the very stones and fields become eloquent with appealing voices. Many distinct contributions have to be made to form any whole. The mind cannot assimilate all; one subject finds a quicker response, one furnishes more food to grow upon than another. In college it is the time that

'A man's reach must exceed his grasp.'

Unless we aim at a star our arrow's flight keeps perilously near the earth, and because we have aimed high, because we can on occasion rise, the whole level of our everyday life is lifted. Our daily work must be well within our compass, or strain, fatigue, and failure result. If you have learned the lessons she would have you learn, the College sends you forth with something of the philosophic mind which can bear opposition, and turn defeat into triumph. Our circumstances we cannot control, our point of view we can. Nothing is hard that we do not make hard for ourselves; there is no situation that cannot be made tolerable by adjusting ourselves to it. Even if we have to strive against it with all our might, it is not intolerable, for we shall either conquer it, or it will kill us, and an end will come. But by accepting, by shifting one's point of view, by taking a larger grasp of the situation, this final alternative can hardly arise. What is our training for if in our everyday life it does not come into play, to soften, to smooth difficult passages?

Whatever special study we have had, it must all tend to simplicity. One main truth is to be presented, one law mastered.

'Oh, how I long to travel back,'

Henry Vaughn sings, and modern poets oppressed with the complexity of life echo his lines. 'Give me simplicity,' cries George Herbert. Our new phrases about the centralization of power mean the same thing. There must be a unity of purpose for any effec-

tive work. The chief end of man was sternly taught to our fathers; while we are apt to dissipate our energies, and set up idols of intellect for worship. We make graven images for ourselves just as truly as the ancient people, and there is no rest for the mind or the spirit till we recognize that our chief end is the service of God, and in that service find our freedom.

My life is like a vast great wheel,
I stand upon the rim,
God is the center and the sun,
My life is set toward Him.

When we can truly say this, when we long to seek Him above every other longing, then order and simplicity come into our lives, then all other things are added to us, and take their natural places.

And with the simplicity which a noble aim gives should come reverence. We live in an age of question, in an age when old beliefs no longer stand simply because of their venerable past. It is a time of the freest inquiry; a time of asking and seeking. And because we do seek, because we do inquire, should we not respect those who inquire also? We demand freedom for ourselves; we surely must accord it to others. And those others who lived before us, who were seekers in their day, shall we not take joyfully what light they can give? I would not have you reverent in any slavish way, but with true reverence inclined to give a respectful hearing, rather than with the spirit of the scoffer find external flaws.

And with reverence comes humility; the knowledge that one knows only in part, that there is al-

ways more to be learned, the putting aside of one's self, the open receptive mind which sees good in everything, and, while it can find God in the worm and the clod, can see Him where He is more difficult to find in some of His faulty children, ourselves, our friends and companions.

These are the scholar's virtues; and if the College has done her duty you will go forth from her walls not unacquainted with them. With the true simplicity which a noble aim can give; with reverence for the wisdom of the past; with humility as to your own opinions; with these you may confidently face what life may bring to you, for if in real humility and godly fear you devote your life to the service of God you cannot fail.

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

1903

As this Class of 1903 leaves the College walls, it is perhaps appropriate to pause for a moment and review the changes which they have seen since their entering four years ago.

The Class of 1899 graduated one hundred and thirty-two members; this Class has one hundred and forty-nine members. The numbers in College in 1899 were six hundred and eighty-six; in 1903 they are eight hundred and eighty-nine — an increase of nearly one third in the four years. This growth of the College has not been a growth alone in numbers, but in extension in many directions. Twenty new courses have been added to the curriculum. In several departments notable advances have been made, especially in the growth of the Departments of Art and of Music and of some of the sciences. The new Observatory has added very materially to the equipment of the College.

In 1899, while all the externals were in a flourishing condition and the busy college life went on, to those who had charge of the administration of the College there was a heavy cloud on the horizon. The College was burdened by debt; it had small financial resources and was living on its income from day to day. It was most important to make this beautiful fabric secure, and the task was one of extreme delicacy, that

of putting in foundation stones while the structure was already standing in apparent security. This task has taxed the patience and ingenuity of all those connected with the administration.

In the freshman year of this Class, in 1900, through the strenuous and devoted exertions of the alumnæ, the College was relieved from debt and the first endowment secured. The work has gone on steadily of increasing the foundation thus auspiciously begun. This year, it is with great satisfaction that I can announce the heating plant as received from the hands of Mr. Rockefeller. Last year at this time the conditions of Mr. Rockefeller's gift of a central heating plant were announced, and we promised to endeavor to secure one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to offset it. During this time friends of Wellesley have contributed one hundred and seventy thousand dollars, more than fulfilling the conditions. Of this sum eighteen thousand dollars is for scholarship endowment, and two thousand dollars is a gift from Miss Harriet Parker Kimball for the purchase of originals from the antique to be placed in the Art Building, to be known as the Day Kimball Donation. Deducting these sums, it gives us one hundred and fifty thousand dollars as permanent endowment, offsetting Mr. Rockefeller's gift. In this new money is included twenty-five thousand dollars endowment of the chair of Music, fifteen thousand dollars for the chair of Economics, and ten thousand dollars for a choir fund, for the support and encouragement of choir singing at Wellesley.

It is impossible to pass over this Commencement season without some brief mention of the great loss which the College has sustained in the death of its former President and honored Trustee, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer. How she would have rejoiced at this completion of the year's work in which she had so warm and keen an interest! Her heart was here at Wellesley and her devotion untiring to all that concerned its welfare. At the meeting which was held in the very month of her death, it was already suggested by her friends that some memorial should be made in her own College which should perpetuate her name and keep alive her influence. A committee of five, of which President Eliot was chairman, put the endowment of the Wellesley Presidency at the head of the list. I am happy to announce that a beginning of this endowment is secured and is included in the one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of College endowment already spoken of. To this sum, graduates and friends of Wellesley in widely different sections of the country have sent contributions. The Wellesley clubs all over the United States have added their quota, and friends and admirers of Mrs. Palmer have been glad to contribute to the fund which shall perpetuate her name in the College of her love.

There is also founded in her name and in honor of her memory the Alice Freeman Palmer Fellowship, which is endowed in the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars; the income to be used by one person appointed by the Faculty. The conditions of this Fellowship are already in the hands of the alumnæ. It is

founded in Mrs. Palmer's own spirit, open to any young woman, a graduate of any American college or university of an equal standing with Wellesley, who is not more than twenty-six years of age, and who has distinguished herself in the special studies to which she has devoted herself. It is the gift of a dear friend of Mrs. Palmer, whose benefactions to the College have already been great and of permanent and pervasive influence. But I venture to say that no gift to the College could be more rich in association and in inspiration than this gift of the Alice Freeman Palmer Fellowship, which we gratefully receive from the hands of Mrs. David P. Kimball.

Another loss closely associated with Mrs. Palmer's death is that of Professor Wenckebach, for nineteen years connected with the College, and the organizer of the Department of German, which has been famed throughout the land. Her devotion and friendship to Mrs. Palmer were always intense, and I cannot but feel that it was a touching coincidence that the two should have left this earthly life within the same month. Seldom has a college been called upon to mourn the loss of two such friends in one year.

We can feel that the work of putting in foundation stones is practically complete, and it must be with thankfulness and satisfaction that all friends of Wellesley see the College on a firm basis, ready as never before to prosecute the work which comes to its hand with vigor and energy. As each achievement opens new possibilities, I must suggest that the next possible gift to the College should be a library.

We have now fifty-four thousand volumes to house and use in very inadequate space. The library was built for three hundred students; we have now nearly nine hundred.

But while we rejoice in the material prosperity, at the growth in the numbers of the students, at the firm foundation upon which the College now rests, the greater rejoicing must be that it is thus enabled to carry out its ideals more fully, to sow precious seed in more and more young lives. The temporal foundation is more securely laid only that the spiritual structure, the temple not made with hands, may rise in better proportion, in more perfect symmetry, with a more noble grace. You, the dear girls before me, who go out after these four eventful years from the shelter of your College, you are the living stones to be built into that growing temple of service to your country and to your race. In your hands lies the future of your College. We have obtained something of the temporal goods we need for the best work. But the chief things are unseen and eternal, the ideal things we have been hearing of, which to-day with confidence and with joy the College commits afresh to all her daughters, as she welcomes into the goodly fellowship of those who have had their training here, this new class, with all its hopes and aspirations, this Class of 1903.

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

1909

This is a year in which we see the visible fruits of endeavor, the culmination of long and arduous effort. Two years ago at this time I was able to announce the approaching completion of the endowment fund to offset Mr. Carnegie's gift of a library. Two years of work had so far been expended. The settlement of the details was somewhat delayed. Last year the plans were perfected, and the site decided upon after full and careful consultation. And now, after more than four years of effort, we see the beautiful stone building rising among the trees.

I wish all friends of the College could have been with us that rainy afternoon, the fifth of June, when we gathered in the woods and our honored surviving founder laid her hand upon the great cornerstone and kept it there till it was safely swung into position. In the stone a box of treasures was placed: a statement of Mr. Durant's of the objects of the College, a photograph of the old library, and of Professor Horsford who gave the library funds, and all the current College publications. We stood in the soft spring rain, laying this new foundation, a foundation laid by the same loving hand which thirty-eight years ago laid the cornerstone of College Hall, when as yet there was only the vision of things to come. A daughter of the College wrote the hymn which we sang:

'Here shall the walls be wrought
And the stately fabric gleam,
A court for the kings of thought
And the emperors of dream.
Though the forms they wore are gone
Like shadow of flying bird,
Their spirits are clothed upon
With the immortal word.'

So another new beginning was made, for here

'Visions shall come and go
On the dreaming eyes of youth,
And here shall her chosen know
The countenance of Truth.' [1]

The plan of the Library includes a great reading-room, with windows on three sides. Besides the administration and stack rooms there are department libraries, and several seminar rooms.

One of our most precious possessions is the Frances Pearsons Plimpton Library of Italian Literature. These beautiful and rare examples of early printed and manuscript copies of Italian poets have been placed in the Billings Hall Library, but now will go to a room of their own, finished in old wood paneling which Mr. Plimpton is presenting. His interest has continued in the collection, to which he has constantly made very beautiful additions. This year the chief new treasure is a curious work on alchemy, by an author called Inattrami da Gubbio, which has over eighty marginal annotations by Tasso which have been certified to by the Prefect of the Vatican Library.

[1] Katharine Lee Bates, Class of 1880.

The Gymnasium we expect to be a model building, with its baths and office rooms, and it facilities for measurements and keeping records.

Shafer Hall speaks for itself, completing the imposing quadrangle of buildings in which three hundred and seventeen students will live. The problem of housing the students is a very pressing one. Even with these new buildings, not a freshman is on the campus, and with the increasing size of the classes serious inroads will be made in the sophomore class. All applications for entrance have been refused since early in January, and standards of admission rigorously enforced so that we have only a survival of the fittest. But more and more students apply. From forty-seven States they have come this year, and from six foreign countries — China, Japan, Persia, Canada, Nova Scotia, and Porto Rico. Our opportunities are great, but we are not able as yet to use them all.

There are gifts of interest to announce. Miss Ellen A. Kendall, a resident of Boston, died March 5, 1909. She left, by will, her estate (of approximately fifty thousand dollars) to found a professorship at Wellesley College, to be called the Ellen A. Kendall Professorship.

When she signed the will she said, 'I remember going out to Wellesley College with Mr. Durant and my father when the College was first started. I wish to leave my money where it will help young women.'

A survey of the last ten years reveals great changes. The faculty has increased from ninety-six to one

hundred and forty-nine, an increase of fifty-five per cent. The students have nearly doubled — six hundred and fifty-seven ten years ago, and twelve hundred and eighty-two this year. The Library has been greatly enlarged. It had forty-nine thousand volumes ten years ago and has sixty-five thousand today.

In round numbers the College has had a million three hundred thousand dollars given it during the ten years. A careful statement of some of the facts of growth has been prepared, which I hope friends of the College may be interested to see. But the old law of growth still remains true. We have had, but we still need, for there is the vital principle of growth implanted in the College which must expand. Funds for endowment and for buildings are still needed. I see with my mind's eye a stately science building rising not far from this Chapel, a building capable of expansion, with its clear windows admitting the pure light of day; a little farther away another dormitory center will come, and the heating plant for these two buildings must be added. Years do not make age in an institution such as this, for it is the seat of youth, the home of eternal aspiration. And this year it sends out the largest class ever leaving these walls, a class numbering two hundred and seventy-one, which has been distinguished for its loyal devotion to the College.

On the seventh of June the College had a very precious memorial presented to it, the most beautiful of all of its objects of art, and the most touching in its

intent and interpretation. Every true work of art has its own message to each beholder. It means greatly as the beholder can receive. But this memorial of Alice Freeman Palmer, executed by Daniel Chester French, and presented to the College by our Trustee, Edwin Hale Abbot, cannot fail to carry some measure of meaning and inspiration to the most careless observer. In their vote of thanks to Mr. Abbot the Trustees declare that the memorial is 'an exquisite portrayal of the spirit which characterizes a great leader. The artist has entered with rare sympathy and insight into the possibilities presented him, and has created an ideal embodiment of the brooding love which lies at the foundation of true womanhood, a love which is clothed with strength and serenity.'

It is in this spirit Wellesley sends out her youngest graduates. She remains, you go, for your lamp is lit at her altar. You enter that path of the just, which is as a shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

1910

To the Board of Trustees of Wellesley College:

The year 1909–10 has been one of completion, one of fulfillment of plans long cherished and worked for. Yet the year has brought an ever-deepening sense of loss in the death of Associate Professor Sophie Jewett, which was announced to the Trustees last November. It will be gratifying to all to know that there are to be visible tokens of her connection with the College. Her family proposes a memorial gift which shall be devoted to books such as she loved, for the service of the students; the department of which she was a member, with other friends, proposes to fill one of the windows in the angel transept of the Chapel; one of her devoted students is founding a scholarship in her name; one of her close friends on the Faculty gives a small library of choice books, to be placed in College Hall for the use of all the students; and the department has arranged a memorial library. So we have her name and her work closely associated with the future life of the College, as it has been in the past.

A suitable memorial to another gifted woman and beloved teacher has been completed during the past year. Through the generous coöperation of colleagues and former students of the late Professor Clara Eaton Cummings the collection of lichens, formed by

Miss Cummings and purchased by the Trustees as a gift to the College after her death, is now enclosed in a suitable mahogany cabinet, which occupies a dignified position in the rooms of the Department of Botany in Stone Hall. The cabinet bears a bronze tablet suitably inscribed, and the collection thus installed forms an appropriate and lasting memorial to one who was throughout life devoted to the advance of botanical science, and who reached distinction in a special department of the subject.

We must again express our gratitude to the preachers who come to the College with inspiring thought from Sunday to Sunday. This year we have to record the loss of a benignant presence which for ten years has made glad a winter Sunday. This year Bishop McVickar was obliged to send a telegram saying he would be unable to come for his appointed service. With all his friends we hoped that the illness from which he suffered would prove to be temporary, and not a premonition of the end. His beautiful charity, his simple earnestness, his piety and devotion made a deep impression in the College pulpit as they did everywhere, and he can have no more sincere mourners than his student congregations. Another able preacher and delightful guest, Dr. William R. Richards, has died during the year, and his ministrations are sorely missed at Wellesley.

One of my first proposals at Wellesley, in the autumn of 1899, was to abolish compulsory attendance on morning prayers. The plan was approved by only a small majority of the Faculty, but the Trustees per-

mitted me to make the experiment. With the beautiful new Chapel building and every external aid to devotion, I could not bear to have the service perfunctory, with monitors to mark attendance.

Much of what I hoped for has been attained. It is a very real moment of devotion when, with the first low note of the organ, a true call to prayer, every head is bowed, and the service begins with silent consecration. The hymn and psalm which follow, the Scripture lesson and prayer, and the closing recessional, make a brief service to the value of which I have had many touching testimonies.

But the difficulty is that the students who most need such a service are not there. It comes at half-past eight in the morning. That is early in winter, when one's room has to be left in order for the day. At the first service of the year and at special services the whole body of students is present; at other times the attendance is usually less than five hundred. From a third to a half of the student body come with some regularity; the other half — the half which most needs it — do not come except on rare occassions. The Chapel is large; not every leader can be heard. The question of a college chaplain naturally suggests itself, who shall be able to give attention to the personal needs of the students in times of stress which must come to every expanding mind. After eleven years of experience, I am not so sure as I was that permitting voluntary attendance is wise. Is there not danger of giving untried young people too much liberty, of expecting them to decide for them-

selves questions of lifelong importance, without the guidance of those who ought to guide? 'Here liberty of conscience is carried to an irreligious extreme,' one of the early divines wrote of Rhode Island. Is the same indictment true, in part, of the modern college? The paternal theory of government has been wholly discarded in many colleges. Now the tide is turning the other way. Absolute freedom of election is being curtailed, and it may be that in moral and religious training too much freedom has been given. The honor system could be expanded, and by it attendance on Chapel exercises controlled more than at present. The Sunday attendance is good, the Chapel is usually full; but attendance at morning prayers seems to me very important. When I was so often the leader, I could not make a frequent appeal to students to come. It might well be that my ministrations were not helpful; four times a week it was my regular duty to offer morning prayer. The main object of such a service is naturally the consecration of the day, an invocation of Divine help in all that it may contain. But there is no great good without lesser benefits, and the sense of solidarity, of community life, of college loyalty which is fostered by such a service is something which no college can afford to lose.

We are constantly told by authors of varying degrees of authority that the religious spirit of the country is dying out. Unless the colleges can foster and increase it, their work is profitless. A trained mind without a reverent spirit is a dangerous product. The whole question of religious teaching in schools is a

pressing one. The colleges must lead in showing the solution.

As the years go by, the inevitable changes come, and we begin to have professors emeriti. This year marks the close of the active teaching service to the College of Professor Mary Alice Willcox, for twenty-seven years head of the Department of Zoölogy. Professor Willcox was one of the early American students in Newnham College, Cambridge, England, and later, at the ancient University of Zurich, gained her Ph.D. To sound learning she has added a high enthusiasm for her subject and a spiritual insight and reverent wisdom which have made her a vital force in the College, inspiring her pupils and winning their profound respect. In the councils of the College she has been helpful, entering into all the problems of growth and expansion with keen interest. As Professor Emeritus, the College can still call upon her wide experience, while it wishes for her the refreshment of mind and body which release from active labor must bring.

The reports of the year's work which come to the President from twenty-five heads of departments show, as nothing else can, the enthusiasm and devotion of the Faculty to their chosen work. It is the joy of a president to have each department consider its needs as the most pressing of all the College affairs, even when such needs conflict and overlap, for it means the earnest effort of each professor, the high endeavor after perfection. When such a keen sense of the needs of special work is combined with a reasonable capacity of viewing the growth of the College as

a whole, the conditions are ideal. Such conditions I can truly say have prevailed at Wellesley to a very large degree. Some of the growth recorded in these reports is phenomenal, as in Musical Theory, from twenty-three students to one hundred and seventy-seven, and in the Department of Botany from fifty-two to three hundred and thirty-two.

The external changes of the past eleven years of my incumbency are obvious, and have been duly reported to the Trustees from year to year. Thirteen College buildings have been added, besides the five small society houses, and additions to Norumbega and the servants' dormitory. Five of these buildings are students' houses, Wilder Hall, and the four quadrangle houses; five are academic, the Observatory, Billings Hall, the Botany Annex, Mary Hemenway Hall, and the Library; one is for the general equipment, the Power House; and two are dwelling-houses, the Observatory House and the President's House.

The Power House was built in 1903, and, though it has been a disappointment in some ways, we must remember that eleven of these buildings have been added to its work, with only a slight increase in cost of running by the addition of extra boilers.

Four new departments have been created. The Department of History and Economics was divided in 1900, and Professor Katharine Coman, who had been at the head of it, made Professor of Economics, while Associate Professor Kendall became Professor of History. Professor Coman served the College as

Dean for the year 1899–1900, the year of my coming. The gratitude of the College is due to Professor Coman for a year taken from her chosen field of labor to help in the inauguration of a new administration.

In 1906 the Departments of English were reorganized and the courses in English Language, previously given, in part under English Composition and in part under English Literature, were grouped into a separate department, that of English Language. The electives in these departments are very large, and, as the subjects are more and more specialized, the division insured better results than had been possible before, good as the results always have been, under inspiring professors.

With the coming of the beautiful Observatory, a Department of Astronomy was the natural growth, and the old union of physics and astronomy was dissolved. Professor Whiting became the Director of the Observatory.

The fourth department is the new one of Hygiene and Physical Education, with Miss Amy Morris Homans as Director. The Trustees will remember the long negotiations with the Trustees of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics before the establishment of the department. They will also remember that Wellesley is pledged to carry on normal training, to supply teachers for this work. The Director of the department has recently stated the aims of this training so well that I cannot do better than quote her words:

> The need is this: teachers of human-race culture, who shall . . . inspire men, women, and children with the personal obligation to the State and to their species, of the best possible health attainable by the individual . . . the physical harmony that alone can render possible the greater ends of human life. Only such teachers can fulfill the true demand of physical education, which is education for physical citizenship.[1]

On the seventh of December, Mary Hemenway Hall was formally opened. The equipment of the baths, the rooms for measuring, the lecture rooms, and the great hall for exercises are certainly models of their kind. The fact that the building opens on the athletic grounds, where there are fields for tennis and basket-ball and an archery butt immediately to the west, makes the situation ideal for its purposes.

The first year of the work of the newly organized Department of Hygiene and Physical Education has been most successfully completed. A new building, into which it had to settle, new surroundings, and new opportunities, have made it a strenuous time for the Director. It is of interest to note the great demand for trained women in this work. Every one of this year's graduates who desires it has a position at a good salary. One of the prime objects of the College, as Mrs. Durant has told us, is the training of Christian teachers. With this new department, under the guidance of Miss Homans, Wellesley is fulfilling this task in a new direction. A gift of five thousand dollars for the furnishing of the library in the

[1] Amy Morris Homans: 'The Opportunity in Physical Education,' *Vocations for the Trained Woman*, p. 285. Published by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston.

Hall, from Mrs. Donald Scott, is gratefully acknowledged.

The whole community is awakened to the importance of preserving health, and fighting disease, not so much by medicine as by developing the physical powers of resistance. The Department of Hygiene and Physical Education at Wellesley is a new departure for a college, for it definitely undertakes not only to instruct college students in ways of right living, but to train such as elect special courses in the department to teach hygiene in other places. It seems to me a very important development of the College. Without health a woman's life is sadly handicapped. She is the natural guardian of the health of children. To maintain and improve her own health, whatever her walk in life, is one of the prime essentials of living; to instill right principles in those under her care is one of her highest duties. The department definitely undertakes to prepare her for these duties, and I beg that the Trustees will follow this work, now in its beginnings, with fostering care.

The year has been rich in material gains. In no one year in the history of the College have three such buildings been added to it as Shafer Hall, Mary Hemenway Hall, and the new Library. By great exertions, Shafer Hall, the fourth of the dormitories making the quadrangle, was opened just the day before College began in October. It is a duplicate of Beebe in construction, but has its own distinctive marks in the mathematical designs with which the windows are decorated in memory of the mathemati-

cian who was President of the College during six eventful years. This group of buildings certainly makes a very attractive and beautiful addition to the equipment of the College, with its Elizabethan towers rising at the four angles, and the Alexandra garden inclosed.

After years of patient effort, the Library is finally complete, and has been used by students during the spring term. Negotiations for it were begun in 1903. The offer of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars from Mr. Carnegie for the building, when an equal amount could be raised for endowment, was finally met in June, 1908. Then came a long and careful discussion of plans, in which we have to thank many persons for their coöperation and interest. Miss Caroline F. Pierce, the Librarian of the College, labored unceasingly to attain the best results. Our thanks must go to her first of all. The architects, Messrs. Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge, were most sympathetic and helpful. Various members of our Library Committee and the Committee of the Trustees appointed to have charge of the building were also untiring in their efforts to secure something which should be the very best for our purposes. Mr. Carnegie kindly added several thousand dollars to his gift that the building might be more complete. Our Acting Librarian, Miss Brooks, accomplished wonders in the moving of the library in the spring vacation. The results of these efforts are open for inspection. The building is entirely adequate to our needs, and has many special features of beauty. In it is placed the

Frances Pearsons Plimpton Library of Italian Literature in a room specially built for it. The conference room, the south room on the lower floor, is paneled with oak which came from Saint Mary's Church, Warwickshire, England, and is another gift from Mr. Plimpton.

A collection of historical value, consisting of documents, insignia, and memorials relating to Captain John Fowle and Major John Fowle, grandfather and father of Mrs. Durant, has been placed by Mrs. Durant in this room, and will reward the visitor's attention. The special rooms are of interest, and the stack is light and airy. The Society Zeta Alpha has given a beautiful table, and the Wellesley Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa the iron andirons in the great fireplace of the reading-room.

On the thirteenth of June, the seventy-eighth birthday of Mrs. Durant, the Library was formally opened. The first words spoken in it were by our honored founder; addresses followed by Mr. Fiske, who spoke for the Trustees; Mr. Plimpton, who paid a tribute to Professor Margaret H. Jackson for her masterly work in the Italian Library; Professor Palmer, who spoke delightfully on the uses of books; and Miss Brooks, the Acting Librarian, who spoke of our special treasures. At the end of the exercises, Miss Mary Colt, the President of the Freshman Class, lighted a torch from a light held by the President of the College, and presented it to Mrs. Durant. As Mrs. Durant lighted the fire and the flames blazed up the wide chimney, the whole company, led by the

choir, united in singing the hymn, 'How Firm a Foundation.'

In the time of my incumbency there has been great improvement in the administration of the dormitories. The problem of caring for over a thousand persons in a college community is no small one. Heat, water, light must be furnished, proper food supplied and served, and hygienic conditions maintained. All these problems are receiving serious study by the heads of houses, organized under Miss Olive Davis, the Director of Halls of Residence, and Wellesley is leading the way in solving many of the difficult questions which arise. Miss Davis's unselfish devotion to the interest of the College and her wisdom of administration must again be emphasized. I hope that the College may offer opportunities to its students before long to do work in Domestic Science, a work which the College itself is doing in its own administration.

The housing of students is also a question of the future and more buildings are needed. There remains one good site on Norumbega Hill, and concentration seems to be one of the fundamental factors to consider. The loss of time and energy involved in the walk to and from the village, sometimes as often as four times a day, is a serious thing. Now that Mary Hemenway Hall, at the west of the College grounds, is established, it makes a farther point to walk to. More dormitories must be planned for, and I trust will come soon.

With the building of the Observatory, the work in

astronomy was firmly established. The beautiful building of white marble, with its two domes and telescopes, and its good reading-room and class-rooms, makes a very delightful place of study. The Director of the Observatory has made it not only the center of her own department, but has extended its usefulness to the whole College by lectures on the passing phenomena of the heavens, as those on Halley's comet this year. Many a student outside the department of study has had her interest awakened and her horizon enlarged by a glimpse of the stars through the telescope of the Whitin Observatory. For all these things our thanks are due to Mrs. Whitin, whose gift to the College made them possible. Her generosity has not ceased with the gift, but is manifested in countless ways, making for the beauty and perfection of the building she has given, and the spread of its usefulness. The College should also remember with gratitude that it is to her interest in the College that we owe Pomeroy Hall, a bequest from a relative of Mrs. Whitin.

Billings Hall in much the same way has made the growth of the Music Department possible. When Music Hall was built there was a small hall for choral practice; the remainder of the building was divided into small rooms, each with its piano for individual work. There was no provision for the study of music in its larger aspects. The courses in Musical Theory had in the first year of my presidency only about twenty students. Instruction in this subject has been greatly expanded, with corresponding in-

crease in numbers. One class in the History of Music is elected by sixty students. At the dedication of Billings Hall in 1904 I said: 'With this new building it will be possible for us to develop the plan of laboratory courses, using music played by the students, or the instructor, to illustrate the courses in theory, and reading music as literature, as one would study the works of a poet. As music is the newest of the arts, it is also the newest of college studies, and there are infinite varieties of method to be tried.' I am happy to report a gratifying success in this new departure. We are teaching music at Wellesley in a way it has not been taught before, using not only laboratory courses, so to speak, but the Boston Symphony concerts as adjuncts to the work. An analysis of the symphony to be played is given by the Professor of Music on Wednesday afternoons, the themes are presented, the structure of the work explained, and portions of it played on the piano or organ. The department has a few tickets at its disposal, in return for the use of which students present a report of the concert. The classes in the study of harmony reach the stage of original composition. All the students can at least write a hymn tune correctly, just as all students of English prosody can write a four-line verse. How good either production is must depend upon the individual. There have been some interesting advanced studies for the Master's degree in Music and Psychology. The whole study of the art has been put upon a thoroughly sound and dignified basis.

On the practical side, the choir does much toward

the enrichment of the College life. The training of students in the choir is bearing fruit, as I personally know, in the development of singing in schools all over the country.

A full list of gifts received during the year is appended to this report. The largest sum, about fifty thousand dollars, is from the estate of the late Ellen A. Kendall, of Boston, and has been placed on interest according to the terms of Miss Kendall's will. A bequest of John Stewart Kennedy provides for a gift of fifty thousand dollars free from any condition, which in accordance with the terms of the instrument will be paid December 31, 1910.

At Commencement time other gifts to the amount of $12,836.50 were announced.

A gift which is of special value came from members of the Shakespeare Society, a portrait of Dean Pendleton, by Ellen Emmet. Miss Pendleton was made Dean of the College in 1901, and well and wisely has she filled her office. At a College dinner just before I left for my sabbatical year in 1906, I said of her what is still true, in speaking of the Department of Mathematics, that it gave us 'that calm, dispassionate, and orderly mind, which in its beneficent orbit keeps us all true in our courses.' Her clear, logical thought, her untiring energy, her absolute unselfishness, seeking the good of the College as it is given her to see it, has been my constant help and support during all these years together. There has been a very close and vital union between the work of the President and that of the Dean. This is not the place

to speak of more personal relations; but the old fallacy of the impossibility of the purest friendship existing between women is certainly disproved.

In the eleven years under review, 2163 Bachelor of Arts degrees have been conferred, and 76 Master of Arts degrees, as follows:

Year	B.A.	M.A.
1900	133	9
1901	114	7
1902	150	5
1903	149	8
1904	169	10
1905	208	8
1906	215	8
1907	248	6
1908	240	7
1909	272	2
1910	265	6
	2163	76

In making my final report I must again call the attention of the Trustees to the need of further endowment. A good beginning has been made, but it is only a foundation to build on. The question of college salaries is one which is demanding attention all over the country. Wellesley should not lag behind in a movement to better them. Other occupations are offering inducements which men and women with families dependent upon them cannot afford to neglect. The inspiring influence of a good college teacher is something that cannot be measured in material values, but the gift of a life can at least be recognized

by a salary which will put its recipient beyond actual need. Too many college instructors are obliged to write textbooks, to edit others, to accept every invitation to deliver lectures, not so much from love of the work as for the compensation it brings. Until colleges pay more adequate salaries they cannot expect to command the full time of their faculty. We often hear the words 'learned leisure' spoken in a derogatory way. There is no danger of that kind at present confronting us. On the contrary, it is a danger of commercial learning which we must face if the present small scale of salaries is to prevail. The colleges are the last stronghold of idealism, without which a country dies. Let us try to make conditions somewhat more ideal for those who make the college. Colleges of less than our size and equipment are carrying on active campaigns for large endowment. I hope the Trustees will see their way to organizing such a movement in the near future, setting at least a million as the goal.

The American college is the stronghold of democracy. It is women too often who insist on class distinctions, who tithe the mint and the anise and the cummin. If America means anything, it means an equal opportunity to all. But that can never mean equality in its literal sense. There are 'differences of administration'; there are and always will be. It is because the man in the street thinks he knows as much, is 'as good as' the economic scholar, that our national finances are in peril; that we are in danger of upheaval from strikes, from boycotts, from revolt

against laws of supply and demand by tariff manipulation, and artificial stimulus of the market which is bound to collapse. The college should teach true values. Every man is 'as good as' another as an individual soul; he is not as a thinking mind. It depends on what kind of mind he has, in the first place, and on what training he has received, in the second. To discriminate, to distinguish, to choose, is the duty of every educated person. To do this there must be a basis of knowledge which the college must impart. But beyond this, it must point the way to wisdom; it must never let its students rest in the letter; it must always point to the spirit which alone can make alive.

As I make my final report to your honorable body, I can only repeat what I said as I took up the task you entrusted to me: 'It is to cast my mite into the treasury of the world's experience that I come. . . . It is because I believe in Divine life among men, in the direct and personal connection of each soul with its Maker, that I dare to take up the great work you are committing to my care. Humanity without Divinity is of the dust that perishes. Humanity joined to Divinity can compass the impossible.' Therefore, at this solemn time of laying down a trust, it is again of wisdom I would speak — of wisdom which is the end of all knowledge, of wisdom which can pierce beyond the visible with the eye of faith, of wisdom which is the attribute of God Himself, which every college that is worthy to endure must strive for, must impart to those who come to it for learning, must seek

for as the pearl without price. With such hopes for the College, with such aspirations, I lay down my work at Wellesley with gratitude for eleven years of full and happy life.

SOME DANGERS OF STUDENT LIFE

FOR THE FACULTY-STUDENT CONFERENCE AT WELLESLEY, 1901

One of the most delightful of the preachers at Wellesley last year in accepting the invitation to preach asked if he should select some special subject, or preach to us as 'just ordinary sinners!' Of course he was told the latter. The minute we separate ourselves as college women and college girls we make a great mistake. We have no privileged class in America. The instant any community or any individual sets itself apart — the instant it claims privileges and immunities whether on the score of scholarship or position or wealth — that instant it becomes a source of danger to the community, and that instant its own degeneration begins. Every individual, every collection of individuals, is a part of the whole commonwealth. When contribution to the good of the commonwealth ceases, the reason for being ceases. Such moribund communities or persons may exist for a while, an excrescence on the body politic. The healthy community has a vital connection with the whole of its environment. So in speaking on tendencies in college life, I want to speak to you, not as a distinct class of college girls, but rather as a body of young women, rather as our delightful preacher called us all, 'just ordinary sinners!'

Overzeal and anxious haste are dangers to guard

against in such a life as ours. Presumably we are all here with a purpose. That purpose must not be lost sight of; on the other hand, it must not be so relentlessly pursued as to make our work selfish. The end we propose for ourselves may be a very partial good. The kind Providence that shapes our ends may put hindrances in the way, may hedge us in with obstacles, may force us into another road. The wise woman will regard such experiences as leadings, and out of thwarted plans construct a triumph. The things that come to us by the way, the unexpected blessings, are often our truest gains. If we blindly rush on a self-appointed course, these wayside gifts are too often missed. Do not feel in a hurry; cultivate a calm and contented mind. If you are sure of seeking a right end, take gladly all the gifts that are added. In the haste which so many of us feel there is danger of forgetting the courtesies of life. Courtesy takes time — only a very brief fraction of time — but, more than that, it takes self-control.

On one of the great railroads which cross the continent, after a long dusty ride the train stops at a pleasant station surrounded by lawns and gardens, and a little bunch of flowers is given to every lady in the train. This evidently is meant as a courtesy and to give pleasure to the passengers. The last time I passed over that road, a half-grown boy came hurrying through the train and flung the flowers almost in our faces, with such carelessness that what was meant for a courtesy became almost an insult, and the instinct was to fling them back. It may be that the

train was late, and there was really no time — but the carelessness and haste robbed the attention of all its grace.

So it is in everything. Care and time are needed, and to that end self-control, to exercise the care and expend the time wisely. Busy physicians know this principle. The successful doctor comes into his patient's room serene and tranquil, giving the impression that he has all day at his disposal, when in fact he must make fifty visits. He will very probably stay not more than ten minutes, yet by giving his attention absolutely to the case in hand will not only understand it himself, but give his patient the sense of security and repose.

After all we have all the time there is. No invention of man can extend it. We must tax our ingenuity to use it. And wise use of time includes time for rest — not only the needed time for sleep, but time when we can draw a long breath and say there is nothing to do! There must be time for assimilation, and there must be time for recreation. The old saying is a true one — 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy!' Paradoxical as it sounds, it is none the less true that a person can do two things better than one. A secondary pursuit rests and refreshes one for the main object. The mind which is trained to activity cannot rest in idleness. Some other form of occupation must be found — or it will turn in upon itself, and in constant attention to its own progress becomes dwarfed and stunted.

This brings us to the large question of recreation in

college life. The best of all recreation for any one who has to lead an indoor life, and who is studying, is some form of out-of-door exercise — some game or sport which will give free play to cramped muscles, and fresh air to contracted lungs. Much greater freedom in all these ways of exercise has come to women of late years. The bicycle and the short skirt mark the beginning of a period of real emancipation. The good effects are obvious in the increased stature of our girls, in a stronger physique, in greater independence in many ways. And yet with every good there is the possibility of carrying it to an extreme. In the enjoyment of the freedom a short skirt gives, some girls walk as if skirts were unnecessary. I know of a college graduate — not of this college I am happy to say — who, on making a first call on some ladies, swung herself on to a high window-seat and literally kicked her heels! This seems to me neither what used to be called 'pretty behavior,' nor sensible — for she certainly made a very bad impression when she meant to make a good one. Extremes are always dangerous.

The question may arise as to what games it is proper for girls to engage in. Is it wise for them to undertake all their brothers do? It seems to me there is a broad principle which lies at the root of the reply to this question. We must face facts. Girls are not men — and should not pretend to be men. Anything done out of mere imitation is a spurious thing. Because men do so and so is no earthly reason why women should. Reason for action must lie far deeper than that.

Personal modesty is a most precious virtue both for men and women. The instinct of modesty, the 'noli me tangere,' which every girl has, is something to be guarded and heeded. Any game or sport, therefore, which involves personal handling I consider unsuitable for women. Man is a fighting animal — and the general 'mêlée' of a football match finds its defense in the fact that he is. But for women to become fighting creatures means to go back to savage times, or to the worse than savage times of the French Revolution. All games of skill, all sports which develop grace and strength, are most appropriate. As examples of the distinction I make I should consider wrestling unsuitable, while fencing would be entirely proper. Football in the same way would be under the ban, while basket-ball with its strict discipline is appropriate. Anything, in short, which involves the exercise of brute force directed against each other in personal contact I should deplore, while all games of skill are admissible. It is unnecessary to speak of personal liberty. Each girl's room should truly be her castle, and, if so, how much more the temple of her spirit, her physical body. No possible restraint of freedom of action by any class or body of students imposing their will upon any other class or body should be tolerated.

The development of physical strength is most important. Without health and strength woman leads a half life, a drag to herself and to her family. I have heard a woman say she was 'too conscientious,' that if a thing was to be done she never stopped to con-

sider if she had the strength for it. This seems to me absolutely unconscientious — and not only unconscientious, but stupid! She foolishly used up what strength she had till she was a confirmed invalid. It would have been far harder for her to have controlled her energies and guarded her strength, but in the end it would have paid her. We women need all the strength we can have. We never know what calls may be made upon it. We must have extra reservoirs of it to fall back upon.

And without strength grace is impossible. It is the strong who are most sure in their motions — who step with the lightest tread, who have the gentleness which goes with strength, and which should belong to a fully developed woman. This gentleness is one of the most beautiful qualities of the race. How King David prized it, when at the summit of his power he exclaims, 'Thy gentleness hath made me great.' It is this gentleness of strength which is the real thing to strive for — to gain strength, not so much to be strong, but to be strong that we may be truly gentle.

If the sensible girl should be guarded in her actions, she should be no less so in her speech. It is a capital exercise in English to find equivalents for slang phrases. The jargon which creeps into use is often picturesque and adds flavor to conversation. But is it always an agreeable flavor? We should often be shocked if we could trace the origin of some of the words which slip so lightly from our tongues. Clean speech is as essential to a pure woman as clean hands. I have seen pretty girls who resemble the princess in

the fairy tale, who was lovely to look upon, but the instant she spoke frogs and toads leapt from her mouth. I have often wondered if the old myth meant that she spoke horrid things or spoke in a croaking voice. Both are to be guarded against. A pleasant and musical voice can be cultivated. Imitation is an important factor in this matter. The girl who goes abroad with a harsh, disagreeable voice often returns with pleasant modulations unconsciously copied from the English voices she has been hearing, only to relapse again after a short stay at home. In a community like ours, a bad voice or a good voice is catching. Let us each see that we give an example of the kind we admire.

After all, much of the real education of college comes from the association with one's fellows. It is our contemporaries that help us most. Older friends are inspiring, persons with larger experiences awaken dormant possibilities. Reverence and admiration, two very helpful states of mind, are fostered by contact with older people; but it is those of our own age and condition whose frank criticism and loyal friendship play the most important part in forming character. It is a true saying that a man is known by the company he keeps. There must be some fitness of the person to the company, or he would cease to keep it, and the company would cease to retain him. It is for this reason that college associations are so important. Students meet in the class-room; but they also need the freedom of social contact for which college life furnishes ample opportunity. This is a

real need, and time for social intercourse should be given, and arranged for just as much as for class-room work.

But there is a serious danger of overdoing the matter. A girl who has dramatic talent and uses it for the college makes a real contribution to the pleasure of her fellows, and so to the good of the community. But she must ask herself seriously how much time she can afford to spend on such matters. No good work can be done without effort — and effort brings its own reward. As long as she can keep the balance true between these two, she is safe. The moment fatigue sets in, she must bethink herself seriously if she is not using strength which is really dedicated to other ends, by the very fact of her being in college. The effort to reach perfection is a laudable one, but there should be a strong, sensible will to control this effort — which should be able to say 'thus far shalt thou go and no farther.' The matter of entertainments in rooms is also a source of danger. When one is away from home, nothing is pleasanter than to gather a few friends about the tea-kettle, or a chafing-dish, and offer them such entertainment as would be simple and natural in a pleasant home parlor. It is a good thing to do — hospitality is a virtue to be cultivated — and the pleasant intercourse fostered by the cheering cup is to be prized. The danger is of overdoing it. When girls not only offer the entertainment, but have to put their rooms in order again, and clean their chafing-dishes, it all takes time, and the same question arises, as to the right one

has to use time in this way and then hurry to the necessary duties. Haste always means waste, of nervous strength if of nothing else, and that is just the most dangerous expenditure which a college girl can possibly make.

There is a danger, too, in the improper use of Sunday. The Sabbath should be a day to turn absolutely aside from the cares of the week — a day of real spiritual refreshment, a day to think high thoughts, a day truly to rest in the Lord. How few of us use it to its full advantage! How many make it a day of physical rest and social intercourse, ignoring its finer and higher capabilities! We have all heard of the silent time which used to be required at Wellesley. Each girl for herself should keep her own silent time at least once a week.

> 'By all means use sometimes to be alone.
> Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear.
> Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own,
> And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.'

This Sunday ought to do for us, and we should begin the week anew with fresh courage, with higher hopes and stronger purposes.

I have touched briefly on three phases of college life in which lie elements of danger, not only to the success of a college career, but to the formation of character — which is the great result to be attained by all training — the danger of hurry, the danger of roughness, and the danger of social dissipation. All these dangers point to one safeguard. All demand the

mastery of one's self. This is the great lesson of life. We must attain something of Saint Paul's conception of the body; we must bring our members under subjection. And more difficult than subduing our bodily members is the control of the vagrant fancy, of the vivid imagination — of the strong emotions which are the endowment of our womanhood. These must all have play — or we shall become stupid prigs, not broad-minded women. It is unsafe to seal up any spring, whether of water or of feeling — for it will surely burst its bonds. But it must be directed into channels of usefulness. This each must do for herself in the last resort, but there are helps and guides and danger signals along most paths. Such a help and such a guide I hope these meetings for conference may become. We have all one end in view. We are all seeking the highest development, not for the sake of the development, but to become equipped for service, and in the very development the opportunity for service comes. We do not have to wait like the butterfly shut up in a chrysalis till the bonds are burst and our wings are able to bear us. All along the path we are treading are flowers to be gathered for the stooping — all along are services to be rendered by those who have eyes to see them. Let us not look anxiously forward. Now is the time we are living, now we must live or not at all. It is to make this life stronger, purer, freer that we come together to consider its possibilities.

ADDRESS TO HONOR STUDENTS

1905

We welcome you to the fellowship of scholars. This College, all the colleges in our land, exist for the training of the mind, for the cultivation of intellectual powers, for the introduction to that wisdom which shall lead in the way of righteousness. College life opens many paths, secures wide opportunities; and yet it is the actual intellectual work for which we are here which should be the first and foremost pursuit of every student, however delightful and enticing other activities may prove. Education for women as it is pursued in this College is a new thing; it behooves us, if we care for it at all — and since we are here, that is proof that we do care — to prove ourselves worthy of it.

The announcement of this honor list is in no sense a result of competition. No rules are given, no inducement offered. The only inducement the College can offer is the call to effort which she makes to each student alike. The best that is in us must respond; sound and honest work must bring out the best of each student's own nature. We rejoice that these students whose names are read to-day have attained a very high standard of excellence, and that they have proved worthy of honor and recognition by the College.

The other day in that dramatic scene in the Har-

vard Union, just after the conferring of the degree upon Prince Henry, when the Emperor's cablegram of congratulation was read by the Prince, that was the subject of the Emperor's message. 'The best gift of America to you,' the Emperor called it, the gift upon which he sent his warm felicitations. And it was, as all the best things are, an intangible gift, the gift of being enrolled among that society of scholars who have made New England famous, and who have shaped the policy of the New World. Of the men who direct that society of scholars, President Eliot said, each one has descended from families who for seven generations have been serviceable to the State.

By virtue of being members of this College, we all join in some such goodly fellowship, and it becomes our pride and our joy to set the seal of approval upon those students who do us honor. We all rejoice in their success. The whole College is honored by their honor, for they most nearly approach our ideal; they show us what a college girl ought to be.

The day of cloistered learning has gone by; knowledge for service is what we seek, wisdom to lead us in paths of judgment. From these care-free years, these happy years of study, you should go forth with trained minds and high purpose, with the sound wisdom and understanding which has strength not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

And may the Lord bless you and keep you, and cause His face to shine upon you, and give you peace. Amen.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN MEMORIAL

ADDRESS IN HOUGHTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL, DECEMBER 2, 1900

'I HEARD a voice from heaven saying, Write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Yea, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' This is true of the work of every good man who has done any good work in the world. We can rejoice that they rest from their labors, and rejoice more especially that their works do follow them. For every work that is done, if it is good work, is done with the power of the Lord and must live in the world in which it has been wrought. This is true of material things. The man who builds leaves his buildings; the man who invents leaves his invention; the man who cultivates the ground leaves his fields to his successors. The work that a man does, if it is good work, remains behind to bless. If this is true in a material sense, how much more true is it of the man who has worked in realms of spiritual thought! The artist leaves behind him his canvas — something tangible, something to be looked upon by coming generations. The worker in plastic art has the great advantage of leaving something which appeals to the sense of sight, something which is unchanging in its nature until the progress of decay shall disintegrate its very substance. In a literal sense their works remain. The worker in the highest spiritual realm of

art, the worker in musical form, leaves behind him work which depends for its life upon the touch of life which another shall give to it. He leaves manuscript, bare notes written upon paper, lifeless things which are unchangeable, without power of evoking emotion or fulfilling their purpose until the touch of another hand, the inspiration of another mind, comes to their aid, when they breathe forth the life which their creator inspired. This is the great limitation and the great glory of music at the same time. It is a new creation at each hearing. It passes; it is gone; whence it came, whither it goes, who shall tell? It leaves behind it not any material sign, but a precious memory. These memories form the basis of our lives. They are our only continuity of life — the remembrance of friends gone before; the remembrance of happy hours past; the remembrance of sights; the remembrance of harmonious sounds. These constitute our mental furniture; these enter into the subconscious self out of which our conscious action proceeds. It is the glory of the musician to minister to this high need of the human mind, and in the great man whose life we celebrate to-day we have a noble example of what it is to leave works behind for the enrichment and elevation of the whole people.

Art in England has always been religious. The painters have taken their inspiration not only from religious subjects, but their whole attitude of mind has been a religious one. Art is taken seriously. This is particularly true of the art of music. Handel, although not an Englishman, put the impress of his

mighty genius at its formative period on English art, and traces of his method and of his thought remain in all English music. The great cathedrals of England fostered the ecclesiastical expression of the musical idea. The Festivals of Three Choirs, the Yorkshire Sings, the great Worcester Festival, all of these are national institutions which have promoted the expression of religious and ecclesiastical music. To this branch of music Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose work we commemorate to-day, has made great contributions. We often think of him in connection with the lighter phases of his genius, but his lasting and serious work is in the oratorios which he wrote — 'The Light of the World,' 'The Prodigal Son,' 'The Martyr of Antioch' — his incidental music for the dramas of Shakespeare, his symphony, and in his songs and hymns. In the hymn book which we use there are seventeen tunes and arrangements from his hand. 'Saint Gertrude,' to which we sing, 'Onward, Christian Soldier,' is known and loved all over the world. 'Angel Voices' and 'While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks' are sung at every Easter and Christmas season to his tunes, and all through books of hymns the impress of his hand is found.

He was born on the thirteenth of May, 1842, and inherited his love for music from his Irish father, who was for many years a bandmaster. His first instruction in music was as a choir boy in the Chapel Royal, from twelve to fifteen years of age. His voice was sweet, in style more sympathetic than that of most of his companions, and already at this time he began

to write anthems and sacred songs. In 1856 he won the Mendelssohn Scholarship, being the first scholar on that foundation at the Royal Academy of Music, and studied under Goss and Bennet. Then came Leipsic, with Richter and Hauptmann, and Plaidy, and the thorough training which was the basis of his after-work. In 1866 his overture in memory of his father, called 'In Memoriam,' was written. Three years later came his first oratorio of 'The Prodigal Son,' and from that time on every year produced a work for some of the great festivals. 'The Light of the World' was surg at Birmingham in 1873 for the first time. Forty-seven hymn tunes are of his composition and numberless anthems and songs. He was himself the organist of Saint Michael's Church almost as a lad, and when only twenty-five became organist and director of the music of Saint Peter's Onslow Gardens, which has always the reputation of having as fine music as any in England. Cambridge and Oxford both honored him with the degree of Doctor of Music; the first in 1876, the second in 1879, and on the fifteenth of May, 1883, he was knighted by the Queen.

While a student at Leipsic he became an ardent admirer of Schumann, and longed to do for English songs what Schumann had done for Heine, and Schubert for Wilhelm Müller. He began setting some of the Shakespeare songs about this time, and in 1866, when only twenty-four years old, secured a promise from Tennyson to write for him a song-cycle after the German manner. Tennyson fulfilled this promise by

writing eleven songs called 'The Window, or the Songs of the Wren,' which were printed at the Cranford Manor Press in 1867. November 4, 1870, Lady Tennyson records that Mr. Sullivan and Strahan the publisher came to Farringford to arrange for bringing out the completed work. Tennyson wrote a brief preface. He 'drest up' for Mr. Sullivan, he says, 'partly in the old style, a puppet whose almost only merit is, perhaps, that it can dance to Mr. Sullivan's instrument.' Readers of the songs, I fear, will be quite inclined to agree with their writer's estimate of them, but Sullivan made them far more than 'dance.' Some of his best writing is found here, and had he had such songs as Schumann and Schubert had to deal with, — songs which were songs, music or no music — these compositions would be widely known. The literary side of his art always appealed to Sullivan. His music for the songs in 'The Tempest' came about this time. Incidental music for 'The Merchant of Venice' was written in 1871, and that for 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' and 'Henry VIII,' a few years later. His settings of some of Adelaide Procter's songs, especially 'The Lost Chord' — into which he poured the sorrow he felt at the death of his brother — have become exceedingly popular. But his music, however popular — even 'Pinafore' and 'The Pirates' and the other light operas — all has a distinction and refinement. He was too good a musician to write less than his best. If it is a melodious trifle he gives us, it is light and graceful, frankly a trifle; and one feels that it is the effervescence of a rich and full nature, with a

trained mind more capable of serious work because of the capacity of humorous lightness.

Of his great skill as a technical musician I need hardly speak. His learning is shown in the splendid contrapuntal passages in 'The Light of the World,' and in the solid and stirring harmonies of his choral movements. The German ideas of Bach in him found an English expression, sane, wholesome, strong, with a firm assurance of faith which carried its own vision. As an example of the sort of work in mind, I mention 'Oh, Gladsome Light,' from 'The Golden Legend.' His learning as an antiquarian musician is shown in the use which he makes of the ancient hymns of the Latin Church, the 'Hymn of Saint Hildebrand' and other hymns of the Middle Age. It is a notable fact that so many of his tunes are named in mediæval fashion — 'Lux Mundi,' 'Proprior Deo,' 'Resurrexit,' 'Septem Voces,' are some of them. He had a fondness for the historical and for the reverent and honorable usages of ancient times. In a day when trivialities are too often introduced into the service of the Church, the propriety and dignity of his music cannot be too strongly emphasized. He would have repeated with Browning:

> 'Our best is poor, nor stands Thy test:
> Still, it should be our very best.'

And it was his very best that he brought to the service of the Church. So it is most fitting that all who care for church music, all who believe it to be a genuine part of the service of worship and praise, should meet to consider the contribution which this man has made

to it. He died on November 22d, and the vast assembly at Saint Paul's at his funeral last Tuesday testified to the honor in which he was held.

In thinking of him, let us remember that the art of music needs sympathetic interpretation, that each performance of a work is a new creation. The written page must be changed into the vibrating reality, the music itself must be its own fulfillment. Let us listen, then, to some of the works of the man whose life we commemorate, that we may rejoice in his labors, and give him due meed of reverent praise.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE
HOUGHTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL
Sunday Afternoon, December 2, 1900
COMMEMORATION OF
SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN
(May 13, 1842 — November 22, 1900)

Processional	'Onward, Christian soldiers'
Prayer	
Anthem	'Turn Thy face from my sins'
Commemoration Address	
Bass Solo Recitative and Aria	'Bring forth the best robe' [1]
Soprano Solo	'My soul doth magnify the Lord' [2]
Organ, Meditation on	'Brother, thou art gone before us' [4] and 'Oh, gladsome light' [3]
Tenor Solo	'Refrain thy voice from weeping' [4]
Sacred Part-Song	'The Homeland'
Bass Solo	'The Lost Chord'
Recessional	'Angel voices, ever singing'

(The music entirely from the works of Sullivan)

PRESIDENT HAZARD
MISS KELLY, *Soprano* MR. RAY FINEL, *Tenor*
MR. FRED MARTIN, *Bass*
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR MACDOUGALL at the organ

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[1] 'The Prodigal Son.' [2] 'The Light of the World.'
[3] 'The Golden Legend.' [4] 'The Martyr of Antioch.'

IN MEMORY OF QUEEN VICTORIA

ADDRESS IN HOUGHTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL
SUNDAY, JANUARY 27, 1902

It is peculiarly fitting that a woman's college should hold some special service in recognition of the Queen who has just entered upon the higher life. There have been women from time immemorial who have shaped the destinies of nations. The earliest historic writings make mention of them, and later the destinies of France and Russia at various times have been controlled by women of great power and great ability — not always of great goodness. When these three elements are united in one person, the influence is vast and far-reaching, and in Queen Victoria they were united in a most remarkable degree. Those best informed of her methods of conducting affairs assure us that she herself kept the business in mind; that she herself formed the policies which directed the government of the new countries which have been added to her kingdom during her reign. She had the wisdom to call to her aid wise counselors, and in the formative period in which she lived England was rich in men. That, after all, is a country's true wealth, not its material prosperity, but the wealth of intellect and of spiritual power which at any time it possesses. When we consider the Queen's reign, the great material advances during the period of her life, the inventions of machinery, the introduction of

steam, the conquest of the whole new realm of electrical power — they are, after all, the achievements of the minds of men. It is the men who make the glory of her reign; and if in these conquests over the material world she was rich and England reaped the reward, it is no less true that the intellectual and spiritual gains have been larger in her reign than during the reign of any one sovereign.

Her great laureate will live in the hearts of men forever associated with the Queen for whom he wrote and for whose approval he looked as his highest meed of praise. He is a conspicuous instance where genius was recognized, and the persistent offer of a peerage, often refused, was finally accepted. Nor was Tennyson alone among the poets of her day. Matthew Arnold, the Rossettis, Swinburne, Arthur Hugh Clough, and a list of lesser luminaries, with Browning — the prophet of the century — make a galaxy to ennoble any period of time. In the domain of science what numerous gains have been made! With the theory of evolution adopted as a working theory, the mind of man has taken a far reach into infinity. In the realms of art how many men has she encouraged! The list of those whom she has knighted would be a long one, both for achievement in art and in music. She herself was well trained by Landseer, and some of her pencil sketches made in the Highlands, and the etchings which she made with Prince Albert, are in every way creditable productions. And imagine having played concerted music with Mendelssohn as she and Prince Albert did in their own drawing-room!

Mendelssohn was one of her favorite composers, and through the Prince's interest in music and her own ability — by no means small — she was actively interested in fostering musical art all through her country. The great Royal Albert Hall, where the concerts are conducted, was her own conception, and the men who have conducted there have frequently received the honor of knighthood at her hands, Sir Joseph Barnby being one of the latest. Sir George Grove, whose scholarly work in classifying and arranging his dictionary of music and musicians was recognized by the honor of knighthood, Sir John Stainer and Sir Arthur Sullivan, who also was much esteemed by the Queen, are examples of cases in point. Throughout her realm she made it her duty to know what was best in literature and in art and in music, and to give it the royal recognition.

With the multiplicity of public duties and the ability which she had in managing the affairs of her empire, she had a wonderful capacity for detail. England is full of stories of her carefulness. On one occasion the Duke of Saxe-Meinigen was to dine with the Queen, and she sent word to the master of her household that she wished a certain set of porcelain to be used at the state dinner in the evening. The consternation of the officers of the household was great, as no one remembered the service as the Queen described it. Her accuracy of memory, however, was well known, and a very careful search revealed the service required, carefully packed away. It had been sent as a present to the Queen more than twenty years before by a former

Duke of Saxe-Meinigen, and had been used but once. As a compliment to her guest she wished to have it used when he dined with her for the first time.

A charming story is also told of her delicate attention. On the occasion of her diamond jubilee in 1897, Lord Roberts had just come home from India, and the Queen inquired of him what horse he was to ride in the procession which he was to lead as field marshal of England. He told her it was a white Arab which had been in many campaigns with him, and which by a happy coincidence reached his twenty-fifth birthday the day of the Queen's jubilee. To the delight of Lord Roberts and all his friends, on the morning of the jubilee a large silver star was sent with request that the horse should wear it, as a special decoration from the Queen, and in memory of his long period of service. Such kindly deeds endeared her greatly to the hearts of her people. Her own losses had broadened her sympathies, and all who were in affliction or distress could count upon the tenderness of her heart. She had very delightful friends. Lady Augusta Stanley was one of her chief intimates, whom she had the sadness of losing many years ago. The Duchess of Buccleugh was also one of her dear friends, and for many years the mistress of robes, one the chief offices of court. She also died before the Queen, who of late years lost many of her contemporaries.

Her fondness for the out-of-doors was a very notable feature in the Queen's private life. In Scotland at Balmoral Castle she spent most of her days out of doors, and even in Windsor she had a summer house

which could be thrown open, in which she breakfasted and to which her mail was brought every morning. There she dictated dispatches and received secretaries. This habit of living out of doors no doubt conduced to her long life, and certainly to her health. It was remembered by many Englishmen with anxiety that there was a touch of insanity in her family, and the Queen was said to be fully aware of the fact that she needed much fresh air and exercise to keep her mentally sound and sane. That in the stress of all her multiplicity of affairs she did this shows her strength of character.

In England a chance visitor saw very little of her. But if she happened to be on the Continent, she went about with no distinction of rank. I remember seeing her in Florence only a few years ago, driving about in an open carriage, a small, not imposing figure, dressed in deep mourning. The only sign of difference by which her carriage could be recognized was the fact that one of her faithful Scots was always on the box beside the coachman, and his only distinctive feature of dress was the Scotch cap. Those who came into personal contact with her were devoted to her, and especially the men who had the honor of attending her in her daily drives, and walking beside her as she went out in her pony chair. John Brown, her famous Scotchman, who was said to be the only man who could contradict the Queen, was with her for many years, and the Queen publicly expressed her sorrow at his death. His successor was also a Scot.

The obsequies are to be held this week in West-

minster Abbey, and one can fancy what a scene that will be. It was one of the events of my life to attend Browning's funeral, and from that I can have some faint idea of what it will be when not only England, but Europe, gathers to pay a last tribute of respect to the beloved Queen. On the occasion of Browning's funeral, the Queen was represented by an officer of her household; the Prince of Wales by members of his household; Lord Tennyson's son was there to represent him; the noblest men in England were there personally. It was a dark day, the last day of the year 1889. London was full of the fog which visits it at that season of the year, and the Abbey was dim with darkness. As the procession entered with the catafalque borne high, entirely draped in a purple pall so that it seemed to move invisibly, with all England's greatest marching behind, the great organ with Dr. Bridge himself playing, and the twinkling lights on the high altar in the distance, it was a scene never to be forgotten. One can only recall Browning's own lines —

> 'This is our master, famous, calm, and dead,
> Borne on our shoulders.'

All countries of Europe will send representatives, and she will go to her last resting-place among her ancestors, beloved and mourned by the hearts of a grateful people.

> 'Her court was pure; her life serene:
> God gave her peace; her land reposed;
> A thousand claims to reverence closed
> In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.'

And it is with a feeling of exalted joy we bid her farewell. What a woman can do she did, and bravely has she performed the promise of her maiden speech, 'to steadily protect the rights and promote to the utmost of my power the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects.' And we can but rejoice that her laureate's wish for her in the sorrow of her widowed life is now fulfilled:

> 'The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
> The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
> The love of all thy people comfort thee,
> Till God's love set thee at his side again!'

EMERSON CENTENARY SERVICE

BORN MAY 25, 1803

ADDRESS IN HOUGHTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL, MAY 24, 1903

In all times there are chosen witnesses of God, men to whom the world must listen, and say, 'It is truth.' Such a witness, the anniversary of whose birth we are celebrating, was Emerson.

How impossible it is to consider what the life of New England to-day would have been had not this birthday taken place one hundred years ago. Long after political independence was a declared achievement, long after we had recognized that the growth of American institutions in the direction of self-government was not only permissible, but absolutely essential, the dependence on the mother country in intellectual matters continued. We timidly asserted that there was an intellectual life in America; we looked to the great masters of English prose and of English verse, not only as the source of inspiration, but as the models which were to be closely followed. And it was a provincial love for a provincial literature, for we hardly went beyond the bounds of England. The great currents of intellectual life which were to affect English scholarship, one hundred years ago had not yet been felt in England; much less had their influence been transmitted to America. It was to the free spirits of the day that the new movement came, to Carlyle and his contemporaries in England, and to Emerson in

America. This breaking-away from tradition, this assertion of individual personality, of the right of a man to stand on his own feet, to lift his head up to the naked heavens — this was the crowning work of Emerson's life.

When we think back over a hundred years and remember the part which women played, we can see also what Emerson's elevation of character and conception of the part of a friend did in the early movement in which women were seeking recognition as more than the pretty plaything or the household drudge. It was still the day of the 'elegant female,' when a young woman had a brief reign of the most absolute kind and then assumed the duties of the household — in many cases too often as the housekeeper rather than the companion of her husband. Of course there must be notable exceptions in every age. Miss Mary Moody Emerson herself must have had great influence in the conception which Emerson held of the place and office of a woman. His friend Margaret Fuller, who owed so much to his inspiration and guidance, exemplified what I mean. He recognized women, not as a distinct class, which is so often the case, but as part of humanity. His message was for all who had the ear to hear; it was he who was willing 'to sow the moon and the sun for seeds,' and he called upon all to offer their very best for the service of their fellows. His was a nature that rejoiced in the sun. 'I live in the warm day,' he exclaims, 'like corn and melons.' He rejoiced to feel that he was part of the great universe, and we can rejoice that in his message

he embraced all mankind with a call to awaken to their best possibilities.

'The whole realm of history and of biography is to increase my self-trust. Then I dare, I also essay to be,' is the triumphant note which rings through his essays and his poems. He himself was the successful diver in that 'sea whose floor of pearls' is his own; he himself emphasized that insight into to-day which gave him the antique and the future worlds. It is because he 'hitched his wagon to a star' that we may travel in a plainer path. His was the fruitful soul which dared to assert its own dignity, its own splendid power, and in that bold assertion raise his fellows with himself. 'The world is nothing; the man is all. In yourself is the law of all nature. In yourself slumbers the whole of reason'; and with fine scorn he flings away the ancient traditions, having mastered them, having obtained all that is best in them, and dares to stand alone. 'We will walk on our feet; we will work with our hands; we will speak our own minds,' he declares, and that single prophet voice with its high clear note has sounded the call to innumerable young and striving souls; has changed the world from the narrow New England world of a hundred years ago, into which he was born, into a part of the universe. The prophet is always a God-sent man, and his message is diverse; addressed to the hearing ear, it sounds sometimes in trumpet tones, sometimes in flute-like cadences.

But of all the messages that have been said or sung, it seems to me that this great message of Emerson's of

the worth of the individual, of the power of personality, of the supreme dignity of man, is one of the most inspiring calls to service and to action that has ever been uttered. 'The modern majesty consists in work,' he declares. The exhortation was always to rise from the contemplation of indefinite things to perform a definite act; to cease from hero-worship and become a hero. Not that hero-worship does not have its place and that contemplation is not an essential prerequisite to action, but that one is not complete without the other. This note of fine sanity, of a beautiful and self-poised tranquillity, marked him as few others have been marked in the latter days of the world. There was about him an antique serenity. He could declare with Epictetus, 'I have placed my pursuits under the direction of God,' and, with a large and noble confidence which is not more than equaled by the Greek philosopher, he could leave them there.

It is natural that with this sense of the supreme value of the individual the idea of the worth of the present moment should be coupled. 'Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.' The present time, the present hour, the day, whether in 'bud-crowned spring' or 'deformed and low, short and bent by cold and snow,' has for him new and wonderful hopes. The ancient travelers 'Night and Day, and day and night,' have for him the call to duty, rouse in him a sense of timelessness, a sense of a present eternity. 'Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year; no man has

learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday.'

> 'This passing moment is an edifice
> Which the omnipotent cannot rebuild.'

These 'Daughters of Time, the Hypocritic Days,' he sang of in soul-stirring words, in that most beautiful of all his poems, where

> 'the Day turned and departed silent.
> I too late under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.'

With this splendid sense of the worth of the individual and the value of the day, this sense which made it possible for him to declare that 'Head winds are right for royal sails,' was the brooding spirit of joy, the joy which transformed effort into achievement, the joy which was the crown of all his work. This pervasive spirit of serene enjoyment has been too sadly lost in our modern work-a-day world. Our strenuous New England fathers loved effort for its own sake and strove with all their might, so that the striving became ingrained in their very being, and the fulfillment of effort and the joy which accompanies effort were too often lost sight of. 'It is better that joy should be spread over the day in the form of strength, than that it should be concentrated into ecstasies,' he writes. And how he opened to us the serene fountains of joy in the world of nature; how his word of loving appreciation has immortalized our spring flowers! How his 'burly, dozing, humble bee, sailor of the atmosphere,' brings the 'joy of his dominion' to us! They are his pine trees that we see about us; it is his after-

math from the farmers' fields; 'A second crop thine acres yield, which I gather in a song.' This touch of joy which ennobled and elevated all that came within the alchemy of his serene and beautiful spirit is a lofty inheritance which he has left to us. When we come to the deeper fountains of that joy, his exquisite reserve and native dignity, which do not let him reveal the secret and yet so clearly give us the intimations of its existence — the intimations of the foundation upon which his life was built — these partial revelations and sudden glimpses come to us as gleams of brilliant sunshine across his page. 'Of that ineffable essence, which we call spirit, he that thinks most will say least.' It was that ineffable essence in which his spirit lived and moved and had its being. And in the Concord of his love, the home which was consecrated by his life here in this beautiful world, he has taught us that 'Man in the bush with God may meet,' and that over us

'Soars the eternal sky
Full of light and of deity.'

ADDRESS AT THE OPENING OF BILLINGS HALL

OCTOBER 15, 1904

As we come to open this new building, the forty-third building of Wellesley College, let us pause a moment in our pleasure at its completion to consider what its aim and purpose is and the intentions and hopes which are built into its walls. It is a fair house, swept and garnished. What spirit is to live in it to make it a vital part of our College life; with what airs from an historic past shall it be filled; what happy inspiration shall flow from its halls?

It was in June, 1899, that Robert Charles Billings died, leaving a large sum to his executors to be used for educational purposes. He was connected with that Billings who was the architect of College Hall, and with the Billings who was one of the first American writers of song, and collectors of musical anthologies; so that in the opinion of the executors of his will, it was especially in conformity with his own taste as a lover of music that a sum of $25,000 should be given to Wellesley as an endowment of the chair of Music in 1902. An additional sum given the College at Christmas time, 1903, was sufficient to warrant the erection of this building, called in memory of these benefactions — Billings Hall. The executors also provided the sum of two thousand dollars, the income of which is to be awarded to the scholar in any branch

of music best deserving the honor of the Billings Prize.

In the very brief period of time in which what is called the higher education of women has been pursued — a period dating both in England and America from about the year 1875, when by a singular coincidence Newnham in England and Smith and Wellesley in America opened their doors — a marked change has taken place. It was inevitable that at first women who had a professional end in view should seek the newly offered collegiate privileges. The education sought was for a definite vocational end, to prepare the student to teach. The power and capacity of our teachers all over the country was greatly strengthened by this influx of new life, with ideals of a higher and nobler kind. Definite scientific work was sought in college, and the science in the high school courses found well-equipped women to teach it. The work in college was pursued with such eagerness that there was danger of the colleges becoming technical schools; that the finer issues of life, the flavor of sound learning should be lost in the zest of acquisition. This was inevitable in a new movement with new privileges long desired at last offered.

But in the third of a century which has elapsed since that beginning a new generation has come. There are still eager young women who hope and expect to use the education they receive for a definite end, and with these there are others, often no less earnest students, who come to college for the fullness of life of both study and companionship which they

can enjoy while there. Who shall say that what one may call the by-product of a college life, the thing that comes beyond all conscious effort, that is over and above all prescribed study, who shall dare to say that this is not one of the most real and vital of all the gifts of the College to the student? And there is no other of these free gifts which has a more potent influence in creating what for want of a better word we call an atmosphere, than the gift of music.

Twenty-five years ago if it had been announced that a music building had been opened at an institution of learning, it would have meant a series of rooms each with a piano for practice, with possibly a hall for public performances. It is doubtful if any of the work in the science of music would have been offered except in technical conservatories. For professional training it is still necessary to go to a technical school, whether of law or medicine or music. But the principles of international law find their place of study in the College curriculum; the fundamentals of hygiene are thoroughly taught: no less should every person of general culture become an appreciative hearer of music, through an understanding of its basis as a science and its development as an art. The physical side, the study of sound, of vibration, of acoustics, has its place in the physical laboratory, and too rarely has been closely associated with the artistic production of sound. The laws of the art demand for their mastery much the same quality of mind and the same thorough grasp that is required for the successful study of mathematics, while for its appreciation the æsthetic

and critical faculties are called upon in a way that has long classified music as a fine art.

The art of music in its appeal to the emotional nature has long been recognized as capable of abuse. This is only saying that a good thing pushed to extremes is no longer good. One of the questioners of Socrates in the dialogues of Plato in the course of the argument says that he is 'quite aware that your mere athlete becomes too much of a savage, and that the mere musician is melted and softened beyond what is good for him,' and the argument proceeds to show that as the two arts of music and gymnastics have in view the improvement of the soul, that the harmonious soul is both temperate and valiant. It is for this reason that the study of music must be pursued in its broadest sense to take its place in true education.

In this building open to-day we have the fulfillment and completion of the music building of twenty-five years ago. There are the rooms for the technical acquisition of the art and here is the place for that sound study of principles without which the art is unstable. You will note the well-equipped class-room for the theory lectures; the smaller seminar room, and the library not only for music but for works on music. For the present, until we have our permanent Library Building, the beautiful gift of Italian books, the Frances Pearsons Plimpton Library is deposited here — the books of Italy in the home of an art once belonging distinctly to Italy, though now its center, for want of that very study of which I have been speaking, is transferred to more northern climes.

This Hall in which we are assembled you will perceive is furnished as a class-room as well as an auditorium. The desk chairs have been specially made for it, so that students listening to music here may write out their analyses.

The organ was given the College by Mr. William O. Grover in 1878. It was then considered a fine instrument, containing fifteen hundred and eighty-four pipes, with three manuals. It has been completely rebuilt, forty-four pipes and an electric action added, and is now placed in the Hall by the Class of 1903.

With this new building it will be possible for us to develop the plan of laboratory courses, using music played by the student or the instructor to illustrate the courses in theory, and reading music as literature, as one would study the works of a poet. As music is the newest of the arts so it is also the newest of college studies, and there are infinite varieties of method to be tried. It is a field of study which opens new doors of investigation, and the teacher in these higher branches is doing pioneer work with all the pleasures and the dangers of an explorer.

Some such ideas I intimated of the place which music might take in the education of women five years ago. He who is truly instructed in music, Socrates says, becomes truly graceful in mind. The deeper meaning of harmony, its power over the mind and heart, who shall venture to touch upon? It is one of the moving forces of the world. Harmony of sound, harmony of line, harmony of conduct, harmony of life — these are some of the ultimate things. To work

toward these great ends is surely an inspiring aim. For the past four years music has been developed at Wellesley along these broad lines. New paths have been laid out in this enchanted world of song which has its base firmly resting in our everyday world, and it is with joy that the trustees of the College see this building which will give the Professor of Music and his associates still further opportunity of bringing music into the lives of the students. The building with all its furnishings and decoration is a gift to the College to enable it to carry on this inspiring work.

Within a year Harvard University has offered entrance examinations in music which will count four out of the twenty-six required points for admission. The Brookline High School has offered a course in music this year; the State Board of Education has sent out inquiries to all the public schools to ask what instruction in music is given, and is preparing a report based upon the replies received. Everywhere music is being recognized as a factor in education not yet adequately used. This building at Wellesley is in the language of our forefathers 'a lively experiment,' an attempt to face the problem in a new and vital way.

High upon its eastern wall looking toward the morning sun is placed a cross-crosslet, the Jerusalem cross, and on its west front is carved the Palmer's shell. The mediæval emblems have their significance to-day. Our ancestors left their homes to seek the earthly Jerusalem, the holy city. We seek it no less, not in some remote region of the world; but here and now we seek a better country even an heavenly, and

we seek to plant it here where we are. With care and loving labor has this building been built; with an interest far beyond the duties of an architect has the architect [1] worked over it. High hopes and earnest aspirations are built into its walls, bearing in mind the ultimate end of all study, the improvement of the soul. Here may students be trained 'to be musicians and harmonists in a far higher sense than the tuner of strings' and having truly assimilated some of the deep principles of the art, may they go out filled with its inspiration to

> 'Join the choir invisible
> Whose music is the gladness of the world.'

[1] Mr. Frank W. Angell, of Providence, Rhode Island.

THE ILLUMINATORS

READ AT THE INSTALLATION OF THE ETA CHAPTER OF THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY IN MASSACHUSETTS, AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE, JANUARY 17, 1905

PRELUDE

The sky that arched those convent walls
  Was far and blue and deep,
And moonbeams lighted marble halls
  When all were sunk in sleep.
Massive and strong it crowned its hill
And looked far down the plain
  On vineyards tended by the skill
  Of many a serf for good or ill,
Born on its wide domain.

Men lifted up a hand devout
  And made the holy sign
As they passed by the great redoubt
  Or crossed the bound'ry line;
For holy women, so men said,
Strong in the might of midnight prayer
  And life of service humbly led,
  The Brides of Christ, the living Head,
In virgin state lived there.

In virgin state these virgins came,
  And brought a goodly dower,
Fair maids, of high degree, whose name
  Was part of Spanish power.

A noble house an offering brought,
A spotless lamb, a daughter fair,
A sacrifice, by which it sought
Amends to make for battles fought
By days and nights of prayer.

. . .

The Abbess was alone within her cell,
A tiny room where fell a square of light
Through mullioned window on the floor of stone.
The crucifix upon the wall was carved
Of massive silver. From an ebon cross
The suffering Saviour looked; contorted brow
And anguished limbs, the Man of Grief was he.
The Abbess looked with anguish on his face,
Nor from such suffering could she draw repose
And she was sore distressed. Irresolute
She stood, and then with furtive gliding step,
Yet with the grace of one who can command,
She slipped from out her cell, out to the light.
What blaze of color burning all around!
The golden oranges upon the trees
Gave back the sun's own gold; and crimson blooms
Hung on the oleanders, and ran wild
O'er stone carved seats, and up the massive arch.
The cloister garden in the sunshine lay,
And basked in peace and beauty, light and air.

This glory faced the Abbess as she walked
Sombre and grave, a soul that cared for souls,
And carried souls she cared for in her heart.

Yet though she would not look about, nor see
The loveliness of blossom and of bird,
She could not help the healing touch of sun,
And felt her burden lightened in that air.
But steadfastly she paced the distance short
Across the cloister, and the great oak door
Swung on its iron hinges let her in.
The Chapel this. As one who knows her way
Though blinded by the sudden change to dark
Swiftly she sped, and swiftly knelt her down.
Slowly from out the gloom there grew a face,
Slowly there dawned upon the face a smile,
Slowly the picture took on form and shape
To eyes all dazzled by the noonday sun.
Slowly the child grew from a spot of light,
Slowly the form and color sweetly came,
The deep red robe of love, the mantle blue,
The snowy veil that decked and half concealed
The Virgin's lovely brow, 'neath which her eyes
With steadfast gaze, most intimate, most mild,
Sought out her worshipper.
Due reverence paid
The forms of prayer, the aves hurried through,
The Abbess came to bare her secret heart,
To breathe her inmost prayer.
'Oh, thou who art
A maid, and yet the Queen of Heaven, give ear.
These maids have I, sweet maids, the daughters too
Of kingly houses, brides of thy dear Son,
How shall I keep them true, how use their time
When even I, deep in my heart revolt

From just the daily round of prayer and praise.
They would do something, join themselves in more
Than mystic union with the work of Christ.
And yet beyond these stony convent walls
They may not go, nor see without the veil
The face of any from beyond these gates.
Sweet Mother, pity me, and thy sweet dove
Who 'gainst these iron barriers beats her wings,
The child of grace and fire, fit to command
When she obedience learns, and learning it
At such a cost of bitter, bitter tears.
She tends the flowers, but they fade at last;
She keeps the holy hours, and they are done;
She sings thy praises; with her breath they die.
What wilt thou give, in which her ardent soul
And her keen mind, that's cast in wisdom's mould,
May find employ? She may not fare abroad,
Her lily hands she may not soil; too high
Her noble lineage; a fitting mate
For princes, or for kings, she is bound fast
By iron vows. I too am bound, but long,
Long passed is all the bitterness for self.
But, holy Mother, pity her, and show
Some open pathway where her willing feet
May tread. She may not touch the time to come
In the glad, natural, human way, no child
Of hers can carry on her love. How shall
It find a way to join the noble stream,
The streaming glory of this mighty world,
To join which is the deepest inborn right
Of all created souls, deep as the need

To join in universal praise, a praise unique
And yet in concord of full harmony
As mingling praises, souls with souls unite.'

Long knelt the Abbess there, in thought profound,
That lapsed from conscious prayer to gropings dim
And ardent yearnings for the unknown good;
That rapt her from the world and things of sense,
Until an open vision slowly dawned,
A glimmer of a way in which to walk.
Slowly the solemn strokes of noon rang out
The three times three, the noonday call to prayer,
And here was sunshine and the earth again,
But earth with all its flowers and birds and bees
And smiling hillside sloping to the plain.

For many months the Abbess' vision grew,
Stone benches filled the cloister arches now,
Between the massive pillars toward the light,
And little stools the maidens brought, and worked
At drawing all the lovely garden forms —
The climbing vine, with its five-parted leaf,
The rose with all its thorns to weave in crowns,
The tiny bird with full inflated throat
Casting his very life in joyous song.
And other maidens ground the colors rare,
The glowing red which is the hue of love,
And deepest blue pure as the summer sky,
And green the tint of springtime and of hope.
Long training followed, and then came the work,
The tiny sheets of vellum all inscribed

With holy prayers and joyous hymns of praise,
With maxima, and breve, and semibreve,
The square black notes upon the four-lined staff.
And everywhere there bloomed some flower of love.
The letter of the Holy Name appeared
In red and gold; was burnished bright
By hours of labor with an agate tool.
Upon the margin of the page a vine
Ran up and down with leaves of gold and green;
And sitting on his haunches some small beast,
A rabbit, or a squirrel, praised the Lord.

So grew the work, each book a work of years
For many hands, each page a work of love,
Of love that pierced beyond the present day,
The actual day of doing, to the years
Which should come after, which that book should see,
When hands that fashioned it, and hearts that planned
Should long have found their tranquil last repose.
They tell us so was learning kept alive;
We have the books to prove it; some perchance
Whose glowing page these maiden hands have wrought
With gold and colors rare, the added touch
Of loving care, superfluous indeed
For the bare meaning of the text, whose words
Are clearly traced, and plainly to be read;
But making it a permanent delight,
Baptising it with beauty's wondrous power,
A gleam of glory added to the day.

That was the time, in which those maidens wrought,
When to a woman's faith we owe our land.
'Twas that fair Queen through whom the blessing
came
Because she too believed. And in the north
That noble foundress [1] of a noble line
Of scholars who have moved the world, had heard
Of that far new-discovered land in which
The first of all the colleges should be
Descendant of her own, which she called Christ's.
And through that woman's thought we stand to-day
A company of women, far removed
In time and aims from ancient convent days
And schools for girls that Lady Margaret knew.
They trained for heaven; we for heaven through
earth,
Till this life shall begin eternal day.
And as they glorified their written page
So is it ours to glorify our time
With flowers of love, and buds of hope and faith,
And songs of joy to wake a weary world
And set it singing on its onward way.
'Tis maiden hands must beckon up and on,
'Tis maiden hands must crown achievement's height,
'Tis mother love that shines in women's eyes,
Or maid or matron, must illume the world.
The seers they, God gave them eyes for that

[1] Lady Margaret Beaufort founded Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1505; Sir Walter Mildmay, of Christ's College, founded Emanuel, in 1584; John Harvard was of Emanuel College, Harvard College was founded in 1636; Henry F. Durant, a graduate of Harvard, founded Wellesley, in 1875.

To pierce below the mask, to seize the truth,
To show it forth in colors pure and clear.
And now with minds made flexible and strong
To choose the best, a mighty host comes forth
In whose pure hands there rests the fate of men.
Illuminators they, not mere embellishers,
To beautify and grace the common task —
Though that itself should be no mean employ —
But higher still their clear light shall illume
The secret places of the earth, find faith
Deep hid in stony hearts, show where love hides
Because no soul has recognized his face,
Make paths of light for men to travel in,
Build rainbow bridges, that shall span the stars.

THE END

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